

HOW WE WENT AND WHAT WE SAW



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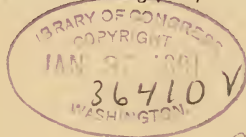
HOW WE WENT AND WHAT WE SAW

A FLYING TRIP THROUGH EGYPT
SYRIA, AND THE ÆGEAN ISLANDS

BY

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CHARLES MCCORMICK REEVE
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2424 a
"From lands of snow to lands of sun,
In search of knowledge, rest, and fun."



R

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

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BY

CHARLES McCORMICK REEVE

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TO MY FATHER
GENERAL I. V. D. REEVE, U.S.A.

FOR WHOSE AMUSEMENT THESE RAMBLING SKETCHES
WERE WRITTEN

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

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HOW WE WENT AND WHAT WE SAW.

CHAPTER I.

MINNEAPOLIS TO BRINDISI.

My good wife and I were dining one September evening with our friends the C——s in Minneapolis, when the question came up of a winter trip abroad.

Some one suggested Egypt, and without much discussion to Egypt we decided to go.

We numbered eleven persons. Our ages ranged from ten years to sixty ; our dispositions and tastes were as different as can well be imagined ; and when our proposed excursion was noised abroad many a sage traveller shook his head, saying, that if so much incongruity crossed the Atlantic on board the same

steamer, the chances were ten to one that no two families would be on speaking terms by the time the party landed at Havre. Although we were not entirely ignorant of these gloomy prognostications, we decided at least to make a start in company. And here is the route :

From New York to Havre ; three days in Paris ; thence to Brindisi *viâ* Turin and Bologna ; Austrian Lloyds steamer to Alexandria ; a day in that city ; rail to Cairo, where we would stay six days ; up the Nile to the First Cataract, and back ; six days more in Cairo ; rail to Ismailia ; Suez Canal to Port Said ; steamer to Jaffa ; nine days in the Holy Land ; steamer to Beyrout ; six days for the trip to Baalbec and Damascus ; steamer to Cyprus, Rhodes, Chios, Smyrna, Mytilene, and Constantinople ; five days in the latter city ; steamer to Piræus ; thirty-six hours in Athens ; rail to Patras ; and steamer back to Brindisi, where the party would *certainly* break up.

I am well aware of the storm of protest I shall raise among a certain class, composed chiefly of those with aristocratic proclivities and without experience of any kind, when I say that the wisdom of our first move was a never

failing source of gratification throughout the entire trip. It was the purchase of round-trip tickets, from Paris back to Paris over the route indicated, from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son. The price was \$710 for each person, and included all legitimate travelling expenses of every kind and nature, excepting sleeping-car from Paris to Turin, and meals from Paris to Brindisi and return. I have travelled with these tickets and without them, and I say unhesitatingly that no tourist, even with the assistance of the most skilled and honest couriers (and these gentlemen are apt to be neither the one nor the other), can possibly get along so comfortably, safely, or economically in the East as when under the auspices of Thos. Cook & Son.

We left New York on the steamer *La Champagne*, of the French line, Saturday afternoon, December 29th, and arrived in Havre the following Sunday week, before noon.

The passage was uneventful, the passengers about as sick as usual; the general run of amusements, such as have been described a thousand times or less; the usual amount of money lost and won at poker in the smoking-

room, one-franc ante and five-francs limit ; the customary bets on the daily "run" ; and the usual number of tiresome experiences of those who had "crossed before," related after dinner in the *salon* to anybody who would listen.

We had on board Verestchagin, the great Russian scholar, soldier, and artist, who was the most retiring great man I have ever met ; a young millionaire from Hayti, who lost seven thousand francs at baccarat one evening ; and M. Bouhy of the Grand Opera, a magnificent baritone, who sang the Toreador in "Carmen" at its first presentation in Paris ; these being the only distinguished passengers—except ourselves. We had some fine musicians, singers, and players. Many a delightful concert we enjoyed, but not one was complete unless M. Bouhy sang "Il Primo Amore," a Neapolitan love-song, which always elicited the most uproarious applause.

We have no words but those of praise for the French steamers. Beautifully clean, attendance the very best, table excellent (barring the sour bread), and every one about the ship seemingly imbued with the idea that the obligation of travel was on their side ; a marked contrast to the surly, slovenly service of the

Cunarders, whose single boast of "fastest passage" has been completely eclipsed by the wonderful records of the ocean racers of the Inman line.

If one designs visiting the Continent first, it is far better to land at Havre than to go to Liverpool. Your baggage is checked through from New York to Paris, a special train takes you from the dock at Havre in about four and a half hours to the French capital, and the examination of baggage at the latter city is a mere form ; while the trip from Liverpool to Paris is at least eighteen hours, two custom-houses *and* the English Channel to pass, and three transfers of persons and baggage necessary, while the additional expense is about twenty five dollars. The two hours' delay while the trunks were being transferred to the "special" was spent by a few adventurous spirits in walking about the town, but the majority of the passengers were too afraid of being "left" to stray very far from the cars.

It was a "keen and nipping air," and we looked rather doubtingly at the hot-water cans, those pestiferous breeders of chilblains, which were to furnish the necessary caloric to keep us comfortable.

We are apt to make sport of foreigners travelling in our well heated cars with their "rugs," but in Europe rugs are an absolute necessity, not only on the cars, but oftentimes in the hotels.

From Paris there are two routes to Brindisi : one by way of Rome and Naples, the other by Bologna, very inconvenient,—price the same ; time, one day shorter by the latter ; sleeper from Paris to Naples, changing at Rome, again at Naples, and again at Foggia, but always in the daytime. By Bologna you change at Turin, where you wait seven hours (not objectionable, by the way), leave Turin at 9 P.M., no sleeper, change at Bologna at 2:40 the next morning, and reach Brindisi at 10:45 that evening. By all means take the Naples route for comfort.

We decided to take the former route to give the ladies an additional day merely to "look around" in Paris. They did not intend to regularly "shop" until their return ; they only wanted to get a "few necessary things" which in the brief three months allowed for preparation before leaving home, they had quite excusably forgotten.

We left Paris about nine in the evening,

passed the Alps next morning by the great Mont Cenis tunnel, which the guide-book informed us is seven miles and three quarters in length, and cost \$15,000,000, and completed the 496 miles to Turin at two o'clock that afternoon.

We had but seven hours in which to see the city and get our dinner, but we went about it bravely, although it was snowing furiously. Despite the unpleasant weather, we could see that this city of 250,000 inhabitants was a beautiful place. It is regularly laid out, the streets are well paved and cleaned, many of the buildings are handsome, modern structures, and the Academy of Science is a most interesting edifice. In our hasty tramp through the Museum of Antiquities we missed the celebrated Turin Papyrus and "Book of the Dead," but in the picture-gallery above, where we stayed as long as it was light enough to distinguish any thing, we saw some beautiful paintings, notably Van Dyke's "Children of Charles the First," and "Holy Family," said to be by far his finest work in Italy. Ferrari's "God the Father," is a strong picture, and I liked it far better than the famous "Descent from the Cross"; but among all the paintings in the gallery, I saw nothing that pleased me

so well as the four paintings by Albani, "The Four Elements." Perhaps one of the most celebrated pictures in the collection is Memling's "Seven Sorrows of Mary." If they were as bad as the picture, poor Mary's lot was not a happy one.

We saw the fine equestrian statue of Emmanuel Philibert, and Cavour's monument, and then strolled through the arcades,—looking in at the windows.

But the roads are not rough, and were the cars comfortably warmed, winter travel would not be so bad. The sleeper we had from Paris to Turin was a "pony" Mann Boudoir Car, with accommodations for twelve persons only. We paid \$180 for the use of it that night, being an equivalent of over twelve dollars and a half a section! There must have been something suspicious about us, for when we opened negotiations for the use of it for the next night, the superintendent blandly informed us that the price would be sixteen hundred francs! He evidently had had some experience with American relic hunters. In vain we tried to make him understand that we had no nefarious designs upon his car, as we could not possibly take it in our trunks to Egypt. He was ob-

durate. Three hundred and twenty dollars was "bed rock"; the risk was "extra hazardous." A few weeks later when one of the passengers of the *Mohammed Ali* nearly broke his neck in a clumsy attempt to carry off Belzoni's tomb, or a large part of it, the incident of the sleeping-car came vividly to my mind, and I was obliged reluctantly to admit that perhaps after all the railroad official was not over-prudent.

I had always supposed that a shawl-strap was a neat bundle consisting of a shawl or rug, secured by a couple of straps, connected by a handle. I know differently now. From the steamer, I started with a most reputable-looking bundle. Assured by the guard at Turin (five francs) that we would not change cars that night, I had opened the strap that I might use the rug. At Bologna, 2:40 A.M., we were hustled out of our compartment, and hastily packing, under the able supervision of my wife, the inventory was about as follows: one pair rubbers, one hot-water bag, one pair leggins, one bag—contents unknown, except that whenever I picked it up I invariably ran the sharp points of a pair of scissors into my fingers; one article of headgear—unnamed, a cross between

a seventeenth-century sun-bonnet and a toboggan *toque*; a bundle of crackers, three oranges, and a parasol stuck under the straps when the bundle was done up. I protested that some at least of these things were out of place, but I quickly collapsed on being informed that a number of articles which belonged in the shawl-strap had by some oversight been put in the trunks! I found afterwards that this disreputable bundle, still called by courtesy a shawl-strap, was no worse in appearance than a hundred others, the sight of any one of which would have frightened a well ordered New England peddler into spasms.

It was still snowing, and the prospect of a hard night was sufficient to scare away all thoughts of sleep. One little oil lamp in the roof of the car furnishes a truly "dim religious light." You can't read; you can't lie down, neither can you stand up. Luckily we had but four persons in our compartment, and the nearest approach we could get to an easy position was to stand a valise up on end for a foot-rest, and then stretch out for such comfort as was possible.

And just as we were dozing, came the sudden call to turn out at Bologna, where, as all

our time was taken in moving our effects from one train to another, we had no opportunity to purchase any of the famous sausages.

It is generally prudent though not always necessary to carry a lunch basket on European railroads. Sometimes the trains stop for meals; oftener they do not, and the crying appetite of a hungry traveller is something to be avoided if possible. Tiresome are the compartment cars; the passengers denied all opportunity of exercise; one half of them obliged to ride backwards, whether or no.

The dreadful night and the more tedious day following wore away at last, and 10:30 found us at Brindisi, in a pouring rain. How the porters did jabber and wrangle for the privilege of carrying our trunks through the depot to the bus for the customary half-franc fee. What a desolate place the hotel appeared, without fire in the parlor (?), almost without lights; no supper to be had, and the steamer not yet arrived. She was expected every moment, so they told us, and so we sat up until near midnight in the dreary parlor, too hungry to sleep, and too mad to do any thing except goad the Squire to the point of profanity, his anathemas including every thing

and everybody connected with the railroad, the hotel, and the management of the steamship line.

At last, being assured that we would be called in ample time when the steamer was sighted, we reluctantly went to bed, more than half convinced that the suggestion was merely a scheme of the wily Italian landlord to have us miss the steamer, and so we determined to sleep with one eye open. Need I say our rest was undisturbed?

CHAPTER II.

BRINDISI TO ALEXANDRIA.

MORNING broke fine and sunny ; we hurried out, and there, sure enough, was a stately steamer. As we were hastening to go on board we suddenly discovered that she was a P. & O. steamer from England, on her way to Australia. Another bitter disappointment. Our steamer had not yet been sighted.

Towards noon, however, a dingy, dirty old relic of past centuries was revealed to our searching eyes, slowly rounding the point of the harbor on which stands the light-house ; a craft apparently fit only for a beggar's hearse, doubtless coming in to carry a cargo of garbage, which could easily be spared from any of the streets, far out into the deep blue sea. When, after an hour's struggling up the somewhat narrow channel, she finally came to anchor in the offing (I don't know what the "offing" is, but I heard a sailor use the word once,

and so suppose it must be a correct nautical term), and a cynical bystander said, "*There's your ship,*" our hearts sank within us.

Brindisi is at best a tough place. Built chiefly on a hill sloping down to the arm of the Adriatic which forms its excellent harbor, there is nothing interesting about it. The Appian Way ended here in old Brundisium, and along this road Horace and his friend and patron, Mæcnas, made a holiday excursion from Rome, four hundred miles away. All the guide-books speak of the graphic manner in which the poet had described this famous journey in "one of his Satires." But as no one mentions which Satire it is, I doubt if it is very generally read. It is the Fifth Satire, Book I., and is a model of brevity, sparkling with wit.

They had a great party : Mæcnas, Horace, Cocceius, Capito the bosom-friend of Antony, Luscus the prætor, Plotius, Varius, and Virgil. Imagine such a party for a picnic ! They were going to Brundisium nominally to be present at the friendly meeting between Octavius and Antony, but I have always suspected that it was a deeply laid scheme between these boon companions to get far

enough away from their wives so they would not have to go to bed at ten o'clock. And in this Satire I find that Horace is responsible for the excuse for drinking wine in Italy, not worn so threadbare after 1,926 years but that it is still held sufficient: "propter aquam, quod erat teterrima."

Poor Virgil! Little did he think, when as one of that jolly party he visited Brundisium, that in a few short years he would come back from Athens to die there.

It must have been a beautiful city in those days, and later too, when the princely Crusaders gathered here their squadrons to embark them for the Holy Land, doubtless celebrating their departure with many a magnificent entertainment, as was that when Tancred married his son to the daughter of the Greek Emperor.

The exact spot where the Appian Way is supposed to have ended is marked by a graceful marble column, about fifty feet high, well preserved. Near it stands the pedestal of another column, now much defaced, the relative position of the two giving rise to the theory that they originally formed a portion of a heathen temple, destroyed by Louis of Hungary about 1350.

The only other object of interest in the town is the medieval castle, somewhat restored, situated on a height overlooking the town and the sea. It is in a good state of preservation on two sides, the moat, bastions, donjon-keep, gonfalon, and barbecue being about as they were in the days of Charles V. It is now used for a penitentiary, but the chap in all Italy most deserving a front seat inside, is, I am sorry to say, still at large. He is the agent of the Austrian Lloyds.

The Austrian Lloyds! How the heart sickens when recalling the horrors of that trip!

The boats, judging from the *Ettore* on which we were for three days imprisoned, are small, dirty, badly ventilated, not heated, with first-cabin accommodations which would disgrace the steerage of most any transatlantic line; all the emigrants, beggars, cattle, and filth generally located on the forward part of the ship, whence the complication of smells wafted astern would put to shame a Chinese stink-pot; a general air of listlessness and inattention characterizing the entire outfit from the stewardess, who was the best fellow aboard, and I will except her, down to the captain.

The boat has a strange history. She was

an ancient Carthaginian trireme which, having escaped the destruction of the fleet by the Romans, was purchased by the Austrian Lloyds for one hundred sesterii, encumbered with an engine and some other machinery, and put on the line between Trieste and Alexandria.

The captain, who was *hortator* on the ancient trireme, was retained by the management, and some of the former rowers, captured in the interior of Africa, now occupy different positions of trust about the craft. None of them, I learn, have the slightest idea of the uses of the barometer or compass, and the management of an engine is to them a sealed book. It seems strange enough in this nineteenth century to be ploughing the historic waves of the blue Mediterranean in a craft, upon the deck of which perchance Hannibal once stood, the sailors steering by the sun and stars, and the familiar landmarks of Corfu, Cephalonia, and Crete, the only incongruities being the groaning of the machinery and the presence of the All-Minneapolis Eleven.

This craft left Trieste on Thursday and was to have reached Brindisi Friday night at 8:30. She had a head wind on Friday and although she passed a man a few miles north of Bari,

who started at the same time to walk, we heard before leaving Brindisi Saturday afternoon, thirteen hours late, that the man had reached Naples at one o'clock. She had to take coal at Brindisi, and although the agent knew this, not a move was made to load her barges, by the use of hand baskets containing about a bushel each, until the steamer put in an appearance. This looked like negligence, but it is possible that the agent, not really expecting her to arrive at all, thought it useless to load any coal on to barges which, being of still more ancient construction than the steamer, would doubtless sink in a few hours' time.

The arrangements for eating are as execrable as every thing else connected with the ship. Breakfast at 10 A.M., dinner at 5 P.M.; that is all you get with your first-class ticket. The restaurant is, however, in full blast all the time, and if you have money enough to stand the prices *à la carte* you need n't starve. No electric light, no lamps on board. A candle reveals the gloom of each state-room.

In this presumably warm climate they have hit on an ingenious way to keep the meals sufficiently cool to be eaten. The galley is situated just forward of the smoke-stack where

the coal-heavers congregate, and all the viands are carried along the deck and down the companion-way to the cabin tables. Sometimes a wave breaking over the ship adds a little salty flavor to the vegetables in transit, and sometimes a bold, bad sailor, in cahoots with the waiters, snatches a leg of chicken off a platter, but the passengers being below never know of these little incidents. Service very bad, and the distance between the galley and the tables so great that there is ample time for a nap between courses.

And this brings me naturally to speak of the excellent arrangement for reserving rooms "in the order of application."

We telegraphed for ours nearly two months before we started. We were "assigned" what the German contingent, who got aboard at Trieste, would n't take, and when we protested, quoting Cook & Son as authority, we were asked, in the language of the lamented Tweed, what we proposed to do about it. To this knock-down argument we made no reply. We paid for 842 miles of ocean travel nearly three times Atlantic prices, and received accommodations and treatment which would scandalize a Malay pirate. At eight o'clock in the even-

ing we had "tea, bread, and butter." The butter was a curiosity. Composed, as nearly as I could ascertain from a hurried analysis, of condemned macaroni, tallow, crude petroleum, and sand, it was about the consistency of Frazer's Axle Grease, for which it might be used as a possible substitute were it not for two important defects: the sand would cut the axles, and the smell would kill the horses.

The only gleam of intelligence I have been able to discover about the management of the line lies in the fact that butter was only added to our other miseries once a day.

This was my first intimate acquaintance with Germans as tourists, and I never want to hear again about the "loud, self-asserting boisterousness" of Americans abroad. Why, these people monopolized the ship; they monopolized the steamer-chairs; they monopolized the conversation; and if the food had n't been so bad they would have monopolized that.

They did n't talk, they shouted. Day and night, at meals or on deck, it was the same. Judge Ames' laugh would be an angel's whisper amid the bedlam they raised at every meal. There were some exceptions, of course, notably a young Prussian cavalry officer and Prince Pullput. I speak of them as a class.

Sleeping four in a state-room rather conduces to familiarity. Two of the fellows in the room with me snored, and in the silent watches of the night, from my point of vantage in the upper berth, I amused myself by poking first one and then another with an umbrella which hung conveniently at hand. Sometimes I made a mistake and punched the wrong man, as I did one night, when a vigorous prod in the ribs brought this forcible protest from our worthy ex-mayor: "What the d——l are you poking me for? I 'm awake!"

The ancient mariners of the *Ettore* having fearlessly pursued their watery way in a general direction toward the African coast, steering by the stars, sighted the Alexandria light about 8 P.M. They kept up the appearance of navigating the ship according to modern usages pretty well the last day, for about 4:30 P.M., after a cloudless noon, I saw a gentleman in uniform standing on the star-board side of the trireme, thoughtfully regarding the sun through the wrong end of a rusty sextant! The observation must have been satisfactory, for he immediately went into the galley and communicated the result to the cook, whereupon both indulged in a triumphant pæan. The Alexandria light is built upon

the island of Pharos, where the celebrated Pharos stood more than two thousand years ago, which was built by one of the Ptolemies, entirely of white marble, with a covered circular ascent on the outside, wide enough to drive a chariot up to the top; height and general dimensions unknown. Unlike modern light-houses it was a square, consisted of stories, diminishing in size toward the top. It cost about a million dollars, which in those times, was as much as five millions would be now. The architect, Sostratus, of Cnidus, was a clever chap in more ways than one. He carved his own name on the marble of the building, covered it with stucco, and on the latter inscribed the name of "King Ptolemy." The stucco fell off after a few years, and although the name of the king was not forgotten, the name of the architect was preserved.

The structure was destroyed, probably about the year 1400 by the Arabs, who, not being able to navigate any thing but a camel across a sea of sand, had no use for a light-house.

CHAPTER III.

ALEXANDRIA.

MUCH of the picturesqueness of disembarking at Alexandria is destroyed by the steamer landing at the dock instead of discharging passengers by small boats, as formerly. But the change brought us a terrible fright. I was just emerging from my room when I met Lew C——, tearing along the cabin, hat gone, evidently much excited. "Great Scott," he shouted as he flew past, "we have been boarded by pirates!" I faced about, hastily clutched a loaf of the ship's bread from the table before me, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, and sure enough, down the companion-way, came tumbling the Turks. Intimidated by my threatening aspect they paused, and touching their fezes said, "Kuk, kuk, kuk." With a sudden inspiration I fell on the neck of the tall, gayly caparisoned Mussulman nearest me, and my over-wrought

nature found relief in tears. I had recognized the great originator of the "personally conducted parties," Cook Pasha. Immediately on making ourselves known we were taken in charge by Mr. Mill, a charming young Englishman, our baggage cared for, the custom-house passed with the slightest possible formality, and we conducted to the Hotel Abbas, as clean, airy, and comfortable a caravansary as one would wish to stop at.

Excellent service, excellent table, not much surpassed by the famous Binda in Paris. We used Cook's hotel coupons in the East, and I assert that everywhere, instead of having the worst, as these coupons are popularly supposed to provide, we received the very best.

Of the ancient city of Alexandria, B.C. 323, which, in its palmiest days with 600,000 inhabitants, was second only in wealth and importance to imperial Rome, absolutely nothing remains, except "Pompey's Pillow," as I heard it called. This ancient monument, erected in the year 302 by the prefect Pompeius, and not by Pompey the Great, to commemorate the victory of the Emperor Diocletian over Achilleus, a local usurper, stands on a "commanding elevation," so

called in this flat country, about sixty feet above the sea.

It consists of shaft, base, capital, and pedestal, but the two latter seem to be of inferior workmanship and unfinished. The shaft is of red granite, highly polished, and whether or not a statue of any kind formerly graced the top, it is a monument worthy to commemorate the greatest achievement in the life of any man. The entire height of the pillar is about a hundred feet, while the shaft is a monolith seventy-three feet long and twenty-nine feet in circumference !

There is an ancient picture in Alexandria of this monument, with the statue of a man on the top, and it is highly probable that this statue, unable to stand the peculiar odor arising from the adjacent Moslem cemetery, came down from his lofty perch many centuries ago.

After breakfast we started out for a walk through the bazaars. My only knowledge of bazaars had been obtained from those gorgeous tents and booths which one encounters at church fairs in America,—where you buy something for ten cents, and get back no change for a five-dollar bill. The custom is

Oriental I find, although they only ask here a hundred per cent. more than they expect to take.

While there are many fine modern stores in the city owned by Greeks and other Europeans, there still remain certain quarters where trade is entirely in the hands of Armenians, Turks, and Egyptians. The shops, or "bazaars," are from eight to ten feet square, opening on an arcade or street. In the doorway or opening (the entire front of many of them being removed during business hours) sits the merchant, his goods piled up behind him. Blankets, rugs, cotton and linen cloths, tobacco, silk scarfs and spreads from Syria and Mecca, probably made in New Jersey ; some shoes, more slippers, generally red or russet, of the same shape as those worn by the Egyptians centuries ago, each shoe-shop generally making a specialty of some particular color. There was an apparent incongruity at the sight of a lineal descendant of Thothmes III., making a shoe with the assistance of a Howe sewing-machine, but the jolly old fellow, as he worked the treadle, informed us that it was "all right." Vegetables and fruits of all sorts ; fish and meat—all carcasses

bearing the pink "inspection" mark ; nuts of all kinds, seeds and wood, the latter sold by weight ; bake-shops and wine-shops, cafés and tin-shops,—all jumbled together in hopeless confusion.

Here we saw, for the first time, water sold at so much a drink. The carrier had a goat-skin, fitted with a long neck in which was a stopper of some kind, slung across his shoulder ; in his right hand a brass or china cup, oftentimes two, which he clattered together, attracting attention, when he got tired calling in clarion tones the fact that he had something drinkable for sale. We saw travelling grocery houses, each consisting of a bare-legged Arab with a basket of vegetables or fruits, carrying a pair of the most preposterous steel-yard scales, large enough to weigh him and his entire stock. These chaps sold lettuce, cabbages, tomatoes, potatoes, apples, dates, oranges, pomegranates, watermelons, nuts of all kinds, fresh fish, all by weight. I never saw them use but one weight, rather small it seemed on the enormous brass scale, and light it must have been, judging from the very modest amount of merchandise which was placed to offset it in the other scale, and when

on numerous occasions I detected the grocer lifting on the weight side to even things up, I concluded that Oriental grocers had solved the vexed problem of short weights. We saw all sorts of people, Arab women with black veils, and Arab girls without ; Bedouins from the desert, with formidable guns of abnormal length, more dangerous to the fellow at the butt end than at the muzzle in case of a discharge ; black Nubians with faces shiny as ebony ; small boys playing Egyptian jack-stones, antiquated landaus, and long low drays, load enough empty for the meek little donkeys which drew them.

In one place we were attracted by the sight of a gigantic ram, large enough to have carried Hero and Leander, but his fleece was far from being golden. He was a celebrated warrior, brought into a hostile locality to do battle with the champion of the place, but the owner of the latter was absent and so we regretfully moved on, missing the fight. In another street we saw three beautiful little gazelles running about, tame as kittens, while near them, two girls were playing with a couple of buffalo calves, mouse-color, apparently about two months old. Near the park were some boys

playing a game with a bone, which they snapped with their fingers, for lozenges, the game being to have it fall a certain side up in order to count.

It was a bewildering scene for us after the somewhat monotonous deck of the valiant *Ettore*, and nothing would have tempted us to leave it all except breakfast at 12:30.

The menu was about as follows :

Rice and cheese,

Cold tongue and boned chicken,

Veal cooked in batter, with green peas,

Chops and fried potatoes,

Two kinds of cheese,

Coffee.

On the table were apples (from Austria), oranges, bananas, figs, pickles, nuts, bread, and alleged butter.

Everybody is good-natured, and beggars are neither numerous nor importunate. The occupation of the traditional donkey boy is here about gone. Cabs are very plenty, comfortable and cheap. We had seen so many genuine Egyptians selling *nougat* on Nicolle Avenue that the costumes of the men did n't interest us much, except where they were particularly gorgeous, as in the case of some

porters and footmen. But the custom of married women having the lower portion of their faces covered was novel to us. The veil is stretched across the face just below the eyes, and directly over the bridge of the nose is an ornament made of gold or brass, according to the condition of the wearer. It is hollow, about an inch and a quarter long, worn vertically, looks like a section of $\frac{3}{4}$ -brass pipe with three ribs around it, and is held in place by a string running through it, attached to the veil-cord in front, running up over the head and attached to the same cord behind. Some of the women wore anklets, but I did n't like to look at them. Most of the women black their eyes, (a custom borrowed from America I am told) and many of them, as well as the men, stain their finger-nails and sometimes the entire insides of their hands. Of the famous buildings, the Museum, Library, Serapeum, and Cæsarium, not a vestige now remains. Of the Museum, founded by Ptolemy Soter, we know little or nothing, beyond the fact that it was a great institution richly endowed, and in its schools every known branch of the arts and sciences was taught. Famous scholars flocked to it from all over

the world. Its fame soon completely eclipsed that of the renowned college of Heliopolis, and its students were numbered by thousands. It is highly probable that in general design it was modelled after the schools of Athens ; the main building being surrounded by a peristyle, where teachers and pupils sat or walked as they conversed.

The translation of the Bible by the seventy-two wise men from Jerusalem or thereabouts was undertaken and completed here by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who paid for the work, according to Josephus, upwards of a million and a quarter of money. Judging from the average value of brains in all ages, the enormous cost of the work can only be explained on the hypothesis that the wise men struck before the completion of the job, and none of the rest of the boys in the union could be induced to take their places.

Of the two libraries, that of the Museum seems to have been the more important, as it contained 400,000 volumes, while the one in the Serapeum contained but 300,000. This was also founded by Ptolemy Soter, and at the close of the succeeding reign contained upwards of 100,000 volumes, a number almost

beyond belief when we consider the great difficulty in obtaining books of any sort. It was said to contain at least one copy of every known work, and in collecting these the end seemed to justify the means. When possible, books were purchased; sometimes borrowed and copies made; sometimes borrowed—and never returned, as with us. All books brought into the country by individuals were seized, copies made, and these given to the owners, while the originals were retained by the Library. One of these Ptols was a bibliomaniac, and wanted nothing but originals. The city of Athens had some rare copies of famous poems, which he tried in vain to purchase. The Athenians would n't sell; but in a generous moment offered to lend. He borrowed; had some magnificent copies made—and sent them back in place of the originals! This Library was accidentally destroyed by fire during the occupancy of Alexandria by Julius Cæsar. The other Library, although of vast importance, since it contained the collections of the kings of Pergamus, 200,000 volumes, was plundered from time to time of many of its treasures, until at the time of its destruction by the Moslems it had deteriorated greatly in character.

The Serapeum was a temple unequalled in magnificence by any building in the world, with the possible exception of the Capitol of Rome. It comprised a number of buildings, and although primarily a temple for the worship of the god Serapis, it contained within its precincts the Library above mentioned, and some schools. Gibbon thus describes it: "The Temple of Serapis, which rivals the pride and magnificence of the Capitol, was erected on the spacious summit of an artificial mount raised one hundred steps above the level of the adjacent parts of the city, and the interior cavity was supported by arches and distributed into vaults and subterraneous apartments. The consecrated buildings were surrounded by a quadrangular portico; the stately halls, the exquisite statues, displayed the triumph of art, and the treasures of ancient learning were preserved in the famous Alexandrian Library which had arisen with new splendor from its ashes."

History records in the destruction of this magnificent edifice by the early Christians (about A.D. 389), whose horror of the worship of Serapis was fanatically directed against the senseless stones and columns of the temple, as

great an act of vandalism as ever disgraced the annals of the world.

These were the more important of the many superb buildings which characterized the ancient city of Alexandria, a city containing, as late as A.D. 641, "4,000 palaces, as many baths, 12,000 gardens, and 400 places of amusement."

The people were remarkable in many particulars. Gibbon says of them :

"Idleness was unknown. Some were employed in blowing glass, others in weaving linen, others again in manufacturing the papyrus. Either sex and every age was engaged in the pursuits of industry, nor did even the blind or the lame want occupation suited to their condition. But the people of Alexandria, a various mixture of nations, united the vanity and inconstancy of the Greeks with the superstition and obstinacy of the Egyptians. The most trifling occasion—a transient scarcity of flesh or lentils, the neglect of an accustomed salutation, a mistake of precedence in the public baths, or even a religious dispute—was sufficient to kindle a sedition among the vast multitude, whose resentments were furious and implacable."

Captured and plundered again and again,

this proud metropolis was nearly obliterated from the face of the earth, and in 1777 was nothing more than a miserable Arab village of about six thousand souls. The only points of interest, the authenticity of which is at all reliable, are the site of Cæsar's camp, the place where Augustus defeated the followers of Antony, and the cove near which the great Napoleon landed one night in 1798.

The modern city, which owes its prosperity primarily to Mohammed Ali, is a province by itself, with a governor, and a council composed of natives and Europeans, "'alf and 'alf." Each ward of the city is under control of a native sheik, who collects the taxes and is in a general way accountable for the entire guild. The modern portion of the city is handsomely built up, the streets well paved, well lighted, and kept very clean. Many of the buildings, both public and private, are very fine. The police are a well-trained and efficient body of mounted men under the command of Europeans; and crime, in a general way, is not common. The city has a water supply from the Nile, and the water is as good as any one need care to drink. I was surprised to find how easy it was for us, after having been

totally unable to drink any Croton water on the French steamer (where wine was free), to accustom ourselves to Nile water, where wine costs three francs a bottle.

We were fortunate in being allowed to see a modern residence, belonging to Mr. Antonides, a Greek cotton merchant. It is situated on the banks of the Mahmoodeeyeh canal, the fashionable location for summer residences, and the grounds comprise about one hundred acres, filled with statues, fountains, flowers, fruits and tropical plants of all kinds. The palace is on the general plan of Eastern dwellings, magnificently furnished and ready for occupancy at a moment's notice, although the owner spends most of his time at his city residence. I was particularly impressed with the beauty of two bronze vases of Indian manufacture, upwards of six feet high and elaborately ornamented with figures in bas- and alto-relievo. They must have been worth a king's ransom. The perfect order in which the grounds are kept may be inferred from the fact that in this country of cheap labor it cost \$15,000 a year to maintain them.

The Mahmoodeeyeh canal was built by Mohammed Ali in 1819. It extends from the

Rosetta branch of the Nile to the sea, fifty miles, is one hundred feet wide, cost a million and a half of dollars, and of the 250,000 men required to dig it, upwards of 20,000 perished during its construction. It is navigable for the largest *dahabeeyahs*, and is used largely for the transportation of cotton, grain, and sugar. The only other modern works of any interest are the breakwater and mole ; the former composed of 26,000 blocks of concrete, weighing about twenty tons each. It is twenty feet wide and ten feet above sea level. Inside, the slope is covered with 55,000 tons of rubble stone, and 85,000 tons of quarry blocks, weighing from two to six tons each. It is about 10,000 feet long. The mole is 3,000 feet long, 100 feet wide on top, built in forty feet of water and twenty feet of mud.

Alexandria now contains about 240,000 people, of whom 50,000 are Europeans. One day is sufficient to spend here.

CHAPTER IV.

CAIRO.

THE trip from Alexandria to Cairo by rail (128 miles) is without particular interest except as the road passes through the very fertile region of the Delta. No idea of the fertility of this section can be formed without seeing it. The soil varies from nothing, on the edge of the desert, to thirty feet where the inundation of the Nile is deepest. Every thing grows luxuriantly, except honesty. The vegetation, however, is not tropical, as is generally supposed, the chief products being corn, wheat, cotton, sugar-cane, oranges, lemons, *alfalfa*, and a general assortment of vegetables. Date palms flourish, and banana trees try to, with but doubtful success, for the region is not south of the frost line by a good deal. Thousands of cattle, mostly buffalo, are seen grazing amid the rich fields of clover, but they all seem to be the lineal offspring of the

lean and ill-favored kine of Pharaoh, for I did not see a fat ox or cow in all Egypt. They either are, or are not, properly speaking, the bison, but I have forgotten which. They have no fur like our buffalo, only thin hair. I think if they were treated to a good application of Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorative they might raise fur enough to keep them warm. Perhaps it is the cold that makes them so poor, for most of the time we were in Egypt we wore Minnesota winter clothing, arctics and fur wraps alone being barred. Goats are numerous, sheep comparatively few, but of good size. I only saw one good honest-looking cow in the country, and from the way the people stared at her as she was being led through the streets of Cairo, I imagine she must have been a good deal of a curiosity even to the natives. There are some horses, more mules, most donkeys. The donkeys are apparently the same breed as the burros of Mexico, act like them, and look as they would look if clipped. They have the same preposterous ears and the same mournful laugh. The saddles are ornamented with a pommel which looks as if it was suffering from a terrible swelling, useless for any purpose so far as I was able to learn ; while

there is nothing behind to prevent a fellow from slipping off at any sudden acceleration of speed of the donkey. But riding a Cairo donkey is n't a very unpleasant method of locomotion after all. It is wonderful how big some of the riders are, and how little the donkeys are. I have seen an enormous lazy Egyptian, weighing perhaps 275 pounds, mounted on a donkey whose body certainly was no larger than that of a good-sized mastiff, and he did n't act a bit as if he was ashamed of himself. True, there are some fine large specimens of the breed (donkeys, not Egyptians), and such are worth as much as a good horse. I have forgotten the camels. I guess we saw a million of them. They are the great freight carriers, but as saddle animals they are not a success. They are not popular even with the Arabs, because, in order to ride them, one is obliged to go through about as many motions swaying backwards and forwards as do the howling dervishes. Camels are sold by the ton, I believe, donkeys by the pound. A good camel is worth from \$60 to \$75, a good donkey from \$100 to \$150. The donkey-boy of Egypt has grown to be an old man, in most instances.

One day I made up my mind to try a donkey ride. The dragoman told me to mount the first one I saw standing by the side of the street, and the owner would immediately show up. I did so, and started the donkey in the direction of the hotel, but was hardly under way when I was sensible of an easy gliding motion, and found myself sitting on the small portion of the donkey abaft the saddle and rapidly sitting on nothing at all. By a desperate effort I regained the saddle, and looking around to see the cause of this uncalled-for and unwelcome disturbance, I beheld a venerable Moslem trotting along on our starboard quarter, prodding the donkey about every ten seconds. Our relations being somewhat strained, neither the Arab nor myself had any thing to say until we reached the hotel. The dragoman, who had gone ahead by the carriage with the rest of the party, was awaiting our arrival. "How much must I pay?" "Two piasters" (ten cents). Is this the traditional donkey-boy of Cairo? Yes, only he grew up about sixty-five years ago; so it seems to be "Once a donkey-boy, always a donkey-boy." Of all the melancholy objects I saw in Cairo, except Captain Squire D. the first morning he

tasted the hotel butter, the saddest was the Egyptian mule. He is the outcast among the four-footed fraternity—"Nobody's darling." His mane hangs in straggling locks, his tail is untrimmed, his hair grows the wrong way, his ears are abnormally long. He indulges in none of the playful gambols of the American mule. He is an exotic, not long for this region, except his ears. Nor is this all: his very presence has exerted a baleful influence on the goats, for their ears are three times as long as they ought to be. The horses are small, excepting those brought here by Europeans, but are active, hardy, and serviceable. They are proud also. The Cairo hack horse will take more whipping in contemptuous silence than any animal I ever saw. "He who has not seen the city of Cairo has not seen the world. Her soil is gold, her women an enchantment, and the Nile a wonder."

The general impression to the contrary notwithstanding, Cairo is, comparatively speaking, a modern city, having been founded about the year 969 under the Fatemite dynasty, if anybody knows what that was. Old Cairo preserves much of its Oriental character, but the new portion of the city is essentially

modern, the streets broad and macadamized. There are fine sidewalks too, bordered by beautiful acacia trees, which in this climate grow luxuriantly. The population crowds 400,000, and is rapidly increasing. Among the relics of antiquity we find here the telephone, electric lights, gas, sewers, water-works, cheap cabs, pin-pool, and the American bar. Street cars have not yet appeared, as the government has refused to grant any concession for this improvement. Reason not given. Of the population of course native Egyptians are the most numerous, but there are about twenty-five thousand Europeans residing here. The city forms a separate district with its own governor and courts. The various trades here, as in Alexandria, have their different sheiks who have general jurisdiction in all questions of minor importance arising between members of any particular trade. The following approximate division of the people, according to the various larger guilds, is interesting rather than instructive :

Porters, 15,000 ; street venders of cakes, bread, etc., 12,000 ; glaziers, 10,000 ; boatmen, 10,000 ; donkey and camel drivers, 8,000 ; water carriers, 2,000 ; keepers of cafés, 3,-

500; drapers, 3,000; goldsmiths, 3,000, and so on.

The climate is as fruitful a source of mendacity in Cairo as elsewhere. Here is an "authority": "Nothing can be pleasanter than the climate of Cairo during the winter months. The days are warm and bright—rain seldom falls." Here are the facts. We were in Cairo five days; on three of these it rained—one day was clear and beautiful. The gentlemen of our party wore overcoats in addition to their usual winter clothing. Every night was so chilly that we gathered around the coal fire in the reading-rooms to keep warm, and three blankets were none too many for comfort during the night. Fortunately we did not go for climate, and unfortunately it was a "most unusual winter," we were told. Neither this climate, nor that of Italy, nor the boasted balmy temperature of the Riviera can compare with that of old Mexico as a winter resort. We Americans go to the ends of the earth in search of that which oftentimes may be found at our very doors. The streets of Cairo, excepting the bazaars and camels, afford no more interesting scenes than do the streets of old Mexico. The plants and fruits of Lower

Egypt will not compare with those of the land of Anahuac, while if those Nubians, Copts, Soudanese, and Arabs who form the Egyptian band which plays daily in Esbekeeyeh gardens could but once hear the enchanting music of the musicians of the Alameda or the Grand Plaza, they would through sheer envy at once precipitate themselves from the nearest embankment into the turbid waters of the Nile. I will admit that the drives of Cairo, as well as the buildings of the city, are far more beautiful than those of Mexico, but for cloudless, sunny winter skies; clear, pure, balmy air laden with the perfume of countless flowers; scenery characterized by that unspeakable grandeur which snow-clad mountains rising abruptly from fertile fields and flowery gardens alone can impart, the ancient capital of the Montezumas is without an equal on this earth.

I cannot undertake a description of Cairo. To speak of its street scenes after the inimitable pen-pictures of Geo. William Curtis would require the assurance of a German tourist! To treat slightly its mosques would be, I fear, to parade my own ignorance of Arabian architecture. But somehow in contemplation

of the monuments of a civilization, in many respects unparalleled in the annals of history, the achievements of later days here at least may unwittingly be robbed of their just meed of praise. You stand upon the parapet of the famous citadel built by Saladin, which was not much of a location for a fort after all, as it is commanded by higher ground immediately in the rear, and you are beneath the shadow of the walls of the world-renowned mosque of Mohammed Ali, whose lofty and graceful minarets, conspicuous from every quarter about Cairo, are bewitchingly beautiful : for go where you may your eyes involuntarily wander toward the hill where stand these airy spires. Before you is the mosque of Sultan Hassan, the "superb" mosque, said to be the finest specimen of Arabian architecture in the world ; it has stood scarce five hundred years and yet it is crumbling to decay ; but a few years more and its magnificent gateway, "unrivalled in its imposing dimensions," will be but a Moslem tradition. And yet you look across and beyond this city of yesterday to the other side of the valley, and there in solitary grandeur tower the monuments of an age forgotten, a civilization unmeasured and unknown ; one of them

at least despoiled to build this pigmy structure at our feet. Dry details furnish no adequate conception of these unique tombs. As you look at them from this distance you do not see the sadly mutilated condition which shocks you on a closer inspection. There they stand perfect in outline and proportion, the first and greatest wonder of the world; incomparable; mysteries as well as marvels in stone. We know by whom they were built, and for what. We know that during the dreary years of their construction by a cruelly oppressed people thousands perished annually of the teeming multitudes which labored upon them. But the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, the cunning skill of modern science, abandons in despair all efforts to solve the problem of their construction.

CHAPTER V.

ASCENT OF THE PYRAMIDS.

IT is said that Mohammed looked upon "Damascus the Beautiful" from the hills which surround the white city, and sought no nearer acquaintance. We should have done so with the Pyramids. From the days when impious hands tore the casing stones from the Mausoleum of Cheops to build the mosque of Sultan Hassan, down to to-day, the place has been infested with a howling, shouting, quarrelling gang of Arabs; and to cap the climax of incongruity some descendant of Baalam's ass has erected a cheap flag-staff on top of the Great Pyramid. But one outrage remains to be perpetrated. The flag to grace the staff is yet to be flung to the breeze. It will doubtless bear the legend: "Use Perry Davis Pain Killer." Of course we made the trip to the pyramids, "B.C. 4235." Every one makes it, and many, I think, are disappointed.

Not with the Pyramids themselves, battered and disfigured as they are, but with the infernal gang of howling Arabs who live off tourists. The drive, of an hour and a half's duration, from the city, is over a perfect road lined on either side by beautiful acacia trees. The sheik who is accountable for the behavior of this particular tribe is a fine old fellow, and wherever any violation of his rules comes under his notice, he promptly makes an example of the offender. But he does not understand the feeling of awe, I had almost said reverence, with which the intelligent traveller regards the Pyramids. You are assigned to three stalwart fellows who, without pay, are to see you safely to the top of the Great Pyramid and down again. If you give them any thing, it is entirely in the nature of a gratuity. The ascent begins directly over the entrance. Then you walk along the ledge to the northwest corner, and in a general way you climb up that corner. An Arab on each side of you takes you by the hand, one fellow behind to boost. All talk English after a fashion, are careful, dignified, and seem to appreciate the solemnity of the occasion. Fatal delusion ! After working upwards for

one hundred feet or so they tell you to sit down and rest, which you gladly do. A fourth chap, hitherto unnoticed, now approaches you with a water-bottle and urges you to "wettee ze mout." With the excitement, the heat and the dust, your mouth *is* a little dry and you comply. Error No. 1. Up another hundred feet and another rest. One of the Arabs now kneels down before and, grabbing your leg below the knee, commences to work it backward and forward. You look inquiringly at the others and they say with a patronizing air: "Ze doctór; he makee you be not so ver lame to-morrow." Lucky, indeed! you think to yourself to have "Ze doctór" as one of your retainers. Error No. 2. For you afterwards learn that every one in the party was similarly blessed. Your escort now begin to chatter in very bad English, having evidently exhausted their stock phrases. You look down, and the sight is calculated to make your flesh creep. A single false step and you would go bounding down this rocky steep only to reach the bottom a shapeless mass. "Did any one ever fall down here?" "Yes. Sometime. No have ver good Arab guide. He make you satisfied. No have doctór he

make you too satisfied." This information does not reassure you much. There seems to be such a frail margin between you and death. At the next resting-place the "doctor," who is too much blown to be able to attend further to your physical comforts for the morrow, produces from the folds of his one voluminous garment sundry copper coins of doubtful antiquity, which he offers at the preposterous price of twenty-five cents each! You don't want the coins: you can buy thousands of them in the streets of Cairo for a piastre each (five cents). You want to be let alone. If you make the suggestion, you are immediately notified that every one buys some coins "when he going up top." You have come with the fixed determination that you will *not* be imposed upon. You glance downward with a shudder. Suppose these fellows, angry because you do not patronize them, should accidentally allow you to slip off! Horrible thought! Usual verdict of an American jury: "No one to blame." Better buy all the bogus antiquities in Egypt than take the chance. You temporize. Third, last, and greatest error. "I will buy some before we get down," or words to that effect. And now, at every step

on the way up, on the summit, and on the way down, coins, images, gods, and idols make their appearance as if by magic. Your sedate, dignified Arabs, fit (?) custodians of the Pyramids, do nothing but pester you to buy, buy, buy! If you buy from one, what is to prevent the other two from giving you a quiet lift into eternity! One more step and you are on the top. Not a moment to breathe, not an instant to look upon the magnificent panorama, is allowed you. Now that you are safely on the top, you *must* buy. Your escort shout in unison, with a fair show of sham enthusiasm: "Hip, hip, hurray! Yankee doodle!" and if, disgusted and outraged in feeling as you most excusably are, you fail to respond, they seem much surprised.

But the views from the summit are superb. "On the one hand a mighty sea of yellow sand stretched away towards the ends of the earth, solemn, silent, shorn of vegetation, its solitude uncheered by any forms of creature life; on the other, the Eden of Egypt was spread below us—a broad green floor cloven by the sinuous river, dotted with villages, its vast distances measured and marked by the diminishing stature of receding

clusters of palms. It lay asleep in an enchanted atmosphere. There was no sound, no motion. Above the date-palms, in the middle distance, swelled a domed and pinnaled mass glimmering through a tinted, exquisite mist; away towards the horizon a dozen shapely pyramids watched over ruined Memphis; and at our feet the bland, impassable Sphinx looked out upon the picture from her throne in the sands as placidly and pensively as she had looked upon its like full fifty lagging centuries ago." The venders are at this point rudely thrust aside, not, however, without a roaring protest, by a party hitherto unnoticed, probably because they came up the other side of the Pyramid, one of whom undertakes for five shillings (\$1.25) to descend the Pyramid of Cheops, cross the intervening space of three hundred yards, I should say, and ascend the Pyramid Cephren in twelve minutes by the watch. It had taken us half an hour to get up. The second pyramid is still more difficult of ascent, as some of the casing-stones are still *in situ* near the top. The feat is an apparent impossibility. We close the bargain at once in the grim hope that the sheik's followers may be decreased in num-

ber by at least one rascal, and away the fellow goes: down our pyramid in two minutes and a half, across the intervening sand in a minute and a half; and now for the other pyramid. He has dropped his long black mantle on the sand and commenced the ascent. Back and forth he goes in a zigzag up the face nearest us, until in exactly nine and one half minutes from the time he started he is waving his hand from the summit of Cephren! He has often done it in eight minutes. Seventeen fellows, each claiming to be his brother, now step modestly forward and claim the money. On the verge of drivelling idiocy I still had sense enough to retain the cash until it could be given to the right man. Disappointed, but not with the magnificent view; disgusted, that not a moment was allowed for thought, despairing at the impossibility of conjuring up a single vision of the stately past amid the babel of the degenerate present, I was perfectly willing to commence the descent. This is made by the southeast corner, and is comparatively easy. The booster of the ascent unwraps his turban, ties it around your body under your arms, and going behind acts as a sort of animated breeching. I think you are piloted up

the most difficult way in order that you may be impressed with the magnitude of the undertaking. It is the same old story. "Buy! buy! buy!" all the way down; and the nearer you reach the bottom, the more importunate do the rascals become. There is not much collusion between the sheik, dragoman, and guides, but a little crops out just here. You are now the length of two sides of the pyramid from the starting-point. Your dragoman, who has not had an earthly thing to do since you started up, and who should now be on hand to see that you are not imposed upon, is peacefully sleeping in one of the carriages. After much jangling, here are about the minimum settling charges:

3 Guides50
1 Water-carrier10
Doctór10
Coins50
Antiquities50

Of course there will be grumbling if you double or thruple them. The visit to the interior (two men 50 cents, and candle-carrier five cents) is more interesting in this particular. The immense stones of the passage-ways are as perfect as when they left the hands of the build-

ers over six thousand years ago, undefaced by the marks of those reptiles whose unknown names appear scrawled over so many of these grand old monuments. The trip is rather a difficult one for a lady, but it only requires half an hour. The charm about it is that the mob of enterprising merchants has no chance to surround and pester you. You are naturally ready after you get through with it all to sit down quietly to an excellent lunch brought with you from the hotel. And more and more as the days go by the memory of the howling escort will gradually fade from your mind, and you will remember only the fact that you have stood upon the summit of the most wonderful monument ever erected by the hands of man.

After lunch you start over to see the Sphinx. No guides or attendants are necessary for this, but you have crowds of both. The ladies here had their first experience in camel riding. The camels are made to kneel down on the sand. The saddle resembles more a large-sized saw buck than any thing else I can liken it to. Sometimes it has a rug thrown over it, sometimes not. The camel makes it pleasant for the rider, especially if it be a lady of delicate nerves, by frequently emitting a protest-

ing roar, which sounds much like the angry roar of the lion ; but camels are usually mild-tempered and inoffensive, and this noise seems to be a protest against taking on any load. When a camel gets up, he gets up one end at a time, and it is quite a feat to cling to the saddle without being shot about fifty feet into space over the camel's head. As you trudge along over the sand towards the Sphinx, you feel independent, almost belligerent. Your escort seem to recognize the change in situation, for they plod along at a respectful distance, only occasionally offering a coin or idol in a deprecating manner ; prices now reduced about 350 per cent. You say, "No, no," impatiently, and they fall back. This sombre escort annoys you. You try to appear oblivious to their presence ; turn around and look back as though waiting for some one. The entire group, like one mighty automaton, faces to the rear and gazes back as intently as ever did Sister Anna from the window of Old Bluebeard's palace. You fail to shake them off. Immediately you face about, and suddenly discovering that the friend you are so anxiously in search of is ahead of you, you start forward on a dog-trot over the sand. By

common consent, without a spoken word, the escort assume a double-quick with an ease which at once convinces you of the utter futility of attempting escape in this way. At length you stand before the mighty image. The name of its sculptor is unknown ; the date and purpose of its execution lost in the shadowy centuries of an age ante-dating the Pyramids. Why and by whom was it made is a riddle, to solve which has been at once the desire and despair of scholars in all ages. As you contemplate its solitary grandeur, for despite the cruel mutilation of the face, it *is* grand beyond the power of words to describe, you are suddenly assailed with " Want, you see man up Sphinx, up face. Hip, hip, hur-ray, Yankee doodle, want shilling whole party, want you see ? " Interesting, is n't it ? Too disgusted for words, you turn away only to be assailed again and again by the same enquiry.

The body of the Sphinx, hewn out of the solid rock, is 140 feet long. It is thirty feet from the top of the forehead to the bottom of the chin ; the face is fourteen feet wide ; the paws fifty feet long and covered with stone blocks. Between the paws are the remains of an altar, and here were found three tablets,

one of granite, upon which is a representation of Thothmes IV. offering incense to a sphinx. If the one on the tablet is a representation of the one above, then it originally had a beard. You descend from the sand-hill directly facing the figure, to a paved platform partly covered by sand, and from this by a flight of thirty steps to the altar between the paws. To the left, around through a gully where the sand has been partially cleared away, you come to the remains of a building where the statue of Cephren, the builder of the second Pyramid, was found. This building was constructed of stupendous blocks of alabaster and still larger blocks of red granite from Assouan. Some of these are from ten to eighteen feet long, and from six to seven feet high, one of the largest being hewn to turn a corner. The rock out of which the Sphinx is carved is a soft sand-stone containing many fossil shells. The nose, chin, and the lobe of the left ear are gone. The head was originally covered with some kind of head-dress, portions of which are still plainly discernible, being of a pattern of equidistant stripes ; and some of the paint with which the entire head was doubtless coated is still to be seen. If there ever was a crest on

top of the head no trace of it now remains. After considerable negotiation I prevailed on one of the Arabs to procure a section of the tram-rails used in the neighboring excavations, by the aid of which I was able to reach the top of the head from the back of the figure, the latter portion being easily gained from the adjacent sand-hills. I found the head flat on top, and about in the centre a hole had been cut four feet wide and six or seven feet deep, doubtless for the purpose of ascertaining whether the statue was hollow. The rock is extremely soft, and yet thousands of years of storm and sun have wrought less devastation than the single generation during which it has had to withstand the desecrating touch of modern tourists, not one in ten of whom can tell the difference between the beautiful specimen of shell rock they so ruthlessly chip from perhaps the very face of the image, and a modern Egyptian brick. If a few of these ruthless vandals could have perished on their way hither what prayers of thankfulness would to-day be ascending from every lover of antiquity and all searchers after truth in these waste places. "This benignant face that in sleepless vigilance has watched the movements

of nations, the ebb and flow of history, has been illuminated with the rays of the rising sun and roseate dawn of countless days. Repose in thy unique grandeur, venerable Sphinx, emblem of immutability, looking on a fitful sea of change, symbol of permanence, while men and dynasties perish around thee. Myriads of pilgrims more have visited thy shrine than Mecca's Kaaba ever knew or Ganges' waves ever bathed. Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings, upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors, upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire, upon battle and pestilence, upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race, upon keen-eyed travellers, Herodotus of yesterday and Mariette Bey of to-day,—upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, with the same tranquil mein."

Although I would not gratify the importunate acrobat enough to pay him even twenty-five cents to see him climb up the face of the Sphinx, I was a good deal puzzled how a feat which seemed so impossible could be accomplished. My curiosity was gratified and my shilling saved, for, after having got me on the

top, he concluded that it would not be safe to take me down without the use of a rope, and so he scampered off after one, going down the right or eastern side of the head and coming back the same way. I examined the place as well as I could and it scarcely seemed possible for a fly, much less a human being, to climb up that perpendicular rock, with only here and there a place for the toe to rest.

CHAPTER VI.

EGYPT AS IT IS.

THE present condition of the Egyptian people is bad enough, but it is nothing compared with the burdens they formerly bore and the cruel exactions they suffered from the tax-gatherers and all the officials with whom they came in contact from the highest to the lowest. The population is about seven millions, not much smaller than in the days of their greatest prosperity, if we may believe Diodorus, although Herodotus says there were about twenty thousand cities at the time of Amasis. Herodotus was an enterprising tourist, but seems to have been considerable of a liar. Everybody knows that the fertility of the valley of the Nile is due entirely to the deposits from the river when it overflows, but everybody does not know that irrigation is not only common, but absolutely necessary, as nothing in the nature of a crop can grow without it. While a high

Nile is necessary for a good crop, it is not because the water overflows the lands in sufficient quantities to moisten them up for the season, but because the deposits of mud primarily fertilize the soil, and what is more important, the water fills the canals, ponds, and reservoirs, and renders irrigation more easy. Anywhere within the fertile belt water may be obtained at no great depth by digging, and from these wells it is raised for the purpose of irrigation by a *sakeeyah*, which is merely an endless string of earthen pots fastened on a cord running over a large vertical wheel having wooden cogs on the circumference. These cogs are worked by the cogs of a large horizontal wheel, and to the axis of this wheel is fastened the sweep where the motive power is applied, sometimes a friendless mule, more generally a buffalo-ox. For the purpose of raising water from the Nile or the larger canals two posts about five feet high are set up three feet apart. A bar is put across the top and to this is fastened a pole probably twelve or fifteen feet long, on one end of which is a weight of mud or stone, generally the former, and on the other a palm stick, to which is attached a bucket made of matting, with which the water

can be raised from eight to ten feet. This machine, called a *shadoof*, is operated by one man. Where the banks are high the *shadoofs* are placed one above the other, but it is not usual to see more than three set in this way. Sometimes they are operated in pairs. There are some steam-pumps used, but the fuel is too expensive to make the use of them profitable. I do not think there is a modern windmill in all the valley of the Nile; why, I cannot understand, as the wind seems to blow with sufficient velocity every day to render the use of them both profitable and economical. In other respects irrigation is the same here as elsewhere. Formerly the deposit of the Nile mud was a sufficient fertilizer, but since the people have been raising cotton and sugar-cane the land has required artificial renewing. The arable area is about five million acres and is gradually increasing, probably from fifty thousand to seventy thousand acres a year. Fertile as is the soil, various as are its productions, and exempt from the vicissitudes which so affect agriculture in other lands, it seems strange that the present condition of the people should be so pitiable. The debt of the country rose from about twenty million

dollars to about five hundred millions under Ismail Pacha ; of which increase it is safe to say not one half ever found its way into the coffers of the Khedive, so ruinous were the discounts, commissions, and stealings of his friends the English. The statement that Egypt has nothing to show for her millions save a few cheap palaces is hardly fair. She certainly has the following "assets," perhaps at high valuations, but "assets" nevertheless :

Suez Canal (her interest)	\$16,500,000
Railways	50,000,000
Harbors, Alexandria and Suez	20,000,000
Canals	10,000,000
Light-houses	1,000,000
Gas and Water Works, Paving, Sewers, etc., Cairo, Alexandria, and Suez	15,000,000
Steamers	8,000,000

Then Ismail spent some millions in bridges and repairs on roads, to say nothing of the ten millions squandered on the unfortunate expedition to Abyssinia and Central Africa, while no one can ever find out how much has been paid to England for "incidentals." But I am wandering. England has taken virtual possession of the country, nominally in the interest of her bondholders, really with a view

to control the Suez Canal, a fond dream which she will never realize. The expenses of her "army of occupation" must first be paid out of the revenue; then what she considers a fair amount for the expenses of the government; then the interest on the debt. To raise the enormous amount requisite for these purposes, the chief reliance is placed on the land tax, which reaches annually the appalling sum of 120 piastres, or \$6, an acre! In case a man cannot pay his land tax, they take first his cattle or stock, if he has any, then his land, which latter, well located, is worth from \$30 to \$50 an acre. I believe, however, that, since the people have become so poor, a law has been passed only requiring a man to pay tax on what land he can irrigate in case of a low Nile. The average prices of live stock are about as follows: Sheep, \$1 to \$1.25; cows, \$20 to \$30; donkeys, except fine riding animals, \$20 to \$35; camels, \$25 to \$50;—these prices south of the immediate vicinity of Cairo. Wheat is worth this year eighty cents a bushel, and the land produces from twenty to twenty-five bushels to the acre. The rural population, the *Fellaheen*, compose about 75 per cent. of all the people, and are

industrious, quiet, and submissive, to an astonishing degree. The children are naturally bright and intelligent, but early marriage and most excessive labor, the latter rendered necessary by the cruel taxation, makes them prematurely old. Half clad and dirty, they live in miserable mud huts, which have neither windows nor doors; subsisting on bread made from corn or millet, a few vegetables, eggs, and now and then a morsel of meat. Their dress consists of a pair of drawers, and a large gown made of blue cotton or brown woollen, which completely envelops the person; a turban completes the costume, shoes or slippers being rarely worn. The wages of the ordinary farm hand are ten cents a day. The principal tax is the land tax; but there is a tax on salt which is a government monopoly. An English writer on the subject of excessive taxation states the case without reserve when he says: "There appears little doubt that the amount paid as interest on the debt is more than the country can safely stand, but political reasons prevent it from being reduced." The children fairly swarm in all the towns, and are ragged, dirty, beggars all, living in the most abject poverty, yet were

it not for some disease of the eyes, which afflicts so many of them, they would be a rather merry-looking crowd, as well as a merry-feeling one, as they most certainly are, for I saw but one crying child in all the land. Lest these haphazard sketches should seem to aspire to the dignity of an historical treatise, I will say no more in this line, except to fire a parting shot at this "sunny clime." Intensely disagreeable after sunset by reason of the cold, with clouds of dust and sand filling the air when the wind blows by day; no vegetables worthy the name, a tropical clime without tropical fruits or flowers, no milk, sour bread, bad butter, and Turkish coffee; steamer, railroad, and hotel fares higher in proportion than anywhere else in the world; the sight of indescribably magnificent ruins must be full compensation for all these disappointments and discomforts.

CHAPTER VII.

UP THE NILE.

THE trip up the Nile is now practicable only as far as the First Cataract, the unpleasant proximity of the Mahdi to Wady Halfa and the country between that town and Assouan rendering travelling sufficiently precarious to prevent the steamer lines from guaranteeing a safe passage to the Second Cataract. It seems a great pity to visit this country and miss the Rock Temples of Nubia, but there is at present no help for it. The passenger traffic of the river is practically in the hands of Thomas Cook & Son, as they own and operate all the first-class steamers, and for the sum of \$250 they undertake to carry you to the First Cataract and back, a distance of 1,140 miles, pay all the expenses of sight-seeing at the principal points of interest, furnish donkeys, dragomen, side-saddles for the ladies, and in fact foot all the bills for a

period of twenty days. They show you the pyramid of Sakkarah, the Apis Mausoleum, tomb of Tih, pyramid of Oonus, statue of Rameses the Great, the ruins of Memphis, tombs of Beni-Hassan, the temples of Denderah, ruins of Thebes and all the temples there, the tombs of the kings, temples of Karnak and Luxor, temples of Abydos, Esneh, Edfu, and Kom-Ombo, the island of Elephantine, the temples of Philæ, the quarries of Assouan, and the towns of interest along the river. The price will strike one as being a trifle steep when the cheapness of every thing in this country is taken into consideration, but, after all, a person travelling for pleasure ought willingly to pay for being saved the discomforts of bargaining over and over again for guides, donkeys, and various other necessities of a trip in this distant land.

Behold us assembled on the steamer *Mohammed Ali*, Tuesday, January 22d, ready to start promptly according to programme, at ten o'clock. Here all sneering at the "personally conducted" feature ceases. To go otherwise, although possible, is looked upon as a cheap substitute for the genuine article, travel by *dah-abeeyah* being of course excepted. But this

latter method would not suit the average American ; it may be a good way to kill time for some people, but to be at the mercy of the winds and Arabs for three months on this river for the sole purpose of enjoying the *dolce far niente* of the trip, seems to me a wicked waste of a portion of the allotted threescore and ten. It was as disagreeable a day as one will find in New York in March : cold, windy, rainy ; in fact, most depressing, and to visit the cemetery of a great nation one certainly needs all the sunshine of Egypt's "cloudless skies." But first as to the steamer. She is 160 feet long, carries 51 passengers, all first-class. Her engines are of French construction, of 275 indicated horse-power, her maximum speed is 11 miles an hour, and she draws $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water. She is under the absolute control, in every particular, of a manager, Mr. F. Biggi, an intelligent, clever, competent official. The captain was a pensioner of the Egyptian army ; his first officer, whose only duties seemed to be manipulating the signal to the engine room, also an Egyptian. The next official of importance was an ancient Arab, who stood forward on the bow of the steamer armed with a long pole graduated up to five

feet. His duty of heaving the lead was a most important one, as in places the channel is constantly shifting, and it is sometimes a serious thing to run on the Nile mud. The steering apparatus works by steam, and while constant practice may teach an Arab some things, it will never teach him how to steer a boat. The course of the *Mohammed Ali* for a single day, laid down on a nautical chart, would drive the entire English Coast Survey Board into the lunatic asylum.

Hornstein, our chief dragoman, guide, and general-utility man, Friday, who is supposed to know every thing written and unwritten about Egypt, who is called on to do every thing, from picking out a good donkey, fixing a broken saddle, or detecting a bogus antiquity, to deciphering the most unimportant hieroglyphics, and giving a specious respectful answer to the questions of some ass who has been allowed by a mysterious Providence to inflict himself on a lot of people actually desirous of learning something;—this chap was a German, born in Jerusalem—think of the incongruity of it! Next we shall run across a Greek born in Senegambia. He was a most capable, good-natured fellow, speaking five or six different

languages, and although he sometimes fell down, so to speak, amid the ruins of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman orthoëpy, he knew so much more in reality than any of the rest of us that we quietly overlooked this slight defect. Parrot-like he possibly had learned it all by rote, but we were none of us smart enough to trip him up. His able assistant was a young Arab, Mustapha, who was one of the interpreters with the so-called relief expedition in the direction of Khartoum under Wolseley three or four years ago. The steward was a German; the cooks, Italians; the waiters and crew, natives. There was an English doctor on board, but no stewardess. Meals were as follows: Breakfast generally at 8:30, consisting of tea and coffee, sour bread, butter, eggs in some shape, cold meats, and preserves. Lunch at one, which was a substantial meal of generally four or five courses. Tea and crackers at four o'clock, and dinner at seven. Coffee on deck for lunch and dinner, the cups being generally arranged by Mustapha in certain letters, the significance of which was left to the ingenuity of the passengers. As Mustapha was an original fellow, there was always a spice in his selections, which were generally

of the places we were about to visit. There was a good piano on board, a fair selection of sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental music, a remarkably good library of books on Egypt and the Egyptians. There was supposed to be an ample supply of stationery on board, but certified copies of twenty-seven ponderous diaries, of doubtful interest to anybody except the writers, exhausted the supply before we had gone two hundred miles.

While eating lunch the dragoman came into the saloon, clapped his hands for silence, and then proceeded to outline the first trip—the one to Sakkarah. In this same manner we learned from day to day what the programme was. We reached Bedrachin, fifteen miles from Cairo, at 12 o'clock, and here had our first experience in "taking donkeys." On the bank was a yelling, quarrelling crowd of "donkey-boys" (?). We carried side-saddles for the ladies, and of course if a donkey-boy could secure a saddle from the dragoman he was certain of having his donkey used. It is astonishing either how cowardly or slow to anger these people are. When too importunate for any cause, the dragoman leaps among them with a stick and lays about him most vigor-

ously. Away they scamper in every direction, as if fleeing for their lives, only to return again when the danger is past. And this may happen twenty times before the saddles are all given out and the party ready to start. Hornstein generally went ahead, and Mustapha brought up the rear to see that no stragglers were lost. Our instructions were to keep together, but these were invariably disregarded. Our Scotch friends insisted on reaching the shore first of all, taking their pick of the donkeys, and galloping off without waiting for any one else. The sky was overcast. The wind blew briskly from the southwest, and occasionally during the afternoon it rained fiercely. A short distance from the river we passed the miserable village of Bedrachin, our first near view of an Egyptian town. We were greeted at every turn with cries for *backsheesh*. It will be unnecessary to mention this hereafter, in connection with our stoppages at other points. These children yell for *backsheesh* always persistently, always good-naturedly, never so much surprised as when they receive something. They dodge out from behind doorways and heaps of ruins, with ever the same cry. The little

ones, not more than two years old and scarcely able to walk, piped out "*backsheesh*"; young rascals, from five to ten years old, and naked as when they came into the world, pranced along by the side of the donkeys, crying "*backsheesh*"; girls, of all ages up to a dozen years, and most of them carrying babies in their arms, held out the disengaged hand for *backsheesh*. Now and then we passed a blind man led by a small boy and saying: "Blind *maskeen* [a poor man] blind!" Sometimes it would be one blind boy leading another—although they never fell into the ditch, a suspicious circumstance,—and sometimes a child would hold up a flower, a bunch of wild mustard, a useless piece of old pottery, or some crude figure picked from the ruins, asking you to buy. You generally declined, and then came the call for *backsheesh*. If temporarily delivered from the importunities of the beggars in a few of the temples, their demands are only the more vociferous when you again fall into their clutches. We pity them from the bottom of our hearts, but perhaps our sympathies are wasted, for they are either very happy or very stoical.

The donkey-boys merit a brief notice. While

they are paid by the donkey-owners, in case they do not own the donkeys themselves, they invariably expect some gratuity, and no matter how much you give, they always demand more, continuing to vociferate until the dragoman makes his appearance, when they ingloriously take to their heels. From ten to twenty-five cents—the latter for the long trip from Assouan to Philæ and back—is the proper amount of fee. They are wonderfully honest, and a coat, shawl, umbrella, or any thing else, left in their charge while visiting the temples or tombs, is as safe as if locked in one's trunk on the steamer. Indeed, locking things up anywhere was entirely superfluous. We rode along a fine embankment, with cultivated fields on either side; crossed the railroad; and amid the graceful palm-trees here and there, beheld heaps of old bricks and broken pottery, the mournful remains of that once mighty city, Memphis, founded B.C. 5004! The one idea above all others that presents itself to the traveller as he journeys over this *lonely* plain is, how was it possible for a city to be so utterly destroyed as was this city?

Where are the ruins of the mighty temples, palaces, and public buildings of granite and

marble which formerly adorned this wonder and pride of the ancient world? A few fragments are in reality the only remains that have been found, and although it is possible that the more substantial relics of the city may be concealed beneath these heaps of rubbish, all excavations and researches thus far have resulted in absolutely no discoveries whatever. The channel of the river originally lay at the foot of the Libyan hills, but Menes cut a new channel farther to the east, thus making a magnificent site for his still more magnificent city. He protected this new location with mighty dykes, which Herodotus says were carefully maintained up to the time of the Persians, B.C. 527. The gigantic nature of this work may be understood when we consider that the point at which the change in the channel of the river was begun, was somewhere about twelve miles above the site of the city. This same king excavated a great lake on the north and west of the city, which was supplied by water from the Nile, brought through a canal which doubtless followed the old channel of the river. It is very difficult to determine the size of the city, and it is extremely doubtful if it ever was surrounded

with a wall. According to Diodorus, it was seventeen miles in circumference, and the greater diameter was probably from north to south, about six miles. If, as this writer states, the great Acherusian Lake surrounded by meadows and canals, the immense reservoir constructed for the temple of Ptah, the sacred groves of the temples, and the numerous gardens and villas of the nobles were included in this area, it is not possible that the city ever contained a million people, as has been stated, or half that number. From the time of Menes to the time of the visit of Herodotus, Memphis was certainly the most important city of Egypt, although at certain times during that period it was eclipsed in splendor by its more youthful rival, Thebes. Four hundred years later Diodorus speaks of the greatness of Memphis, second, however, at this time in importance to Alexandria. And Strabo, writing about the time of the Christian era, describes it as a great and populous city, although the palaces were ruined and deserted. The temples, however, appear to have been maintained with much of their former state. Although the Persians at last destroyed some of these, it is not probable that many were much

mutilated before the time of Theodosius, A.D. 379, who, in his zeal against idolatry, was guilty of acts of vandalism directed against shrines and temples which were far more befitting a modern *Bashi-Bazouk* than the Christian ruler of a mighty empire. The city maintained something of its former importance at the time of the Arab occupation, A.D. 640, but this invasion may be considered the death-knell of the capital; as its remaining inhabitants removed to the new metropolis of Fostat, and the stones of its ruined temples were used for building the new city of Cairo.

As recently as the twelfth century an Arab writer describes the ruins as occupying "a space half a day's journey every way," and that "they still offer to the eyes of the spectator a collection of marvels which strike the eye with wonder, and which the most eloquent man might in vain attempt to describe." The temples of Memphis must have been of extreme beauty and stateliness, for it was the custom of succeeding monarchs oftentimes to add to and enrich an already existing temple, rather than build a new one. The great temple of Ptah (the Creator), founded by Menes, was enriched by various kings down to the time of

Amasis, B.C. 572, and endowed with the costliest gifts and treasures, among which may be mentioned two statues of Rameses III., B.C. 1288, upwards of twenty-five cubits in height. A large court, surrounded by a splendid peristyle of Osiride figures, where Apis was kept when exhibited to the public, was here, and most remarkable of all a recumbent colossus seventy-five feet long, made by command of King Amasis, the only instance of a statue in that position.

It is impossible for the most imaginative mind to conjure up visions of the past where nothing in the present renders the slightest assistance, and the knowledge that probably here Moses and Aaron stood before Sethi Menepthah II. and said, "Let my people go that they may serve me" conveyed no such impression to my mind as would have been the case had the ruins of the palaces been scattered around me. We visited the two colossal statues of Rameses II. B.C. 1400, one very badly mutilated, the other nearly perfect. These probably stood before the temple of Ptah, were monoliths made of a very hard white silicious limestone, which takes a high polish, and when entire were somewhere from

forty-eight to fifty feet high. The best statue has been raised from the place where it lay for centuries, and blocked, face upwards ; and although the feet and a portion of the head-dress are gone, the statue, as you look down upon it from the platform built over it, is singularly impressive. The exquisitely sculptured features fortunately are not mutilated, and the expression of the face is most grave and dignified.

Such is Memphis. The gloomy threatenings of Jeremiah have indeed been literally fulfilled : " Oh, daughter of Egypt, prepare thyself for captivity ; for Memphis shall be laid waste ; she shall be abandoned and shall become uninhabitable." " And now nothing remains of the once mighty city which through so many centuries exercised so profound an influence over the destinies of mankind, but interminable mounds where only the date-palm can grow, beside here and there the debris of a wall, the shaft of a broken column."

Of all the disappointments of foreign travel, the most bitter is the utter desolation pervading the locality where once were magnificent cities, capitals of mighty empires. Memphis and Thebes, Baalbec and Jericho !

They are all the same. You stand among the palm trees, which wave their graceful branches over this spot where once stood the splendid palaces of the Pharaohs, and around you are vast heaps of broken pottery and crumbling bricks, many of them in truth "bricks without straw," made perchance by the children of Israel in the days of their cruel oppression. You accept in despair the legends of the locality, but no imagination is so vivid as to repeople these places with the stately temples and palaces, with the teeming thousands of fifty centuries ago!

CHAPTER VIII.

SAKKARAH, BENI-HASSAN, AND DENDERAH.

WE returned a short distance towards the river after visiting the statue of Rameses II., and then bearing off to the northward passed the site of the lake already mentioned, following the high embankment toward the Pyramids. On either side of us were many cattle, sheep, and goats grazing. We were struck with the utter absence of habitations of any kind amid these fertile fields, and it took us some days to realize the fact that nowhere on the lowlands can huts be constructed, owing to the annual inundation. Soon we reached the border of the plain, the eastern boundary of the great Necropolis. Mariette Bey thus describes it: "This Necropolis is the most important, the most ancient, and yet at the same time the most modern of all the cemeteries of Memphis. It extends along the verge of the sands of the desert for about four miles

and a half in length, with a breadth varying from one third of a mile to nearly one mile. It offers a spectacle of utter desolation. Pits without number lie yawning at the feet of the passer-by. Dismantled brick walls, heaps of sand mingled with stones and particles of granite encumber the traveller's path almost at every step. Here and there fragments of mummy-cloth, borne along by the winds, or human bones drying and bleaching in the sun, warn us that we are in the regions of the dead!"

The central pyramid, which is the nucleus of this vast cemetery, is the famous pyramid of Sakkarah, built in six degrees, or steps, and standing as it does on commanding ground, it towers to a great height apparently, although its altitude is but two hundred and seventy-five feet. King Ouenephes I., about 4900 B.C., the last king of the First Dynasty, is known to have built a pyramid at a place called Ko-Komeh. If the tradition which assigns the name Ko-Komeh to this very place is true, then the step pyramid is the oldest monument in the world reared by mortal hands. We skirted around the base of the pyramid without stopping, although the ascent is easy and

the interior quite interesting, and halted before the Serapeum, rendered famous by Strabo and the Greek papyri, and long sought for but undiscovered until found by Mariette Bey, in 1851. The sacred bull, while living, occupied the temple called Apieum. The Serapeum was the name given to his tomb. The passage of Strabo referred to, described a temple near Memphis, in a spot so sandy that the wind caused the sand to drift into great heaps, and he further mentioned the fact that in the sand they could see many sphinxes partially buried. Mariette, in commencing his labors in Egypt, had noticed in some gardens in Alexandria and Cairo several sphinxes, and being by chance one day at Sakkarah he saw the head of a similar sphinx protruding from the sand. Instantly recollecting the passage of Strabo, he as instantly concluded that the approach to the long-lost Serapeum was at length found. After almost incredible labor in the shifting sand, the approach was cleared to a depth varying from ten to seventy feet, and the entrance to the mausoleum exposed to view. The approach has again been covered by its friendly protector, the sand, but the entrance to the tomb of Apis is still kept clear

for sight-seers. We tramped down to it, showed our tickets to the custodian, and entered. Temperature outside sixty degrees, temperature inside seventy-nine degrees, and no variation the year round. The tomb consists of three parts, having no communication with each other. The first part, belonging to the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties, is of no particular interest, consisting merely of separate tombs hewn haphazard in the rock. The second part contains the tombs of Apis during the twenty-second, twenty-third, twenty-fourth, and twenty-fifth dynasties. The first part is again filled with sand; the roof of the second part has fallen in, but neither of these is of any particular interest. We visited the third part, the place of interment from 650 to 50 B.C. The interior consists of a series of galleries descending by an easy slope—total length about 1,250 feet,—and on either side, but not opposite to each other, are deep recesses in the rock, each containing an enormous granite sarcophagus weighing about *sixty-five tons*; in size, thirteen feet long, eleven feet high, and seven feet eight inches broad—each one fitted with a stupendous lid! They are twenty-four in number, but only three bear

any inscriptions. The great importance of the discovery consisted in the vast number of stelæ or ex-voto offerings (about five hundred in number). These are stone tablets covered with inscriptions, and were deposited by the pious of Memphis on certain religious festivals, as offerings to the god. The tomb had been lighted with candles before our arrival, and the sight of our noble forty-one in grotesque costumes of all kinds, straggling down these galleries amid the relics of the past, formed a picture never to be forgotten.

We next visited the tomb of Tih, a priest who lived under the fifth dynasty, some five thousand years ago. Under the ancient empire the tomb consisted of three parts : first, one or more rooms, always accessible from the street of the Necropolis ; second, a vertical pit opening out of one of the chambers ; third, a sepulchral chamber hollowed out of the rock, where the mummy was deposited. The tomb of Tih, although more defaced during the past dozen years by the senseless vandals who have visited it than it suffered in all the centuries preceding its recent discovery, is still very beautiful. The hieroglyphics, strange as it may seem, are as far removed from funereal subjects as is

possible to imagine. Tih is represented surrounded by his family, engaged in the ordinary scenes of life. Here he is among his servants, superintending the gathering of fruit; there harvesting his crops; in another place, hunting; again, sailing and fishing—in fact, engaging in all the pursuits of a wealthy landed proprietor, such as the priests were known to have been. Near by a tomb was found, in the deep recesses of which was a mummy with a gold mask over its face and jewels of every kind arranged on its breast. This proved to be the mummy of Kha-emuas, the favorite son of Rameses II.

We next visited the pyramid of Oonas, a king of the fifth dynasty, B.C. 3750, very interesting on account of its beautiful hieroglyphics. After this we returned to the steamer with a keen appetite for our dinner. As the boat got ready to start, the children flocked down to the bank and into the shallow water, keeping up a perfect pandemonium of shouts for *backsheesh*. We amused ourselves by throwing some half- and quarter-piastres, and seeing the beggars tumble over each other in the water in their anxiety to secure a good portion of the plunder, which, as soon as obtained, was placed in their mouths.

Thursday, 24th, we reached Beni-Hassan, where the inhabitants have the name of being the worst lot on the river, and the way the dragoman and soldiers laid around among the crowd of donkey-boys, loafers, and general scalawags with their whips, was laughable in the extreme. Perhaps it was because the donkeys looked so small and half-starved; the donkey-boys so ragged and dirty; the day so hot and the road so dusty—at any rate, I failed to see much of interest at the tombs. We visited first the northern grottos and examined only the tombs of Améni, a military commander under Osirtasen I., a king of the twelfth dynasty, 3000 B.C., and that of Knum-Hotep, the grandson of Améni. These tombs are constructed on the same principle as those at Sakkarah, out of calcareous shell rock, made in imitation of buildings, ornamented with beautiful columns which seem to be the prototype of the Doric shaft. They were covered with hieroglyphics recounting the exploits of these gentlemen and containing, as well, many pictures, beautifully colored, of scenes in their daily lives. Here, on the north wall, in a picture representing the feeding of the orex, the figures are drawn in perspective, one of

the very few instances of the kind in Egypt. The only one of the southern grottos that we visited was Speos-Artemidos, "Cave of Diana," begun by Thothmes III., 1600 B.C. Other sculptures were added by Sethi I., but never completed. I presume, if I had been in better humor, I would have seen much to admire. But when, in addition to all the other drawbacks of this day, I heard a lady remark, speaking of the sculptures, "a little disfigured, but still in the ring," I was ready to go back to the steamer. Each locality where we stopped, as a rule, offered some specialty which we were importuned to buy. Here it was mummy cats, and the supply seemed to be simply inexhaustible. The pathway was strewn with them for miles, while the small urchins who sold them did not pretend to ask more than two piastres each for the choicest specimens. They were really quite curious, but crude, and did not improve on closer inspection, while they smelled to heaven.

The mummy cats suggest something here that I may as well say and have off my mind. A standard historical authority, speaking of the Egyptians, says: "They believed in one invisible, omnipotent, self-created God, the

immortality of the soul, judgment after death, the final annihilation of the wicked, and the ultimate absorption of the good into the eternal deity. God created his own members, which are the gods; hence a host of lesser deities," etc., etc.; and Jamblicus, a writer who lived for a brief period about the end of the third century (he could not have lived very long with that name), represents the Egyptians as "believing in one God, unique, universal, uncreate, the author of his own being, having no beginning, existing from eternity." This sort of religion was reserved for the king and the initiated, it seems, but for the common people "a palpable and tangible god" was necessary. Such has been the accepted theory of the scientific world, resting solely on the authority of the aforesaid gentleman of the euphonious name. Now, it seems to me that, in the light of all recent discoveries, these assertions will not bear the crucial test of the Scriptures: "By their fruits shall ye know them." It is impossible for an enlightened intellect to credit the statement that a nation who worshipped a man with the head of a jackal, or a woman with the head of a cow, as the embodiment of some great principle—who

considered bulls, cats, and crocodiles too sacred to kill; provided for them sumptuously while living, and raised costly mausoleums over their remains when dead,—it is difficult, I say, to induce a person of average intellect to accept the statement that these people believed in one omnipotent God, “the author of his own being, having no beginning, existing from eternity.” Search the temples and monuments from one end of Egypt to the other, and where do you find any mention of one omnipotent God? Everywhere there is mention of all sorts of deities, “immortal and uncreated,” but nowhere is there any mention of the great Jehovah. So high an authority as Mariette, who at first was disposed to accept the theory of Jamblicus, in his latest work says: “Unfortunately the more one studies the Egyptian religion the greater becomes the doubt as to the character which must definitively be ascribed to it.” I accept the worship of Apis, the living image of Osiris revisiting the earth, under protest, charitably supposing the ancient bull to have been in no wise related to the modern Egyptian animal—for a good bull knows more than the average Egyptian,—but when I am told

that these people anciently were so imaginative and so religious that they felt called on to worship and then embalm such utterly worthless creatures as wolves and jackals, I rebel.

“The priests believed in one invisible, overruling, self-created God, the immortality of the soul, and judgment after death, the final annihilation of the wicked, and the ultimate absorption of the good into the eternal deity.”

It is possible that this was the belief of the priests, but there is little doubt that the people were idolaters. One of the fundamental doctrines of the Egyptian faith, that after the death of a man his soul could not enter into everlasting repose unless the body was preserved, occasioned the singular system of embalming the corpses of the departed to preserve them from decay. The belief was prevalent among the people that the priests had the power of giving up the bodies of the sinful to corruption, hence the doctrine of transmigration. While the people may at one time have worshipped the spiritual deities of Osiris, Serapis, and Isis, their religion, centuries before the fall of their empire, degenerated into the most monstrous animal worship. How was this for the worshippers of “one omnipo-

tent God"? During the reign of one of the Ptolemies, a priest, seemingly blessed with the first spark of originality which had made its appearance in art for something like three thousand years, changed the statues of a job lot of gods so that, instead of their being seated or kneeling and fastened at the back to a pillar, as up to this time they had been, they appeared to be walking, one foot in advance of the other. So dangerous an innovation carried dismay and religious horror among the people. What was to prevent their beloved gods, if they remained in this position, from walking off and leaving the country? We are told that, in order to prevent such an unheard-of calamity, the people assembled from all quarters and with cords and ropes tied the deities to their pedestals, lest they might possibly lose them!

Barnes' "History," in an admirable article on the manners and customs of the Egyptians, claims for the priests a belief in one overruling God, but on the next page treats us to the following: "The hawk, ape, ibis, cat, and asp were everywhere worshipped, but crocodiles, dogs, jackals, frogs, beetles, and shrew mice were venerated in different sections. Those

sacred in one nome, were often in others hated and hunted or used for food. Thus at Thebes the crocodile and sheep were worshipped, while the goat was eaten ; at Mendes the sheep was eaten and the goat worshipped ; and at Apollinopolis the crocodile was so abhorred that the people set apart an especial day to hunt and kill as many crocodiles as possible." Where the crocodile was worshipped "a chosen number of these animals were kept in temples, where they were given elegant apartments, and treated to every luxury at public expense. Let us imagine a crocodile fresh from a warm sumptuous bath, anointed with the most precious ointment and perfumed with fragrant odors ; its head and neck glittering with jewelled ear-rings and necklace, and its feet with bracelets, wallowing on a rich and costly carpet, to receive the worship of intelligent human beings ! Its death was mourned as a public calamity ; its body, wrapped in linen, was carried to the embalmers attended by a train of people weeping and beating their breasts in grief. Then having been expensively embalmed and bandaged in gaily-colored mummy-cloths, amid imposing ceremonies it was laid out in the rocked sepulchre."

Take the worship of Apis, for instance : An ordinary bull would n't do ; there were certain requisite marks about the animal which the priests seemed to be able to discover, when it was necessary to have them discovered, and such marks denoted the sacred presence of Osiris. Talk about idolaters ; why, these people consulted the sacred bull as an *oracle*, "and his breath was said to confer upon children the gift of prophecy." It fell on the nation like a public calamity when an Apis died, and not until the busy priests had succeeded in finding the proper trademarks on some other bull (which was immediately installed with all the pomp and ceremony imaginable) did the nation breathe freely again.

With these few statements, all of which can be easily substantiated by any student of history as being the actual facts, I leave the subject, with a candid admission that if there is any plausible or possible connection between such customs as these, which were unquestionably practised during the time of the nation's greatest enlightenment, and the theory so boldly advanced that the Egyptians believed in "one omnipotent God," my careful and

somewhat laborious research has not enabled me to establish it.

Starting away from Beni-Hassan, the same scramble for *backsheesh* was enacted ; only the crowd was larger and more turbulent, while, strange as it may seem, there were among the beggars some young girls of thirteen and fourteen actually beautiful, and the pretty, graceful way they had of smiling and showing their pearly teeth would have opened the heart and pocket-book of old Fagan himself. Friday afternoon about four o'clock we reached Assiout, the capital of Upper Egypt, a thriving city of thirty thousand people, the terminus of the railroad, beautifully located in the centre of a most fertile plain. As we came into port we fired three guns. Standing on the dock-boat we recognized the manly form of P., who had preceded us one week and had stopped on the way down for the sake of seeing us. The usual crowd of natives was idling around on the bank, and P., with a wave of his cane in their direction, said : " You see I have brought down a few of the boys to meet you and give a friendly appearance to your reception."

Here are planted an American college and school under the patronage of the United

Presbyterian Church. This society has schools at Cairo, Assiout, and other points on the river. They are all very flourishing and doing a vast amount of good in this benighted country. The bazaars are extensive and interesting, and here are manufactured, by the crudest methods and with the most primitive sort of tools, beautiful red and black pottery and canes of various kinds, fly brushes, with ivory and ebony handles, and some very beautiful articles of ivory. On the morning of Saturday we rode across the plain, then climbed the mountain, where incidentally we took a look at the tomb of the Sacred Wolf, and from the summit obtained a most magnificent view of the Nile valley for many miles. Dean Stanley says of this picture; "The brightness of the green is perfectly dazzling and of a tint such as can probably be seen nowhere else in the world. It stretches away for miles on either side, unbroken save by the mud villages which here and there lie in the midst of the verdure like the marks of a soiled foot on a rich carpet."

Of course we did the bazaars, and of course we carried away a lot of truck more or less valuable. The donkeys here are among the

best in Egypt, and in fact the whole city has a most refreshing effect, after visiting the towns above and below it. The American consul is a Turk, and a very wealthy gentleman at that. He has a beautiful place and we enjoyed a walk through his extensive grounds, listening to the singing of the birds amid the fragrance of the flowers in the cool of the afternoon. We left Assiout at noon, saw nothing of interest until Monday morning. The *shadoofs* were constantly at work. An almost endless procession of *dahabeeyahs* was going up and down the river, sails set, or furled, according as the wind favored them. Now and then we passed a private one; these latter, much to our surprise, generally flying the American flag, at sight of which we always cheered vociferously. Soon after breakfast, Monday, we arrived at Kenh and rode over to see the temple of Denderah, one of the best preserved in all Egypt. "It was built like all Egyptian temples, in the centre of a vast circular wall of crude bricks, which was so high and so thick that when the two gates were closed through which admission was obtained, nothing could be seen or heard of what was taking place within." Commenced by the 11th Ptolemy,

although possibly Cleopatra may have laid the foundations, it was finished by Tiberius and decorated by Nero. During the time that its massive columns were being set in place, Jesus Christ was preaching the new gospel of peace at Jerusalem. This temple is remarkable in many particulars. In the first place, it is almost perfect ; the roof being entirely preserved. In the next place, it is crowded with inscriptions and bas-reliefs in every part, and it is the only temple in Egypt dedicated to Athor, the Egyptian Venus. The decorations are not in the best class of Egyptian art, for sculpture had begun to decline many years before the erection of this temple, but Egyptologists find much satisfaction in deciphering the inscriptions, and from them Mariette concludes that the Platonic school of thought, then flourishing at Alexandria, influenced largely the decorations of this temple, which sum up, through these images and pictures, the tenets of that school, viz. : the good, the beautiful, and the true. But what strikes the average tourist most forcibly, when he comes to examine the decorations of the temple, is the systematic vandalism with which the faces of the reliefs have been defaced. This is another instance of

the "zeal" of the early Christians. From one end of this magnificent temple to the other, on the walls within and without, the columns, ceilings, passages, wherever a figure with a face was sculptured, with an energy, patience, and persistency which would claim our admiration, were it not for the bigotry which prompted it, some one had gone over every face with a chisel, mutilating the features beyond recognition ; a few only in the secret passages, which fortunately these vandals failed to find, escaped mutilation. The amount of time necessarily consumed in this work of Christian fanaticism would unquestionably have sufficed to have built a much better Christian church than existed, in the early days of the new religion, for full five hundred years.

I wish here to indicate in a general way the single idea, which for thousands of years was followed without deviation in the decoration of those unique monuments of antiquity. The temples were always of stone, the encircling walls of brick. They were not used like our churches as places of worship by the people, nor were any, in fact, except the king and priests, admitted within the sacred enclosure, where certain fêtes were celebrated by means of pro-

cessions and other mummeries. The decorations were in tiers and might be read from left to right, or *vice versa*, the direction of the heads indicating the way the hieroglyphics ran. Sometimes, for the purpose of utilizing space, they were written up and down. The subject is always the same. The king presents offerings to, and solicits favors from, the gods, which the latter invariably grant. The temple was considered the personal monument of the king who founded it.

CHAPTER IX.

THEBES AND KARNAK.

WE reached Luxor Monday afternoon at 4.30, and even the most indifferent amongst us felt his pulse quicken a little as the final signal of the engineer sounded sharply through the boat and we stopped within a stone's throw of the stately ruins of the temple of Amenophis III. It seems like desecration that a modern town should occupy a portion of the site of ancient Thebes, but the present treads ruthlessly upon the heels of the past. Growing up on the east bank of the Nile is a thriving village of already about four thousand inhabitants. They have had the grace to call it Luxor instead of Cook Town, or some similar incongruous name, and for this, at least, we are thankful. Here are two good hotels, both generally crowded in the winter season. Donkeys are plenty on both sides of the river, prices moderate, boys not particu-

larly importunate, although not over-modest in their demands. The greatest annoyance is the gang of curiosity venders, which fairly swarms in and about every place of interest on both sides of the river. We might stand that if the authenticity of their curiosities was a little less doubtful, but we found invariably that the price was the same whether the article was genuine or bogus, and as the latter generally outnumbered the former at least ten to one, the intrinsic value of the aggregate purchases of the steamer's party can be better estimated than described.

The date of the foundation of Thebes, the No-Ammen of the Bible, is very doubtful, but as the oldest monument here is a tomb of the eleventh dynasty, it is probable that the city does not antedate the year 3000 B.C. With varying fortunes it lasted until 117 B.C., when it was captured by Ptolemy Lathyrus, after a three years' siege, and from that time forward was a place of no particular importance. Even with the knowledge of her present ruins it is difficult to determine the size of this queenly city when at the zenith of her splendor. The larger portion was on the eastern side, while the section across the river was known as the

Libyan suburb. The expression of Homer, "Hecatompylus," "hundred-gated," could not have referred to the gates of the city, as, strangely enough, the city had no walls; but probably referred in a general way to the *propylæ* of the temples as being very numerous. It is scarcely credible that the city could have furnished "twenty thousand armed chariots fully equipped for war," as this would require from forty to eighty thousand horses and forty thousand men. As the proportion of chariots to cavalry and infantry was about one to twenty, we must infer one of three things: either the military force of the city consisted mainly of her chariots, which was unusual and highly improbable; or the city and vicinity were able to furnish an army of about half a million men, which is absurd; or the statement is chiefly a bit of Oriental imagination, which is doubtless the truth. Be this as it may; that the city was of vast extent, the present ruins bear ample testimony. Of the location Stanley says: "Alone of the cities of Egypt, the situation of Thebes is as beautiful by nature as by art—two mountain ranges retire from the river, forming a circle around a wide green plain." Imagination

fails us when we contemplate the unspeakable magnificence of the temple palaces of ancient Thebes. The great temples of Karnak and Luxor were united by a magnificent avenue of sphinxes, which led for nearly two miles across the plain. This roadway was sixty-three feet wide and the sphinxes stood only twelve feet apart. For fifteen hundred feet from Luxor they were of the usual form, with female heads. Those at Karnak were *crio* or ram-headed, sacred to Ammon. A similar avenue led from the main western front of the temple at Karnak to the quay on the banks of the river, and it is possible, but not probable, that this latter *dromos* was continued on the other side of the river. No less than eight of these avenues have been traced in various directions.

We crossed the river at Luxor in large, ungainly crafts, part row- part sail-boat, each party endeavoring to reach the other side first, in order to have the choice of donkeys. Our gondola held the best course, but, unfortunately, ran on a sand-bar about twenty feet from the shore ; gang-plank too short to reach *terra firma* ; disappointment and dismay depicted on every countenance. But the crew

were equal to the occasion. Being satisfied that the galley was hard aground, they leaped overboard and carried us safely ashore. We men sat on the boatmen's shoulders, but the ladies could scarcely do so with propriety, to say nothing of their aversion to making the attempt, after seeing friend Ferris pitch headlong into the sand when essaying to land. But time pressed, and with many a feminine squeal, the ladies were grabbed by the strong boatmen, one on each side, and lugged feet foremost safely to the shore.

We visited on the west bank the temple of Koorneh, much ruined, dedicated to the memory and worship of Rameses I. by Sethi I., but not completed until the time of Rameses II. From this point we went along the mournful "valley of the dead" to visit the Bab-el-Molook, the tombs of the kings. Nothing can be more utterly desolate than this valley. Not a tree, not a shrub, not even a spear of grass or a straggling weed can be seen along its entire course. The change from the fertile plain of Thebes to this dreadful barren waste is positively startling. The cliffs tower perpendicularly on either side; huge boulders and masses of rock lie scattered

about in wild confusion. No bird enlivens this dreary place with its cheerful song, and in by-gone centuries as the funeral procession wound its lonely way over this desolate path to the last resting-place of the mighty one whose mummy was borne upon the shoulders of the priests, the occasion must truly have been invested with a solemnity which nothing else, save these dreary surroundings, could possibly have imparted.

The construction of these tombs, belonging to the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, differs essentially from those of Sakkarah and Beni-Hassan, in that there is no exterior chamber where the surviving relatives might meet. These are excavated out of the rock, and consist of long inclined passages with here and there small chambers and halls. The tombs in the eastern valley are twenty-five in number, but are not all tombs of kings. As a rule, they are elaborately ornamented with pictures and hieroglyphics, many of them very beautiful, mostly portraying scenes of a funereal or religious character, although some of them contain pictures of things pertaining to the material world. The gods are strange, and one is struck with the frequency with

which serpents and snakes are pictured. These tombs are, many of them, of great extent ; for what object is not known as yet. Thus the tomb of Sethi I., is 470 feet in length to a point where fallen rocks prevent further exploration. The most extensive tomb yet discovered is at Assaseef, not far from the temple of Koorneh, belonging to a wealthy priest named Petamunoph. It is 862 feet long without the lateral chambers, and covers an area of 28,809 square feet, or about an acre and a quarter ! It is much infested with bats. On another occasion we visited the tomb of Rekhmara, a private individual. This was extremely interesting, as showing much relating to the manners and customs of the Egyptians. A grand procession of foreign officers bringing presents of all kinds ; these in the outer chamber ; while in the inner chamber artisans of all kinds are busy at work, masons, forgers, carpenters, rope- and cabinet-makers, and sculptors. Then there are other scenes representing a banquet, musical entertainment, and what I shall call a friendly garden party.

Our next visit was to Karnak ; Karnak the magnificent ; Karnak the wonderful ; Karnak beautiful beyond description. I shall only

give a few dry facts concerning it, backed by a fewer dryer figures, and then regretfully bid it good-bye with the despair that the painter feels when endeavoring to reproduce on canvas the tints of an Egyptian sunset. The total length of the temple was upwards of 1,200 feet; breadth, 348 feet. It was surrounded by a wall 25 feet thick and 80 feet high, and the total length of the enclosure was 1,995 feet. It was commenced by Osirtasen I., B.C. 2433, and added to by various monarchs down to and including Alexander II., 81 B.C. It was not, strictly speaking, one building, the very nature of its construction precluding the possibility of such a thing, but a succession of courts—some covered, some open,—temples, halls, and sanctuaries. Thus, in the centre of the Hall of Caryatides, Queen Hatasu, the daughter of Thothmes I., raised the two largest obelisks in the world. One has fallen, the other is where she placed it over two thousand years ago. The upper part was covered with pure gold, and the obelisk was probably gilded from top to bottom. An inscription informs us that the two columns were completed and erected in seven months from the time they were commenced

in the quarry at Assouan ! The Hypostyle Hall of the Great Temple, which is generally spoken of as the Temple, contains 140 columns, the central ones 34 feet in circumference and 62 feet high, not counting the plinth and abacus. Pylons and propylons of the most gigantic proportions marked the entrances on different sides ; that on the west, 350 feet wide, and the towers 150 feet high ; the doorway 100 feet high, while many of the roof beams, all of red sandstone, were 25 feet long ; the walls decorated with the most magnificent sculptures, here recounting the various deeds of different monarchs, but chiefly those of Rameses II., in his wars with the Khetas, the Hittites of the Bible. These form the subject of the third Sallier Papyrus, and are commemorated on the walls of almost every temple built by that monarch. Being separated from his army he six times charges the enemy and, single-handed, scatters them, fighting successively against 2,500 chariots and 100,000 men. Taking into consideration the fact that Rameses was only fifteen years old at the time of this exploit, he was excusable for feeling somewhat elated over it. " There is in truth no building in the world to

compare with it. The Pyramids are more stupendous, the Coliseum covers more ground, the Parthenon is more beautiful, yet in nobility of conception, in vastness of detail, in artistic beauty of the highest order, the Hall of Pillars exceeds them everyone."

The last day we spent at the Rameseum and the temple of Medinet-Habou, taking a parting look at the statues of Memnon on the way home. I cannot describe them, beautiful as they are, even in their ruins, but I venture to say that there is no one, be he never so little interested in antiquities, but would feel amply repaid for all the annoyances of a trip to Egypt were he only to ride across this beautiful fertile plain to see these evidences of a vanished civilization. Broken and scattered by some mighty force, the very nature of which is to this day a mystery to modern science, before the temple of Rameses II., are the remains of the once gigantic Syenite statue of that monarch, which, when entire, was three times as large as the great obelisk at Karnak, and weighed nearly twelve hundred tons! Figures give but little idea of this most prodigious masterpiece of Egyptian skill, but it was a seated figure fifty-seven feet five inches in

height, measuring twenty-seven feet across the back, five feet across the foot, and the toes were three feet long. Compared with the colossal statue of Memnon, fully one half larger! I had almost forgotten a satisfactory side trip we made to Dayr-el-Medeeneh, a little temple erected by Euergetes II., 146 B.C., the sculptures of which are most interesting, being well preserved, representing Philopater as he appeared before Osiris to be judged. The pictures give the modern name of the "Judgment Hall of Osiris" to the temple. We left Luxor early Friday morning, most regretfully, having passed three charming days, the remembrance of which we shall always cherish.

CHAPTER X.

EDFOO, PHILÆ, AND BACK TO CAIRO.

WE visited Esneh next. The temple is situated in the middle of the town. Only the Hypostyle Hall has been cleared out. The remainder of the temple is covered by the houses of the town, and no effort has yet been made to excavate it. If it is as perfect as the portico, it will be a great treat to those who in the future may see it. The natives here make very pretty wicker baskets of red and white straw, which they sell for little or nothing. The same afternoon we reached Edfoo, the most beautiful and perfect of all the temples in Egypt, founded by Ptolemy Philopater, 222 B.C. "Who enters that gate crosses the threshold of the past, and leaves two thousand years behind him. In these vast courts and storied halls all is unchanged. Every pavement, every column, every stairway is in its place." The roof, with the exception of a few

stones, is perfect ; the walls are crowded with hieroglyphics. The magnificent pylon, 250 feet wide and 125 feet high, is absolutely perfect, and from its summit we watched a sunset of that peculiar beauty which Egypt alone displays. We did not stop at Silsileh, the famous sandstone quarries from which the materials for the temples of Thebes were obtained, the landing being difficult, but we did stop a few minutes to look at the picturesque ruins of the Kom-Ombo, and twenty-six miles farther on, at four o'clock, we reached our upward journey's end at Assouan, the First Cataract of the Nile. Immediately we started in small boats for the island of Elephantine, where are some fragmentary remains of ancient temples of no particular interest. The view, though, of the town upon the other side and the river was interesting, as here the black granite crops out everywhere, forming a pleasant change to the eye after so many miles of earthen river-banks. After sunset we started back for the steamer. There were four boat-loads of us. Coming up the wind blew merrily, and we bowled along under the lateen sail which all the boats, both great and small, carry. But the return trip was to be a contest of muscle.

Our boat, four oars, started next to the last, a hard-looking old craft, weighted about the same as the others, passengers chiefly Americans. We soon passed one boat manned by a poor crew, but at this point a six-oared craft with the Scotch contingent aboard came creeping alongside and, with a cheer, endeavored to pass us. This was too much for us, so the two W.'s and myself, having stripped off our coats, each grasped an oar and, mindful of our training at Yale, determined to put in a few strokes for the honor of Uncle Sam. Our Scotch friends had cheered too soon, and, after a stubborn contest of a quarter of a mile, we shook them off entirely. But the remaining boat, on which we were now gaining, contained a few of the Scotch sympathizers, notably young R., so we determined, if possible, to make a clean sweep. It was a stubborn contest, for our opponents rowed pluckily and well, but in the course of the next half-mile we had beaten them an open length, at which our black oarsmen nearly went wild.

The next day we visited the town and were much interested, especially at the strange variety of people we saw in the streets, some Bishareen Arabs from far up the river coming

in for a large share of attention. They were jet-black, wore their hair in curls nearly down to their shoulders or else done up on top of their heads in some fantastic shape, and some of them were extraordinarily handsome, with features so delicate that it was actually impossible to distinguish male from female. In the evening, prayers were read on shipboard, very badly, by the Doctor.

I was so fortunate at Assouan, as to meet through the kindness of Mr. Cook, Majors Drage and David of the Egyptian army, who came down to call on us as soon as we arrived. Major Drage had been in the country four years, and was with the unfortunate expedition of General Stewart which tried to rescue General Gordon. The Major was very outspoken as to the unfitness of Colonel Wilson for the command after Stewart was wounded, and thought that if that disaster to the army had not occurred, General Gordon might have been saved. One would think that this service in Egypt would be the last thing an English officer would desire, but quite the contrary is true. The colonel and both majors (there are no lieutenant-colonels) of all the Egyptian regiments are English, the remain-

ing officers, even of the Soudanese regiments, being Egyptians, as the Soudanese do not read or write. So great is the anxiety to obtain the detail for the Egyptian service, that Major David told me his name was on the application roll three years before he received the appointment. The desirability arises from the fact that the pay is three or four times as large as in the English army, and there is ample opportunity to manœuvre troops, with some added likelihood of seeing active service. There are four of these officers here, thousands of miles from home, the only English-speaking people, in command of eight hundred or a thousand native troops; and here they must stay through the sweltering heat of the summer (the thermometer often reaching 125° in the shade), with no prospect of seeing any of their kind except during the brief nine weeks of winter travel. I pity them, even if they do not ask it.

The trip from Assouan to Philæ was the longest, and promised to be the most fatiguing we had yet undertaken. A short railroad extends around the Cataract, connecting the town with the upper steamboat-landing, and by rail is the easy but not fashionable way of making

the trip. We were arrayed in our most appalling rigs as it promised to be a very warm day, rode past the barracks of the gallant Soudanese troops, among the government warehouses where were the vast quantities of military stores destined for the army farther up the river, crossed the railroad, and were soon threading our way among the barren rocky hillocks which encircle the town to the northward, like a huge line of bastions. We rode among the pits of the famous granite quarries of Syene, the most famous of all the world, whence the marvelous obelisks which adorn the "piazzas" of mighty Rome; that most beautiful square of all the world, the famous as well as infamous Place de la Concorde; the lonely plain of the deserted Heliopolis, and the matchless park of the metropolis of the New World; and we saw a monstrous obelisk, ninety-five feet long and eleven and a half feet in breadth, that has never been detached from the live rock. We crossed the river in boats, and were soon exploring the ruins of the island of Philæ. The island is certainly very picturesque from the mainland, surrounded as it is with a setting of black granite rock beyond on the island of

Biggi, with here and there a graceful palm-tree waving over some ruined wall or broken column, but there is too much rubbish on the island itself to make it very attractive. The great temple of Isis is the principal building, built by the Ptolomies. Though ruined in part, it is still a beautiful structure. Ferguson says of it : " No Gothic architect in his wildest moments ever played so freely with his lines and dimensions, and none, it must be added, ever produced any thing so picturesque beautiful as this. It contains all the play of light and shade, all the variety of Gothic art, with the massiveness and grandeur of Egyptian style. There is no building that gives so favorable an impression of Egyptian art as this. It is true it is far less sublime than many, but hardly one can be quoted as more beautiful." On the east side of the island, a little way from the temple, is that wonderfully beautiful structure called Pharaoh's Bed, for what reason no one knows, absolutely perfect, except that the roof has fallen in.

It was at Philæ that we made our first successful stand against the domineering of the Scotchmen. After lunch it was suggested

that, instead of returning at 1:30, as arranged, we should wait until the intense heat had somewhat subsided. Put to vote by Professor Spencer, there was no opposition, but as the suggestion came from an American, the Scotchmen, evidently, in thinking it over afterwards, came to the conclusion that their position of "boss" was being invaded. They accordingly began to mutter, and finally came out boldly with a demand that the programme should be carried out as arranged: that the party should start back at 1:30, and that the dragoman should go with them. One dragoman had already been allowed to go with a party, among whom there was not a single American, to shoot the rapids, an entire gratuity, as Cook does not furnish a dragoman for this purpose, but as "Boss T." wanted him, no one objected. This party consisted of six. Now came "Boss H." with a demand that Hornstein should accompany them, twelve in number, back to the steamer, leaving us, twenty, to get back as best we could. We pointed out the fact that we were a majority of the entire company and entitled to our share, and on this occasion, strange as it might seem to them, we proposed to have it. One

word led to another, until finally one of our party informed the "boss," with more force than elegance, "You may run your crowd to suit yourselves, but I'll be d——d if you shall run the rest of us any longer." We carried our point, and the dissenters filed out of Pharaoh's Bed sadly crestfallen, amid the ill-concealed exultation of Uncle Sam's children.

From Philæ, in the cool of the afternoon, we took boats and rowed down the river among the small islands of black granite to the head of the main rapid (for the cataract is nothing more than a series of rapids, boats being able to go up and down in a good stage of water), and here we saw the Nubians shoot the rapids sitting astride of logs about six or eight feet long. It would have been no particular trick to have gone down on a plank, but I do not exactly see how they managed the log.

The Arab boatmen have a curious way of keeping up their spirits when rowing. They cannot be said to sing, but one of them says something in a chanting tone, and the rest respond, sometimes with the same words, sometimes with something different. The members of the crew take turns leading, and the

song is often changed. I can only remember one, which sounded like this :

“ Esau-had-a-sow,”

and then the response :

“ E-had-a-sow-ee.”

I did not know that we had any circus riders in our party until the day we went from Philæ back to Assouan. But that day I witnessed a feat which would have set the audience at the Paris Hippodrome wild with delight and enthusiasm. A stout lady (I mention no names) had allowed her donkey to stray beneath the low-spreading branches of a thorn tree. When too late she endeavored to turn the headstrong beast back to the trail, but without avail. It seemed inevitable that the rider would be swept off backwards. But was she appalled? No! no! Quickly she withdrew her left foot from the stirrup, slid out of the saddle, still keeping her right foot over the horn, and unconcernedly hopped along beside the donkey on one foot until the obstacle was passed! Speak no more to me of Lola Montez, or the fearful ride of Mazeppa.

Tuesday early we left Assouan, on our way down, and on that evening reached Luxor

without having made a stop. The next morning we paid our farewell visit to Karnak, and at high noon left Luxor, having first secured one of those priceless relics of antiquity, an unbroken roll of papyrus.

The same afternoon, about four o'clock, we called at Keneh, opposite Denderah, a city of some importance, noted chiefly for its porous earthenware, used so extensively throughout Egypt, and its dates. The process of moulding clay is much the same the world over, and although we visited a pottery we were not particularly interested. There is a colony of dancing girls here who dance very badly. They say the best of them have removed to Luxor, but this must be a mistake, as the dancing at Luxor is worse than at Keneh. We reached Bellianeh, the port of Abydos, about noon the next day, and, securing excellent donkeys, started for the famous temple of Sethi I. The route lay for seven miles across a plain of the most wonderful fertility. As far as the eye could reach in either direction, stretched the beautiful deep rich green of the growing wheat and barley. Here and there were groves of palms, with the huts of the natives and more pretentious dwellings of the

landed proprietors nestling among them, while scattered over the plain itself were the summer huts of the laborers, built entirely of cornstalks. Everywhere the *zakkias* were at work, and we noticed many new wells that had been dug to save the crops, the Nile being so extremely low this season.

Tiresome as the donkey rides generally are, we were sorry when this one came to an end, and we dismounted before the white limestone temple of Sethi I., deservedly famous for the magnificence of its sculptures, the handiwork of Hi, the great artist of that monarch. The pictures, some of them painted and some of them plain (the limestone of the walls giving them the effect of white marble), were fortunately never discovered, and therefore never mutilated, by "the zeal of the early Christians."

The subjects in many chambers are the same as in other temples, but one picture is the famous scene where Sethi is instructing his son, the young Rameses, to catch the wild bull. What interested us most, however, was the priceless chronological table of the kings, beginning with Menes and ending with Sethi I., seventy-six in number, extending over an unbroken period, thirty-six hundred years! We

also saw here in the chambers a very old—I had almost said new—way of making a vaulted ceiling. Blocks of prodigious length and thickness were thrown across from wall to wall (I measured one of them, twenty-one feet long), and then the under side hewn out to make the vaulting, the great thickness of the blocks rendering the process perfectly safe. A little to the north we saw the vast brick wall which stands upon the site of Thinis, “the cradle of the Egyptian monarchy, where King Menes held his court seven thousand years ago!” It is here the tomb of Osiris stood, and to this locality, according to Plutarch, the wealthy from all parts of Egypt were brought to be interred, that they might repose near their beloved god—and be on hand for the resurrection, I suppose. Vast heaps of ruins are here, and it is surmised that further excavations may yield rich results, possibly the tomb of Osiris himself, although nothing of importance has yet been brought to light. We stopped a few moments at the ruined temple of Rameses II., admiring the beautiful blocks of alabaster which formed the sanctuary, and then proceeded to the curious old Coptic village surrounded by a wall. We entered through the

one rickety gate and visited the monastery, a building said to have been erected six hundred years ago, consisting of two naves parallel with each other, each lighted by means of half a dozen curious little domes. Back of the nave, also in a parallel line, are the cells of the monks, closed with gaudily painted doors and lattices. If the guides had informed us that the building was six thousand years old instead of six hundred, I could easily have believed them. Outside was a school, the "books" being tin or copper plates. I could not see that these Christians were any cleaner or any less susceptible to *backsheesh* than their unregenerate brethren of the Moslem faith on the other side of the wall.

Although Bellianeh is a large town, we did not discover that any thing was made here save a crude sort of sling manufactured by the boys. Next afternoon we reached Assiout about four o'clock. The following day we lost some valuable time trying to pull the steamer *Sethi* off a sand-bar, and Sunday we distinguished ourselves by running into a *dahabeeyah* loaded with wheat, and received a good crack on our port side, breaking the wheel and poking a hole through the paddle-box. The

dahabeeyah escaped unhurt, although the crew were frightened nearly to death. Sunday evening we did *not* reach Cairo as advertised, but had a respectable sacred concert, which we concluded with a roaring "Star-Spangled Banner." Monday morning, through Arab stupidity we ran ashore, smashed a paddle, repaired it in about two hours, and at one o'clock reached Cairo. We were sorry that the trip was over, and sorry to leave the sour bread; sorry to bid good-bye to the lying Mustapha, with his monstrous initials of coffee cups, his scarabei of doubtful antiquity and inordinate prices, and his general good-natured money-making rascality; and, above all, sorry to part with the many pleasant people, so genial and companionable, that in our recollections of them we shall gradually but surely forget the creatures who, like troublesome flies, serve only to annoy, not being of sufficient importance to arouse one's anger.

One of the most fertile sources of amusement for me on the way down was hearing Captain D., an Englishman, find fault with every thing connected with the trip. The table was "dreadful," the "Arab smell" was in every thing, even the boiled eggs; the wines were "poison-

ous," the service "wretched," and the prices of every thing "monstrous." Every time the whistle blew for some *dahabeeyah* to get out of the way, the captain was sure it was for no good purpose, but merely a petty annoyance. When we stopped to help the unfortunate *Sethi* off the sand-bar, the captain protested loudly because of the delay, saying it was "monstrous to turn our steamer into a tug-boat," and so on *ad infinitum*. Taken as a whole the trip was not fruitful of episodes.

CHAPTER XI.

CAIRO.

SUNDAY we drove out to the Khedive's palace of Gezereh, which lies opposite Boolak. It is now unoccupied. The interior is beautifully furnished and the general effect of the royal apartments pleasing and in good taste; one room finished entirely—walls, ceiling, and all—with what seemed to be Turkish toweling being particularly effective. The staircase, leading from the grand reception room downstairs to a similar apartment immediately over it, is quite impressive. The grounds are beautifully kept, and a small kiosk of Moorish architecture adds greatly to their picturesqueness. The road past the palace, known as the Gezereh road, has now almost entirely superseded the famous Shoobra road as the favorite fashionable drive of the Caireens. The popular days for riding are Friday and Sunday. We saw the Khedive, surrounded by a mounted

escort, and accompanied by the Grand Vizier, spinning merrily along in a very modest carriage, behind a fairly good span of bays.

The same day we visited the Boolak Museum, one of the most interesting collections in the world, although it is only ten years old. The former Khedive, Ismail, doubtless violated some fundamental principle of international law, which rendered his deposition a necessity. But he did at least one thing which will entitle him to the everlasting gratitude of all future generations. He prohibited the further depredations of the band of English, French, and German robbers who had, for years, been systematically plundering Egypt of her choicest antiquities. Every thing connected with the ancient history of the country was placed under the absolute control of Mariette Pasha, and it became a serious matter for any one to attempt the pilfering of temples and tombs on even the smallest scale.

No account of Egypt, no matter how superficial, would be complete without some mention of this extraordinary man. His labors were indefatigable, and those persons who have not visited the scenes of his great discoveries can form no adequate idea of the

difficulties he encountered and the almost insurmountable obstacles he overcame. Although a Frenchman, his remains are now peacefully reposing in the land of his adoption, in the court of the Boolak Museum, beneath a magnificent monument, about which four sphinxes, from the Avenue of Sphinxes, before the Apis Mausoleum, his greatest discovery, keep silent watch, as they did in the necropolis of Sakkarah three thousand six hundred years ago. Of all the wonderful, curious and beautiful things we saw at Boolak, and the Museum is full of them, we saw nothing that so interested us as the famous wooden figure which stands in the centre hall—all things considered perhaps the most remarkable statue in the world. It is between three and four feet high, represents a man walking, holding a staff in his left hand, and while not fully identified, it is supposed to be a statue of one of the village dignitaries of Sakkarah, near which place it was found. Lenormant well describes it as follows: "A miracle alike of nature and art, this statue as a study of nature, as a striking and life-like portrait, is unsurpassed by any Grecian work. From the inscription on the tomb in which it was discovered we know that

it represents a man of some importance during the fifth dynasty. Parts of this figure have been much injured. It has lost the thin coat of colored stucco which originally covered it, and on which the sculptor probably added his finishing touches. Every thing is faithfully copied from living nature. It is undoubtedly a true portrait. The modelling of the body is marvellous, but it is the head which most challenges admiration; it is a prodigy of life. The mouth, parted by a slight smile, seems about to speak." The "Sheik el-Beled," as Maspero calls him, must have lived about four thousand years B.C., so that six thousand years "have passed over this fragile piece of cedar and mimosa wood without effacing the marks of the artist's chisel."

Near by is the statue in diorite (a beautiful green stone, harder even than basalt) of Shafra, the builder of the Second Pyramid. He lived more than two centuries before Sheik el-Beled or Ra-Em-Ké, as he is sometimes called. "It is a stupendous undertaking for the work of a man's hand. But the most overwhelming thought is, that instead of savage races we find a firmly constituted society, the formation of which must have required

long centuries of development, a civilization far advanced in science and art, and possessed of mechanical processes suitable to the construction of huge monuments of indestructible solidity."

Opposite Mariette's tomb, within the Museum, are the mortal remains of those greatest of Egyptian rulers, whose fame will endure till time shall be no more. And yet I doubt if there is one person of all the multitudes who yearly crowd these courts, who in his heart does greater homage to the memory of the mighty Sethi or his still more mighty son, Sesostris, than to the memory of the unassuming Frenchman, whose fame, unmarred by the blood of conquest, unstained by the tears of the widows and fatherless, has for its enduring foundation the revelation to the waiting world, of a vast knowledge regained after centuries of patient research.

They have dragged from their last resting-place the remains of Rameses II., and the world sees how little the might of the past can influence the might of the present. People gaze at the face of him who in his day was the unchallenged "King of Kings and Lord of Lords": all with curiosity; some

with laughter ; few with respect. A flippant remark about his red hair, or crooked teeth, comes carelessly from the lips of those who in his day would have gladly crawled on their bellies from Memphis to Thebes for the mere privilege of entering his august presence. And yet there may be some excuse for such animals, because they doubtless have no more conception of this man and his greatness, than had that officer on the *Ettore* as to the proper use of the sextant. If, in the countless centuries to come, the bones of Mariette shall be dragged from their present tomb to gratify the curiosity of some searcher after knowledge, let us hope that the world will be better satisfied than is the case to-day with the mummies of these great Egyptians, that the cause justifies the sacrilege.

We went to see the Howling Dervishes ; much as people generally visit a bear dance, for amusement. As I have never seen an account of their service which adequately describes it, I give it in detail.

The Howling Dervishes are a devout order of Islamism, and their performance—I can call it by no other name—is an act of prayerful devotion for the souls of the departed, and

is "given" every Friday afternoon, from 1:30 to 2:30, at the Gamor Kasr El Ain. The mosque is a very unpretentious affair in the outskirts of the town. The interior consists of a square floor covered with matting. In a semicircle, about in the centre, facing the east, stand the devotees, thirteen in number; five with turbans, the others bareheaded and their hair flying. A portion of the time they stand on black sheep-skins, woolly side out, like Brian O'Lynn's breeches. One howler faces the remaining twelve. To the right and front are the musicians. The instruments are six small drums, three large tambourines, a pair of cymbals, a flute, and a horn. The musicians face north, and directly in front of them are two more dervishes, who conduct the services, assisted by the one in front of the semicircle. There was also a small child in the *melée*, but as he seemed a versatile chap, now beating a drum and again joining the circle, I was unable to make out the exact nature of his duties. A few chanted sentences from the leader are responded to by the others, and then all commence bowing, the motion growing quicker and quicker until the forward motion of the body is at the rate of sixty a

minute. This lasts four or five minutes. During all this time the music plays (?), but now it suddenly ceases ; the dervishes, however, continue the motion, chanting in unison—keeping time with the motion of their bodies, which is now very violent,—words something like this, “Ee-oh-ee.” After this there is a moment’s rest. The leader in front of the circle chants a few words, the flute player answers with a flourish, the dervishes step back one pace off the sheep-skins and face first to the left and then to the right in unison, making a sort of grunting noise, “E-e-e-u-um” ; the turnings grow faster and faster, the howling being in time with the motion of the body ; leader chanting and flute playing. The noise when made rapidly much resembles the snoring of a pig. The place immediately in front of the howlers is now taken by another dervish from the circle. There were two old boys on the north end of the line who seemed to take it very easy, doubtless having served their apprenticeship many years before, while those in the centre with the flowing hair were by far the most violent. All now step forward on the skins, the dervishes nodding their heads and making a panting noise ; a few sentences

are chanted by the leader, a flute solo follows, then all, in unison with the music, say "Ee-uu-hh" a few times; another sentence, responded to with "Iii-uu-hh." Now are heard the drums and cymbals, and now the heads which had been nodding gently all the time commence to wag very violently. Another pause; the second leader takes off his black and white turban, which up to this time he has worn, allows his long hair to flow down over his shoulders, and the motion re-commences; some howl, embellishing the noise with a yell; the motion becomes more and more rapid until the maximum of sixty to the minute is attained. Another pause; the musicians file out, the old pilgrim who manipulates the disabled trombone blowing a parting blast, which must have awakened the dead in the distant necropolis of Sakkarah; the howlers chant a few measures, then one by one advance, salute the leader in Oriental fashion, and the performance is over.

Looking back at the scene now, its ludicrous features strike me forcibly, but somehow I did not feel disposed to laugh at the time. Incongruous as it all was, and utterly at variance with any religious ceremony I had ever wit-

nessed or dreamed of, there was an apparent sincerity and devotional spirit about it which impressed me greatly.

One of our excursions from Cairo was to the site of the ancient city of Heliopolis, of which nothing now remains except a few heaps of rubbish and a single obelisk erected by Osirtasen I., B.C. 2433. The drive is a beautiful one, past fertile fields and through shady avenues.

We visited on our way an ostrich farm, said to be the largest one in the world, and owned by a Frenchman. In addition to raising ostriches, they raise fifty cents out of the pocket of each visitor, which is certainly full value for all one sees. The farm is very complete and apparently well managed. It must be making a good deal of money—if the crop of visitors is large. There are about five hundred ostriches here at present, kept separated in different yards, both for the purpose of breeding and for growth. Female birds have grayish feathers, those of the males are black, with white tips, and wings, and brownish clusters at the tail. The ostrich has two toes, no feathers on the neck or legs, and skin of a bright red. The female lays between

sixty and seventy eggs a year, and during the egg season she lays every other day. The eggs are hatched by incubators, and those that are not fertile have the "inwards" blown out and the shells sold to visitors at five francs each. If the demand is only sufficient for blown eggs I should not think the proprietor would go to the expense of hatching ostriches, as an ostrich or any other bird bringing in an annual revenue of \$50 or \$60 in addition to the feather crop, is about as good a piece of property as Jack's goose that laid the golden egg. The eggs require forty-five days to hatch. The feathers are picked once a year in August, and good feathers sell for five francs each at the farm. The birds do not lay their eggs in regular nests like hens, but in the sand. Their food consists of *alfalfa* and coarse crackers, the latter brought from England in tin cases; and a feed consists of about a pound of crackers a day with clover *ad infinitum*. A little bran is occasionally fed. The birds are not ugly toward their regular attendants, but often attack strangers savagely.

After we left the ostrich farm we stopped for a moment to see the venerable tree be-

neath the grateful shade of which tradition says Joseph and Mary rested during their flight into Egypt. And it is quite probable, as the tradition of locality is so well preserved in this country, that this aged tree, if not the identical tree of the story, is at least a later offshoot from the same root. Near it is the Virgin's Spring, whose waters miraculously gushed forth to slake the thirst of the weary fugitives. As the well is about twenty feet deep, and as we have no knowledge that Joseph was provided with a rope and bucket, I am at a loss to know how he managed to get a drink. This well and one other are the only two living springs in the vicinity of Cairo.

One night some of us visited a genuine Arab fair, held in the outskirts of the city, and it was one of the most novel experiences of the entire trip. These fairs are held in different cities at different seasons for a week or so; the most important being that at Tintah, where as many as 200,000 people are said to congregate. The booths and tents are pitched in long avenues, and here all sorts of confections and things to eat are sold. The idea of the fair seems to be for the people to eat, drink, pray, and be merry. We found the lo-

cality brilliantly lighted with lanterns and torches, the booths gay with different-colored paper streamers, and the tents adorned with flags and pictures of the wonders to be seen within, after the manner of the traditional side-show on the circus ground. In many of the booths were grotesque figures of men and animals made of sugar, colored red, not a bad sort of cheap candy ; all sorts of Arab cookies and confections, spun sugar, fruits, a sort of corn-starch pudding, with nuts, sugar, and milk for sauce ; temperance drinks, sausages, but no vegetable or intoxicating drinks. Having respect for the eternal fitness of things, only such viands seemed to be for sale as were suitable for light evening refreshments. We tried most of them, barring the sausages, and found them not bad. Here would be a tent where to the strains of the barbaric music a fantastically arrayed Arab would be telling of the wonders to be seen within. Perhaps immediately adjoining it would be a prayer tent—the devotees apparently not the least disturbed by the boisterous merriment surging around them. And so up and down the long crowded streets ; every one good-natured, nobody drunk. The greatest attraction we were

informed was the theatre, where a celebrated troupe from Syria was performing some blood-curdling tragedy. We edged our way into the crowded tent, managed to get reserved seats near the orchestra, listened to an overture, which would have paralyzed Theodore Thomas with its harmony of discords, and then the play commenced. The female characters in all these theatres are taken by young men, and for semi-barbarians their make up was very good—bustle, train, soda hair, rouge, and in fact all the ordinary accessories of the modern civilized toilet—I mean, of course, the stage toilet—seemed to be in use. In the play we saw a very wicked queen poison her husband, the king; then she tried to poison the new king, his wife, and a job lot of the royal family. Providentially she failed, and then poisoned herself—having first killed a couple of courtiers with her dagger just to keep her hand in. Then the scene changed, and two rival armies had a terrific combat, in which all the troops were killed except the leaders on each side. These apparently goaded each other to a point of madness in orations rather long drawn out, and the scene terminated with one leader slaying the other,

after quite an exciting broad-sword combat. We were informed that there were seventeen more acts, but as it was then 10:30, we concluded to go home, much to the astonishment of the remainder of the audience, who had evidently come to stay.

Once we saw in the streets an Arab funeral. First came some priests chanting, then a lot of men also chanting, then the body, laid on a platform, covered with a pall, and borne on the shoulders of six or eight men. Then a crowd of women also chanting.

This reminds me of the Arab music. An Arab or Egyptian tune, if by such a term their songs can be dignified, consist of a chanting, running up and down the scale through the compass of about an octave, without regard to time or rhythm. This is repeated again and again until the song is finished. Of course there is no music to it, and of course all the songs sound alike, but the Egyptians are great singers in their way, and strange as it may appear, they are unable to see the least particle of music in a well rendered civilized ditty. I do not wish to be understood as inferring that we on the *Mohammed Ali* rendered any such for their benefit, but I have been present

where such songs were sung in this far-off land.

I cannot sympathize with those who lament because Cairo has lost much of its Orientalism through the opening of new streets and the erection of modern buildings. The novelty of dirt and ruins and tumbled-down old rookeries, albeit of the most unadulterated Oriental character, is not pleasing ; and, after pausing a few hours among such evidences of antiquity, I am glad to bid farewell to the odors which have hung over certain localities from the days of Thothmes, I doubt not, and to fill my lungs with the delightful fragrant air arising from modern gardens, and to walk on modern sidewalks beneath the grateful shade of spreading acacias, which I am not obliged to share with donkeys and camels.

Far be it from me also to attempt to destroy any of the popular legends which cluster around this old city, but out of self-respect to my bump of credulity I must decline to accept the marvellous story of the wonderful leap of the Mameluke chieftain. I will not repeat the tale, but when one stands on the outer battlement of the citadel and sees the place down which the horse is said to have made the jump

which saved the life of his master at the cost of his own, the strain is too great. The fact about the matter is simply this: the Mamelukes were massacred in a narrow winding defile on the way up to the platform of the citadel, about an eighth of a mile from the top, and the chief who escaped happened to be late in reaching the rendezvous, arriving after the gates of Bab-el-Azab were shut. He took warning by the firing and shouting within, and putting spurs to his horse made the greatest possible haste out of the country.

There is one thing refreshing about these people to a person just from the cynical and critical countries of the New World, where every alleged fact has to be supported by numberless affidavits and bolstered up with all sorts of evidence before it will be received with even the slightest chance of belief,—and that is, their credulity. Given a certain legend in the misty ages of the past, and no matter how utterly improbable, nay, impossible, it may be when viewed in the light of history, yet these people will accept it, and once accepted, nothing can ever shake their faith in it.

In the old mosque of Tooloon, erected A.D. 879, and formerly of great beauty and magnifi-

cence (it cost \$400,000), they show the place where Noah's Ark rested, where Abraham sacrificed the ram, and where Moses talked with Jehovah. I suppose they would show the remains of the Burning Bush if they were not afraid that the first party of American pilgrims who came along would lug off the twigs and branches for relics.

At the entrance of this mosque are the two columns, about ten inches apart, between which no one but the faithful could pass. Now, ten inches is not much of a thickness for a full-grown man, and it is said that Ismail, when Khedive, fearing that he might be called on to prove his standing in the church by passing between these columns, a physical impossibility in his case, took time by the forelock and caused the space to be walled up, giving as a reason, that no infidel might ever have an opportunity to make the attempt, and thus gain the blessings of Paradise.

In one of the old Coptic churches, Aboo-Sirgeh, about four stories underground I should judge by the number of dark staircases we went tumbling down, they showed us the place where the infant Jesus was baptized in a stone basin as large as a bath-tub, and they tried to

make us believe that in another place cut in the rock Mary "reposed" during the flight into Egypt. As this niche was only about three feet long, I was somewhat incredulous as to the "repose" she enjoyed; but when they pointed out another niche, still smaller, in another part of the cellar, where Joseph "reposed," I was forced to the conclusion that Joseph was considerably under size, or was up to the great contortion act, such as one invariably sees in every well regulated Humpty Dumpty show. I endeavored to ascertain the nature of the coolness in the family which rendered it necessary for the husband and wife to occupy quarters about twenty rods apart, but on this point the descendant of Shem in attendance professed ignorance.

One of the most interesting customs which modern civilization has not yet driven out is that of the runners before the carriages. Centuries ago, when the narrow streets of Thebes were crowded with people of all sorts, with camels and caravans and soldiers, the great and wealthy, who could not brook the slow motions of this human tide, bethought them of the employment of some of their countless slaves, agile fellows, well knit, to go before

their gorgeous chariots, and with long staves to clear a passage through the surging masses of humanity. And then to Cairo, as in an earlier day to Rome, descended the custom. Broad sidewalks and broader streets have done away with the necessity for these runners in the Egyptian capital, but it is a pleasant sight to see these nimble fellows, bare-footed, bare-legged to the knee, dressed in beautiful costumes, splendid with gold and silver embroidery, sometimes singly, often in pairs, going at a swinging gait fifty feet in advance of the carriage, gracefully carrying their long staves in their right hands, lightly resting against the shoulder. Whether the route of the drive is laid out in advance, or whether they have some miraculous means of communication with the driver, I could not ascertain; but I watched in vain as they came to a corner to see them look back for some intimation as to whether or not they should turn, and yet they never seemed to go the wrong way.

We were much amused by the street jugglers, some of whom were really quite clever, although I saw none who could convert his wand into a serpent, as did the soothsayers of

Meneptah so many centuries ago, when Moses and Aaron stood before that puissant monarch in his splendid palace of ancient Memphis. We saw little boys who had taught monkeys to perform various tricks and keep time to the barbaric music of some outlandish instrument, but as the "time" of Egyptian music is treated with the utmost poetic license, I do not think that this is a very difficult accomplishment.

I sat one evening in the little garden in front of the hotel, tired out with the exciting experiences of the day. The busy hum of the city had ceased. Occasionally a belated traveller went galloping by on a trim-eared, daintily-stepping donkey; the "A-h-a-h" of the donkey-boy, supplemented by a loud whack at regular intervals, being the only sound to break the dreamy silence. "As I nodded nearly napping," my thoughts went back to the days when Memphis in all her glory raised her countless pylons and palaces in the air only a few miles away. And six thousand years ago, as to-night, the moon shone as brightly, the myriad stars looked down then, as now, upon all the joys and sorrows of mortal man. In the many princely gardens over there, amid nodding palms and countless roses, "eyes

looked love to eyes that spake again"; the same story, old as time, but ever new when first 't is heard, was told by loving lips to willing ears. Softly floating on the evening air were the sweet strains from lute and harp. As if the thought had mysteriously aroused the spirit of the past, I heard a sound. Intently I listened. Louder and louder it came; I tried to move, to rise, but I could not. A nameless terror held me spellbound. Louder and louder it grew. My senses were gradually leaving me. With one mighty effort I roused myself, rushed toward the window whence the sound proceeded, and looking in saw a very diminutive American child torturing a very bad, tuneless piano with a melancholy attempt at "The Maiden's Prayer." The unspeakable incongruity of the interruption was too great. I fainted.

CHAPTER XII.

EGYPT AS IT WAS.

AT the risk of being a little prosy, I wish to speak briefly of the history of Egypt. It is the commencement of all history as to priority, and is more or less intimately connected with the history of the world for the past five thousand years. It is uncertain when and where Egyptian civilization had its beginning; in fact, the most eminent modern historians differ by about three thousand years as to the actual date when Menes, the first king of Egypt, actually founded Memphis. It was long enough ago, however, to justify the assertion that both he and all his immediate descendants are dead. Herodotus, writing about 450 B.C., obtained much of his information personally in Egypt, but the first history of the country was written by Manetho, an Egyptian priest, 275 B.C. It is highly probable that he had access to all the writings then so jealously guarded among

the treasures of the temples, and that he also was enabled to hear all the traditions and unwritten history of the nation then handed orally down from one generation of priests to another. His history was written in Greek and has been partially destroyed. There is much fable contained in it—such as the list of gods and heroes who for twenty-five thousand years prior to the accession of Menes ruled Egypt. But certain it is that the list of kings, which one sees on the walls of Abydos as perfect to-day as it was when sculptured by Hi, the great artist of Sethi I., while some kings mentioned thereon may have been contemporaneous sovereigns, is doubtless correct.

Historians are pretty generally agreed on the division of Egyptian history into three periods: the ancient empire, 5000–2100 B.C., beginning with Menes and Memphis, including the building of the Pyramids, the gradual decline of Memphis, and the 'rising glories of Thebes; the middle empire, 2100 to 1525 B.C., the splendor of Thebes, Karnak, the famous twelfth dynasty, Lake Mœris and the Labyrinth, and the irruption of the barbarous shepherd kings (about 1900 B.C.), their lamentable rule of four hundred years, and their final

overthrow and expulsion by Thothmes I., introducing the new empire, which for a thousand years, or until the conquest of Cambyses, 527 B.C., constituted the most wonderful regime the world has ever known. To this period belong the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties—Thothmes I. and III., Amunoph III., Sethi I., and his famous son Rameses II. Conquest, magnificence, luxury, refinement, distinguished this period, and although the decline of the empire commenced with the twentieth dynasty, there was occasionally a monarch like Psammetichus of the twenty-sixth dynasty and Necho, who by his great abilities served to postpone the overthrow, which finally came about under Cambyses.

The civilization of Egypt was unique, and, with all its commending features, it seems strange that it should have flourished and died upon the banks of the Nile, leaving no impress on the nations which, unborn when Egypt had existed for thousands of years, grew and were conquered by her, and yet in some instances survived her. So closely were the distinctions maintained between the classes in which society was divided, that no one could rise higher than the station to which he was

born. Dr. Brugsch says, however, that exceptions were sometimes made in favor of very able men ; which, after all, only goes to show that this wonderful people were made of the same clay as other sinful mortals, for in all ages the talented and ambitious of humble birth have made a way, where none existed, whereby they might climb to those heights to which they aspired.

It seems strange to us, who scoff at the divine right of kings, that these people should have held their sovereigns in such veneration, should load them with such high-sounding titles, fall prostrate before them when living, and after death erect over their remains the most stupendous and costly mausoleums the world has ever seen ; and yet the education of a monarch was such as would be accorded to him of whom the greatest achievements were to be expected. His companions were upright, accomplished, and refined ; his daily life governed by rules held in veneration by all the priesthood. After his accession to the throne he was daily reminded by the priest of his duties. Among the priests were to be found the richest and most powerful of the nobility. They monopolized the learning,

were the savants of the nation, and to this class belong the peculiarly holy body who were initiated in all those mysteries unknown to others save themselves and the king. Holy as were the priests, they did not deem it necessary to eschew all the good things of life, although they fasted at times, and denied themselves certain articles of diet. They owned one third of all the land free from all taxes, were liberally provided for by the government, and wielded great influence among the people. Next in importance was the army, numbering about four hundred thousand men; well disciplined and thoroughly organized. They also owned one third of the land, from the revenue of which each soldier was required to furnish his own arms and accoutrements. There was nothing peculiar about the army except the great number of war-chariots which it contained. The lower classes, although they could hold no land and were not allowed to participate in affairs of state, were far from being serfs. They were divided into different classes, varying in importance according to their different occupations, certain classes of artisans living together in certain quarters of a city, this custom being

maintained to this day. Writing, as everybody knows, was done in hieroglyphics upon papyrus, a preparation of a reed which grew luxuriantly upon the banks of the Nile, but now no longer found. Some specimens of their literature of great antiquity have come down to us, notably the "Book of the Manifestation to Light," ordinarily known as "Book of the Dead." It is a fantastic work, being apparently a guide for the soul in its wanderings through the other world; but for all its grotesqueness, it contains many excellent precepts of morality. There is in Paris a book written by Ptah-Hotep, a priest of the fifth dynasty, said to be the oldest book in the world. It would pass in these days as a work on moral science. Many other works, some scientific, some poetical, and even some on fiction, have been preserved; while the papyri now so eagerly sought after by tourists are constantly adding to the priceless stores which form some of the chief treasures of the great Continental museums. There appears to have been a good system of education under the control of the priests; and although Wagner had not then invented music and harmony, they seem to have had a very fair substitute for the

genuine article, as we know it. Of their matchless skill in building witness Karnak and the Pyramids. The art of sculpture seems to have been lost at least six thousand years ago. For aside from the wooden statue of Ra-Em-Ké in the Boulak Museum, all the statues of the kings and gods are stiff in attitude and grossly inaccurate in proportion. While the Egyptians possessed wonderful skill in working granite, and while their sculptures are exquisitely finished, there is a grotesqueness about their pictures, owing to the utter lack of any thing like perspective, which of course deprives them of the chief attribute of beauty. If they failed as artists, they were highly skilled in many useful accomplishments. They were acquainted with the use of steel, evinced great skill in alloying and casting, made glass and mosaics, worked gold and silver, imitated precious stones, were skilful cabinet-makers, spinners, and weavers, and their artisans made use of almost as great a variety of tools as are known to us to-day. Many musical instruments were known and enjoyed by them, and, whatever their woes, they seem never to have suffered under the torturing strains of a cabinet-organ. "The

Egyptians were mild in disposition, polite in manners, reverential to their elders and superiors, extremely loyal, and intensely religious. They have been called a gloomy people, but their sculptures, reveal a keen sense of humor and love of caricature."

CHAPTER XIII.

CAIRO TO BEYROUT.

WE bade farewell to Cairo on Saturday, February 17th, most regretfully, passed through the beautiful region of the Delta, rendered here more beautiful by the large number of trees growing luxuriantly, and lunched at Zag-a-Zig, ninety-seven and one half miles from Cairo, in sight of the ruins of the ancient city of Bubastes.

For thirteen miles farther we traversed the fertile plain, and thence for miles sped over the desert to Ismailia. No village or town of any country presents a picture so charming as does Ismailia. Not a tree breaks the monotony of the dreary desert which surrounds it on all sides, and yet in this little hamlet of perhaps two thousand souls are excellent concrete roadways, long rows of beautiful acacias, their interlacing branches forming most perfect arches, and many picturesque residences half

hidden among the trees and shrubbery of still more beautiful gardens. And when we strayed through these boulevards under the silvery light of the full moon, it seemed like some fairy picture conjured up by the Genius of the Wonderful Lamp. The head-quarters of the Canal Company are here, and here Count de Lesseps has a beautiful villa. He will be president of the Canal Company as long as he lives, and after him his son will succeed him. Here is also one of the palaces of the Khedive. Old Ismail built it as a fitting place in which to entertain his almost numberless guests when the canal was opened, and here he did entertain them, too, in a manner fully in keeping with the fabled splendors of this land in the days of the Arabian Nights. We strayed through the deserted apartments in the twilight, our footfalls on the bare floor giving back a ghostly echo, and we could almost fancy we saw the picturesquely clad servitors of the fallen monarch flitting here and there through the gathering gloom, while the sound of the rustle of silken gowns seems to float down the stately staircase as if some houri of the harem, walking unsuspectingly through the halls, had been suddenly surprised by this rude

advent of the unbelievers. Poor old Ismail! His ambition for the greatness and prosperity of his native land rendered him oblivious to the stern fact that the enlightenment of a people, with all the cheering results that its blessings bring, cannot come in a night, where ignorance, intolerance, poverty, and misrule have held undisputed sway for hundreds of generations. We left beautiful Ismailia more regretfully than would seem possible after so brief an acquaintance as twelve hours, embarking at seven o'clock Sunday morning on the trim little Egyptian post-boat, and after a delightful ride through the canal for four hours and a half, we drew up to the dock at Port Said.

No account of Egypt would be complete without at least a passing notice of that great work, the Suez Canal.

Although tradition says there was originally a canal connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, built, as pretty much every thing else in Egypt was, by Rameses II., we are not informed for what purpose the canal was constructed, as navigation was not essentially an Egyptian science. The great Napoleon conceived the project, and caused a survey to be made, but he shortly afterwards

found other occupation for his time and money than building canals. The present scheme belongs solely to Ferdinand de Lesseps. The work began in 1859, and on the 17th of November, 1869, "this gigantic operation, the greatest and most useful that the world has ever seen, was duly inaugurated."

To look at a map of Egypt and see the black-and-white lines marked Suez Canal, no one can form any idea of the stupendous nature of the undertaking, or the almost insurmountable physical obstacles which confronted the plucky Frenchman.

The Khedive had originally agreed to furnish twenty thousand men in monthly gangs for the work, but Ismail Pasha refused, on his accession, to sanction this outrageous conscription, and it was impossible to obtain sufficient labor in any other way. Then, too, there was no water fit to drink anywhere along the proposed line, and it was therefore necessary to construct a fresh-water canal from the Nile, and carry water along the banks of the canal in pipes. Although there were several lakes on the route, they were mostly so shallow that they proved rather disadvantageous to the work, as a channel constantly filling up had to

be dredged through them. On account of the great width of the canal in places, it became a problem how to dredge out the channel and dispose of the sand. Many ingenious machines were invented particularly adapted to the work in hand, the most remarkable of which was the *Drague a long couloir*, a ponderous steam dredge with a long spout, looking, at a little distance, like one section of a cantilever bridge, which carried the material raised by the buckets off, over, and beyond the banks !

The inauguration ceremonies were most imposing, and the attendant festivities, upon a scale of lavish magnificence, unequalled in this century at least, costing the Khedive no less than \$20,000,000 !

The canal is 100 miles long, 72 feet wide at the bottom ; varies from 190 to 378 feet in width at the top, and is 26 feet deep. Vessels passing through, pay nine francs tariff per registered ton, which amount must be paid in cash before the vessel enters the canal. Speed is limited to about five miles an hour, to prevent the washing of the banks. As the canal in many places is too narrow for large steamers to pass each other in safety, stations have been provided for this purpose at various points. At

all the stations from Suez to Port Said the company has built most substantial, tasty, and picturesque buildings for their employés.

A most perfect system of signals is in use, showing what steamers are in the canal, where they are, and whether furnished with electric light. If not so lighted, they are forbidden to steam at night. The stations are all connected by telegraph. Each vessel is furnished with a pilot by the company free of charge, who is responsible for the safe-conduct of the ship while under his command. Of course the sand blows in constantly, and a large number of steam dredges are continually at work, clearing the channel, while large gangs of men are busy *rip-rapping* the banks and carrying on other works of a permanent character. The original cost of the work was about \$95,000,000; the shares being 100 francs each. These shares are now worth about 500 francs each, and as the net receipts of the company are growing larger each year, having increased from \$1,000,000 in 1870 to \$15,000,000 in 1888, there is no reason why this stock should not prove a veritable bonanza to the original holders.

I was surprised that I saw no sailing vessels

passing through, but was told that the Red Sea was not favorable for ships, as the wind blows in one direction for six months and then in the other for six months more.

The charges for the use of the canal, which seem excessive at first glance, become very moderate when we remember that the canal saves 3,600 miles between New York and Bombay, and 6,000 miles between Marseilles and Bombay.

We expected to find a most undesirable place here in the sand at the entrance of the canal, but were pleasantly disappointed with the clean, well-built, and orderly town of twelve thousand people through which we wandered during the afternoon. It seemed a little odd to have the sidewalk in the middle of the street, but we soon got used to that. There are numerous stores here principally for the sale of tobacco, groceries, and liquors, but some very excellent and beautiful Chinese and Japanese goods may be found, it being a distributing point for the entire coast as far as Constantinople. As all steamers passing through the canal, as well as the numerous coastwise lines, stop here for from one hour to three days, the streets generally present a very animated ap-

pearance. There are no works of any importance except the breakwater and light-house; the former built of huge blocks of concrete manufactured here of shell, sand, and hydraulic lime. The light-house is said to be of one solid piece (but I don't believe it) 180 feet high; it contains an electric light, flashing every three seconds, which can be seen twenty miles.

We visited the magnificent French man-of-war *Vauban*, being kindly shown the vessel in all its parts by a gentlemanly young marine. She has a gun-deck battery of six steel pieces, two torpedo guns, two revolving turrets amidships, containing one gun each, and two more turrets, one forward and one aft; guns all breech-loaders. She also carries six small independent torpedoes worked by screws, the motive power being compressed air. Each of these beautiful little instruments of destruction, six feet long and about one foot in diameter, cigar-shaped, cost three thousand dollars! This floating citadel, in perfect construction for offence and defence, in multiplicity of curious and ingenious machinery for use in any emergency, and in scrupulous cleanliness, exceeded any thing I had ever seen or dreamed

of. Our experience with the Austrian Lloyds had been so disgusting that we were more than half prepared to find some hitch in our arrangements for the trip to Jaffa. We were not disappointed.

We went on board the *Achille* in time for dinner Sunday evening, and here our troubles began. The state-room accommodations were well enough, but the vessel was crowded almost to suffocation. The first cabin, with berths for fifty, had to provide for sixty, while the steerage passengers had overflowed their part of the ship and taken possession of our promenade deck, where they camped under a large canvas with all their goods and chattels. There were two waiters for sixty people, and as soon as the ship got under way it was only a question of time how long any one would be able to stay at the table before the smells, together with the motion of the steamer, would cause all except the very best sailors to seek the seclusion which the cabin grants. We were informed that, owing to the large amount of freight to be taken on, we would be delayed until Monday afternoon. Sunday had been beautifully calm, but the southwest wind blew up Monday, increasing during the evening and night, until,

when we sighted Jaffa, early Tuesday morning, all hopes of being able to land had vanished.

Jaffa is called by courtesy a seaport, but it is n't half so much of a "port" as Long Branch, and how Solomon ever managed to land a cargo of cedar there for the Temple I can scarcely understand, as the passage between the reefs is only about ten feet wide, and I don't suppose the primitive crafts of those days could be steered with sufficient accuracy to clear the rocks. The city presents a pleasing picture as seen from the Mediterranean, and I am told it is best seen from a distance.

The place is undoubtedly very ancient, some writers claiming that it takes its name from Japhet. It seems to have been of great importance about the commencement of the Christian era, and Josephus says that in the last great war with Rome, no less than eighty thousand of the inhabitants were killed. After this destruction it became a refuge for pirates, many of whose descendants remain there to this day. Vespasian destroyed it again, but it rose to some importance during the Middle Ages, being taken and retaken by Christian or Infidel as the fortune of either chanced to be

in the ascendancy. Again it became desolate until the latter part of the last century, and it was here that the terrible tragedy was enacted under Napoleon, when he massacred in cold blood four thousand Albanian captives to whom he had pledged his honor that their lives should be spared.

It is said that a large number of his own sick soldiers were poisoned in the plague hospital by his orders, but this lacks credible supporting testimony. The town is celebrated, aside from its historical associations, for its narrow, dirty streets.

The locality produces excellent oranges, and great quantities of them.

In a driving rain we steamed slowly past the town, and in about six hours anchored off the city of Haifa at the base of Mount Carmel. Here a few enthusiasts landed in small boats, determined to make the trip to Jaffa, sixty miles away, by land. It is on this mount that the cave is shown where Elisha is said to have taken refuge when Ahab sought his life. Here also Elisha stayed when Ahaziah sent two captains with their fifties to bring him down, and they were themselves destroyed.

But what interested me more than Carmel

was the city of Akka, ancient Acre, situated on the upper promontory of the bay, containing about ten thousand people. During the times of the Crusades it was a famous city, and it was here that King Richard the Lion-Hearted held the tournament so graphically described by the Palmer in "Ivanhoe." And here the Knights of St. John, a mere handful in number, but the flower of mediæval chivalry, made good the defences of the town against the enormous hosts of Sultan Ibn Kalawun. Some idea of the size of the city anciently may be gained from the statement that sixty thousand persons were either killed or sold into slavery when the place was finally captured. We passed Tyre and Sidon in the night, and early Wednesday morning dropped anchor in the harbor (?) of Beyrout.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEYROUT.

DISAPPOINTED and disgusted as we were, the first sight of the magnificent bay and picturesque buildings of the city, some blue, some yellow, restored a little of the enthusiasm which had gradually been leaving us from the day we set foot on the steamer at Port Said. There was a small and unimportant town here before the time of Alexander. In the days of Augustus some effort was made by the Syrian governor to imitate the customs and amusements of Rome, but not until about the year 255, when a law school was established, and the silk industry had grown to respectable proportions, did Beyrout (then Berytus) become of any consequence. It was destroyed by an earthquake at one time, and no attempt was made to rebuild it for many years, but it became of some importance in the days of the Crusades, and as, for at least two thousand

years, it has been recognized as the seaport for Damascus, it generally rises phœnix-like from its ruins. The modern town, containing about a hundred thousand people, is gradually, as the Turks are being crowded out by the Christians, becoming a clean, thriving place, and the results of the labors of half a century by the American Mission are to be seen on all sides. While the British, French, and Germans each have educational institutions, to the American Presbyterians justly belong the palm for intelligent, successful, and fearlessly persistent work in Syria; and any person writing from or about this country who neglects to praise the work of this organization is, to say the least, forgetful of the homage due to that noble quality in mankind which undergoes suffering, privation, and even the peril of death, in the prosecution of a great duty.

We had a sad experience with the custom-house officials. As we landed from the small boat which took us off the steamer, we were met at the stair by an officer who demanded our passports. We pushed by this fellow only to find ourselves in a yard swarming with porters, soldiers, and hungry Turkish dignitaries, the latter waiting for a chance to

plunder some unfortunate, through the instrumentality of the alleged Turkish custom-house regulations. I was so unlucky as to have in my trunk a small box of smoking tobacco, worth about fifty cents, which I had completely forgotten, and on being asked if I had any thing dutiable, promptly answered "No." The tray was taken out and there, in plain sight, was the contraband tobacco, no attempt having been made at concealment. It was at once pounced upon by the burly pirate in attendance, who quivered with delight to the very periphery of his preposterous pantaloons. He blustered and stormed about breaking the law, shook the box at the interpreter, and then at me, and hinted darkly at the terrors of a dungeon cell. Cook's agent listened respectfully, even humbly, and whispered aside to me *backsheesh*. But I was too infernally mad to heed the words of prudence, and challenged the robber to do his worst. I was immediately fined nine francs (he might as well have made it even money), and the tobacco confiscated. Unacquainted with the customs of the country, I foolishly paid the fine, but immediately on being released hunted up the American Consul, who

kindly sent his secretary down to the robber chief and compelled him to disgorge a portion of his stealings. He told me that the mistake I made was in paying at all, as these freebooters never return any thing except when compelled.

And now while I am in the proper mood I will proceed, calmly and dispassionately, to give my views on the subject of this great Ottoman Empire as one of the powers of the earth.

Of all the governments that have disgraced the globe from the time when the municipalities of Sodom and Gomorrah called down the wrath of the Almighty on their heads, to the days not long ago when the King of Ashantee carved three hundred of his wives as a postprandial amusement, the present Turkish Government is the most infamous, bigoted, and intolerant. In the first place the thievish propensities of a Turk are so great that, if by any chance an official happens to be honest, he immediately brings upon himself the anathemas and hostility of all the rest of the gang, and the consequence inevitably is that he is either removed to some more barren fields or incontinently "bounced."

They have import duties and export duties ; they tax every thing that they think can pay a tax, and if by chance they find any thing which they have forgotten to put on the duty list, they settle the question easily by confiscation. They have a system of passports which amounts simply to placing a person under the surveillance of the police, with which this country actually swarms. Your passport is viséd at Beyrout, and you are here informed that you must take out a local passport, \$1.28 ; this is viséd at Baalbec, \$1, and again at Damascus, 80 cents, and in fact you are robbed of a dollar or so every time you put your feet inside of a town over the citadel of which waves the red flag of the crescent and star.

No idea of the fanaticism of these people can be conceived. A friend of mine was taking some photographs of street scenes in Damascus one day, when suddenly he found himself surrounded by soldiers, his plates and apparatus seized, and himself marched off to the *calaboose*. The French Consul got him out in mighty short order, and in reply to the question why he had been arrested was told by the subaltern in charge that they did n't understand what he was doing !

A gentleman landing at Jaffa not long ago happened to have in his trunk a silver bracelet of curious workmanship, which he had purchased in India. It was so different from any thing a Turk ever made or dreamed of making, that the officials, after a solemn conclave, decided it must be an infernal machine of some sort, and so confiscated the trunk and all its contents !

It was only after a most vigorous protest, accompanied by a lavish use of money, that the trunk was reclaimed !

The mails used to be plundered to such an extent that, after the trouble of 1860, the Great Powers quietly informed the Sublime Porte that they each proposed to run a postal department on their own hook at Beyrout ; and so we have the strange spectacle here of an Austrian, English, French, and Russian postal service, each entirely independent of the other, and all without the jurisdiction of the Turkish Government.

Beside all this, the Great Powers concluded that as long as they had put a finger in the Syrian pie, they would regulate matters a little on Mount Lebanon, which, properly speaking, is a mountain district instead of a mountain.

So they notified the Porte that as Mount Lebanon was peopled largely by Christians, in order to prevent a recurrence of the late misunderstanding they would themselves appoint a ruler for Lebanon every ten years, and would only trouble the Sublime Porte so far as to confirm their choice.

If you attempt to send a telegram out of this country, it is ten to one that the operator having the office in charge receives your money and sends your message—to the waste-paper basket, unless you take the precaution to demand a receipt.

But while the Turkish Government does not dare to interfere with these people on or near the sea-coast, matters are going from bad to worse in the interior so far as the Christians are concerned. The Turks are cunning, if nothing else, and some morning a teacher finds his little school closed and the government seal upon the door. Inquiry only develops some technical breach of the law, inadvertent though it may be, but a school once closed is never re-opened. Appealed to, the government promises and promises, but never performs. In talking with Dr. Bliss, the President of the American College, I learned

much of the fanatical prejudices of these people.

The Doctor came to this country thirty years ago, a missionary. He conceived the idea of founding a college; went back to America in '62, raised \$100,000, and instead of attempting to make this amount build a \$200,000 institution, going in debt for the balance, he wisely put the money out at interest, visited England under favorable auspices, and adroitly using his \$100,000 as a lever, raised \$20,000 more, started his college in a small way, spent the \$20,000, to tide over until the interest on his nest-egg grew to respectable proportions, and then commenced his buildings. After no less than fifty fruitless interviews he succeeded in buying twenty-five acres, beautifully located on the bluff overlooking the sea, for \$6,250 (worth \$40,000 now), and here the college buildings stand, handsome structures of cut stone, practically fire-proof.

First is the medical building, where are the mineral, botanical, and anatomical cabinets, a fine collection of birds, and the chemical laboratory. In the next building, are the recitation rooms and library downstairs, the chapel in an annex on the second floor, and the dor-

mitories on that and the two upper floors. In the next building, the college mess-rooms, the study room for the preparatory department, and the rooms for the president and faculty. There are about one hundred and ninety students, all Christians. The better class of Musulmans would gladly send their sons (for even to their befuddled brains are evident the advantages of this liberal education), provided they could be excused from attendance at religious exercises. But, non-sectarian as the college is, it is one of the rules admitting of no deviation, that all students must attend prayers every afternoon at four o'clock, and divine service on the Sabbath. Prayers are held in Arabic, although most if not all the students prosecute certain studies in English, and the singing is also in Arabic to our familiar tunes. The college is managed by a Board of Trustees in New York, who select professors and tutors, and pay the salaries. The local staff comprises fifteen gentlemen, bright, intelligent, and fully alive to the importance of the duties in hand.

Work has lately been commenced on a beautiful new chapel, the gift of some generous friends in New York. In every depart-

ment the institution bears the evidences of prosperity. It is a subject for thoughtful consideration that these people remain here, and pursue their labors conscientiously and with apparent pleasure, when not one of them would stay in this country twenty-four hours, if they felt that they could consistently go back to America.

At Dr. Fisher's we had a most delightful American dinner, and, shade of the prophet! how we did eat! I shall never forget that dinner. We had, among other things, good, honest American butter, mashed potatoes, corn, roast chicken, fish, baked custard, fruits, and genuine tea, to say nothing of sundry very nice native dishes. Mrs. Fisher modestly called it a "lunch," but if multiplicity of tempting viands be taken into consideration, then it was a banquet.

In the afternoon we were shown over the college buildings, attended prayers, and then, on invitation of President Bliss, we went to his house for a few moments while he explained to us much of the workings of the college. It was a most enjoyable day, and I am sure that not least among the good deeds of these people has been their cordial recep-

tion and entertainment of our band of pilgrims. Mrs. Fisher amused us with an account of the domestic economy of life in this far-off land. The cooks are mostly men ; the range, a number of grates side by side set in stone, a separate charcoal fire being built on each one ; the fumes of the charcoal, as well as the odors from the cooking, being carried off by a large hood over the range. All provisions are bought for cash, and the lady of the house never does any marketing, her commissions being executed by the cook, who is expected to "knock down," in a small way, from the cash furnished. These cooks are generally efficient, and learn readily. Although fires are often needed in January and February, no provision is made for them in the construction of the houses, and Dr. Fisher informed me that not a single house in Beyrout can boast of such an adornment as a chimney ! Where a fire is used, the stove-pipe runs out through a hole in the wall. The houses are large and airy, many of the ceilings being twenty to twenty-five feet high. All the rooms open around a court, and it is a curious feature that all the best houses have three monstrous windows, which designate the size of the

court, or the large salon which takes its place.

I forgot to mention the fact that the physicians connected with the college maintain a free hospital and dispensary, which is one of the most praiseworthy charities in this country.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DRUSES.

WHILE I do not wish to undertake any description of the almost countless factions that have at one period or another held sway in this historic land, I feel as if I ought to make some brief allusion to that curious and mysterious sect, the Druses, remarkable for the successful manner in which they have defied every attempt of the Sublime Porte to subdue them, as well as for the pertinacity with which they cling to a belief which Dean Milman declares to be "one of the most extraordinary aberrations which ever extensively affected the mind of man."

Occupying chiefly the regions of Lebanon and Anti-Libanus with flourishing colonies as far south as Tyre and the Sea of Tiberias, they form the exclusive population of about 125 towns and villages, and are found largely in nearly 250 more, while numerically they

claim 75,000 men, there being no census of women and children.

Of their origin but little is known. Though they mostly speak the purest Arabic, they preserve a tradition which says that they came originally from China, although some authorities connect them with a certain Count of Dreux, who, with his followers, in the days of the Crusades, determined to make this their home rather than brave the dangers of the return trip to France. This of course is contradicted by other "authorities," and the most modern theory is that they date back to about the eleventh century to Ismael Darazi. While this may be the case, it is highly probable that the elements which were finally amalgamated into the sect of Druses came from the tribes with which Esarhaddon (seventh century) re-peopled the country, added to later by the people transplanted from the region north of the Caspian to this district, by Constantine in 686 A.D.

The origin of their religion is remarkable. It seems that, about the year 1000, a gentleman was Caliph of Egypt by the name of Hakem Biamrillah, Aboo-Alee-Mansoor. History says he was crazy, and I have no doubt

that his endeavor to remember this name destroyed his mind. At any rate he thought himself to be the human impersonation of the Divinity, and this point settled to his own satisfaction, he wanted the claim admitted by all the dwellers in Cairo. So on a certain day he modestly had it announced in the Great Mosque at Cairo that he simply was God, and as old Bill Jones was not then alive for him to prove it by, he called on a party by the name of Darazi, his Grand Vizier, to vouch for the truth of the claim.

The new religion was not a success in Cairo. The Caireens, ignorant, superstitious, and degraded as they were, could scarcely accept as God an individual who for years had made himself feared and detested for his numberless and nameless cruelties. The Grand Vizier had a close call, being set upon by the infuriated mob. He managed, however, to escape with his life, but made tracks for Syria, where it seems he endeavored to disseminate the new religion. He met with indifferent success, and it was not until Hamza, a Persian (Hamza-ben-Ali-ben-Ahmed, was his court name) became Grand Vizier, that things looked up in religious circles. Well, Hamza was a daisy.

He seems to have been an able scamp, utterly devoid of principle, but smart enough to see that the contiguity of his head and shoulders depended largely on his ability to convince his august master Hakem that the new religion was fast gaining ground. So he adopted in a general way all the agreeable features of the then existing beliefs and succeeded in enlisting quite a body of followers. The tyrant was slain one day by ten of his slaves, at the instigation of his own sister, whom he was preparing to carve for some fancied insult; and Hamza at once gave out that Hakem had simply disappeared for a season, but would return in triumph "some day."

Poor Darazi, who all this time had been working up a boom for the new religion in the rural districts, was pronounced a heretic; but by some strange principle of oriental justice, the very sect, who were taught to hold him in abhorrence, suffered the new religion, to establish which he had become an outcast and a wanderer, to bear his name.

The religion of the Druses is a curious mixture of the Scriptures, the Koran, and the Egyptian allegories. They believe in one God who has been revealed in human form ten times,

the tenth being Alphabet Hakem, who will appear once more, when the troubles of the righteous will be most unbearable, and then their religion will embrace the whole earth. They believe that the number of souls never changes ; that all the souls in life now have lived from the beginning of the world, and will live until the final coming of Hakem. After death the souls of the good pass into the bodies of Chinese Druses (which would render the religion very unpopular on the Pacific coast), and although those of the wicked may be degraded to the bodies of beasts, after the ages of probation are over, there will come a day of perfect peace and eternal rest.

Proselytism is forbidden, profound secrecy enjoined, and for the maintenance of their religion, should it be threatened through any political complications, they are allowed to outwardly profess any religion occasion may require. They have seven fundamental commandments, as laid down by Hamza : " 1st, veracity (to each other only) ; 2d, mutual protection ; 3d, renunciation of every other religion ; 4th, profession of the unity of Hakem as God ; 5th, contentment with his work ;

6th, complete submission to his will; 7th, complete obedience to his orders.

Now barring number 4, and bearing in mind that the veracity of a good many people is subject to certain mental reservations, I don't call that a very bad code of morals. They abstain from tobacco and wine and other luxuries; they never swear, utter obscene language, or lie. There seem to be two classes: the one called Ockals or Akals, being privileged to a certain degree on account of their superior sanctity or ability. But mere membership in this class does not confer any additional privileges. The Druse religion can never successfully be planted in America, because the ladies wear "neither gold nor silver, nor silk nor brocade."

The people are particularly distinguished for their hospitality, and although many of them are very poor, beggary is unknown among them. Education receives considerable attention.

"There was nothing," says Lord Carnarvon, "which surprised me more than the self-possession, the delicate appreciation of the wishes and feelings, the social ease, and to a great extent the refinement which distinguished the

conversation and manners amongst the Druse chiefs whom I met, and on whom no drawing-room of London or Paris could have conferred an additional polish."

I will not go into the contests between the Druses and Maronites, which, commencing about 1840, culminated in the terrible massacre of Christians at Damascus in 1860. Numerous atrocities were perpetrated on both sides, and, from all I can learn, the Maronites were about as bad as the Druses.

The Maronites, while retaining some peculiar rites and customs, are essentially Roman Catholics, and have nothing specially interesting in their history.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEYROUT TO BAALBEC.—BAALBEC.

FROM Beyrout to Damascus there extends one of the finest macadamized roads in the world, seventy miles long. It was built by a French company, and is maintained in the most perfect manner. Of course it is a toll road, and of course the tolls are heavy, \$24 for a three-horse carriage over and back. The company also operates a stage line, and the system is most admirable. There are two stages daily, one leaving at 4:30 A.M., carrying three first-class passengers inside and nine second-class—six inside and three outside. There are two drivers, who change off. The "off" fellow sits on the end of the seat behind the driver (who has a seat alone) and manipulates the brake, which works with a crank and rope, and closes onto the hind wheels from the back. The night stage, which transports the mail, is a small affair, carrying few people. The mules,

or horses, six in number, are harnessed three abreast, the middle wheeler is harnessed into a pair of standing shafts, and the general rig is about the same as ours. The horses are changed once an hour ; a regular schedule is maintained throughout the entire distance. The horses and mules are fat and well cared for ; the discipline of the employés reminds one more of military rule than any thing else. In addition to the stage line, the company operates a freight line, sending out a train of from ten to fifteen wagons, both from Damascus and Beyrout, every day. Each train is under the charge of a train-master, and must make only a certain distance within a certain time. All the stations are substantial stone buildings, and as there are many of them along the road, there is no need of crowding the freight teams to make stopping-places for the night. Nothing is used for repairs on the road except broken stone, rolled into place with ponderous iron rollers, drawn by twelve mules.

We started at 4:30 on Friday morning; climbed the slope of Lebanon in the moonlight, and ere we reached the summit saw the sun rise over the snow-clad peaks. Turning

about we beheld a most magnificent picture spread out at our very feet. The cultivated slopes of the mountain side, with many villages clinging to the rugged rocks; along the sea-coast, the gardens and white roofs of Beyrout, and beyond, as far as the eye could reach, the blue waters of the Mediterranean. We can always admire the Mediterranean when at a safe distance from it on land. The picture was charming to us; how entrancing a similar one must have been to the weary wandering ten thousand as they crossed the mountain summit, and in a delirium of joy shouted, "θάλασσα! θάλασσα!"

What would our shiftless Dakota farmers say, who live in a country where the black loam is from one to three feet deep, to following agriculture in a land where soil is so scarce that they pick it out from among the rocks by the *handful*, and carry it in *baskets* to some little level ledge on the mountain side, and there make a vineyard about as big as a good-sized blanket! We saw hundreds of such little spots, mostly used for grape-vines. We met mule trains and camel trains, some bringing flour from the mills of Baalbec, some loaded with miscellaneous freight from the far

East. At the first stopping-place we secured a supply of cigarettes, which we lavished upon the drivers with gratifying results. At the next stop we had some genuine Turkish coffee (very black, muddy, and bad), but it was hot, and we enjoyed it. About this time "the sun shot up from the bourne." I don't know what the "bourne" is, but that's what the sun did, and we were mighty glad to see his smiling face again, the morning being excessively chilly.

The drivers were big, burly fellows, having on clothes enough to stock an ordinary Jew shop. High-top boots; pants; about three coats and overcoats; woollen mittens of about five thicknesses of yarn; and the head-gear of Syria, consisting of a white shawl completely enveloping the head except the face, twisted around and around the neck, a black cord about as large as an inch rope passing twice around the head, completed the rig. It was a curious sight to see the brakeman, perched up in his corner, commencing at the back end of the spelling-book and, with the aid of a pair of American eye-glasses, laboriously reading aloud some story or other, which was thoroughly and earnestly discussed by the driver and himself

as they went along. While their knowledge of English was as limited as our acquaintance with Arabic, we met on the plane of very bad French, and thus carried on a conversation, in the course of which we learned considerable regarding the country. Every thing went smoothly until the driver asked if Squire D. was n't my father, after which a certain air of formality made its appearance. Up, up, up wound the road until we found ourselves travelling through the snow, eight thousand feet, nearly, above the sea, which seemed to lie almost at our feet. At length, about ten o'clock, we saw rising before us the mountains of Anti-Libanus, with snow-capped Hermon in the background, and knew that we must be nearing the valley of Lebanon—and breakfast. The descent on this side of the mountain is in a zig-zag, back and forth, and while the grade is maintained, of course, the road seems to hang over the valley all the way down. Nothing can be more charming than the sight of this beautiful fertile valley as the galloping horses bring you nearer and nearer to it. We were perhaps a little too early to see it at its best, the vines and mulberry-trees not being in leaf ; but the grain was growing green, and the

many silvery streams showing here and there told of the possible beauties of the valley in this country, where only water is needed to convert the desert into a garden.

When we rattled up to the station at Shtora at precisely eleven o'clock, after our six and one half hours' ride, the stage having arrived from Damascus about one minute before us, we were ravenously hungry. The little inn was clean and comfortable, and we had an excellent breakfast. Then, through bribery and corruption, having secured the best of all the conveyances, we started for Baalbec at 12.45. The road, thirty miles long, while not as good as the Damascus road, is good enough for any people and any country. The valley, widest at Shtora, gradually narrows till, at Baalbec, fertility ends and the desert begins. Every inch of it is cultivated; grain, mulberries, and grapes being the principal products. The density of the population may be comprehended from the fact that between Shtora and Baalbec we counted no less than twenty-four villages and one city, the latter containing eighteen thousand inhabitants.

We changed horses but once on the way, buying at the station some fair coffee, at a

most exorbitant price, more through fear of the brigand who tendered it than from any desire we had for the muddy beverage. We reached the Hotel Palmyra at 4.30, and there, directly in front of us, were the famous ruins, concerning whose history there has been so much controversy among the savants of all ages.

I always had an idea, based on Mark Twain's pictures in "Innocents Abroad," that Baalbec was situated in the midst of a desert. Nothing can be further from the truth.

The beautiful spring of Ras-el-ain bubbles up in a little ravine on the outskirts of the present town (which, by the way, contains about five thousand people), and its waters are carried down in a stone-walled raceway, along a beautiful avenue of willows about a mile in length, to the walls of the ruins.

And coming down this avenue I saw a most curious sight.

First were three huge camels gayly decked with silk shawls and scarfs of brilliant colors hanging down to the ground, completely enveloping the animals save their heads. On each camel rode two young girls, dressed in their "very best," singing some kind of a

song, and waving handkerchiefs by way of refrain.

Following them came an irregular procession of women and girls all joining in the chorus.

On inquiry I found it to be one section of a wedding procession escorting the bride to church, where the groom and his male friends would meet her. It was a pretty sight, and most appropriate it seemed to me thus conducting the bride with festive songs to the ceremony, without the conventional adjuncts of bogus orange-blossoms, long trains, and a dozen sad-looking ushers and groomsmen in sombre claw-hammer coats.

The stream referred to waters the plain of Baalbec, and instead of the locality of the ruins being a desert, as a matter of fact it is a garden surrounded by orchards and cultivated fields, while the beautiful spring water babbling along beneath the wall skirts the entire length of the northern foundations, unchanged, yet ever changing, telling to-day the same story it has told for countless centuries.

I cannot describe the ruins of Baalbec, because, in the first place, my native modesty forbids my attempting that which has baffled so many able writers, and after reading the

wise, but highly improbable, nay, impossible, accounts as given by the guide-books, I am more than ever convinced that the origin of the temples is to-day as profound a mystery as it was two thousand years ago.

From an inscription on the north wall it seems that Antoninus Pius has some claim to having built a portion at least of one of the temples. The inscription is as follows :

“To the great gods of Heliopolis for the safety of the Lord Antoninus Pius Aug. and of Julia Aug. the mother of our lord of the castra (and) senate, a devoted (subject of the sovereigns) caused the capitals of the columns of Antoninus while in the air (to be) embossed with gold at her own expense.”

This will do very well for the more recent superstructure, but cannot possibly apply to the substruction, or any portion of it. Even the most casual observer must be struck with the outlying wall on the north side, extending almost the entire length of that portion of the building. It is composed of a foundation of very large stones, possibly ten feet long and six feet square, on the top of which rest nine stones, each thirty-one feet long and ten feet square.

The wall is about fifteen feet from the main structure, and is in no way connected with it, except at the two ends. There is not the slightest evidence about the wall itself that it was ever continued upward above this tier of masonry, nor does any writer speak of it as ever having been a portion of the main building. Following this wall around to the southwest corner, however, we find the same tier of massive stones, seven in number, continued around the west side for a distance of over two hundred feet, and *upon* these are laid the three "cyclopean" stones, so called, measuring respectively 64, $63\frac{1}{2}$, and 62 feet in length and 13 feet square !

The three great stones do not extend all the way to the northwest corner, but the last twelve or fourteen feet at the end is built up of smaller stones, which space is just large enough to admit of the unfinished stone in the quarry, seventy-one feet long, being placed at right angles to the other, the end flush with the outer face of the other three, thus continuing the tier of great stones around on the giant substruction.

The evidence is conclusive to my mind that the origin of the temple far antedates any

event of recorded history, in the dim past of a mythological age, when this portion of the world was peopled with a race highly civilized and acquainted with mechanical appliances in comparison with which all modern inventions for moving great weights, even with the advantages of steam-power and hydraulic presses, must be but clumsy substitutes ; a race, not a vestige of whose history or identity remains, and concerning whom all theories and speculations are shadowy, vague, and unsatisfactory. It is equally conclusive that the substruction on the north and west was the foundation of a mighty edifice, the like of which the world has never seen ; that it was the intention of these builders to construct the main walls entirely of these stupendous blocks, for the ability to raise the three now *in situ* to a height twenty feet above the level of the plain, after transporting them a distance of a mile from the quarry, presupposes the ability to raise them with equal ease to any required height ; that but one corner of the foundation was finished, the three giant stones placed in the wall with a cunning skill that renders it almost impossible even at this day to discover where they are joined ; that the fourth stone,

longer than any of the others was all quarried and squared ready to be detached, when, for some reason which will remain an inscrutable secret for all time, the work ceased abruptly, and the cyclopean builders laid down their unknown tools, abandoned their mysterious machines, and vanished from the face of the earth, leaving behind them a problem which, having defied the wisdom of thousands of years, will remain unsolved till that great day when the sea gives up its dead.

Centuries roll by. Rameses the Great with his horde of skilful workmen has slept the sleep of ages, the civilization of his era almost forgotten. And now comes a new race of people from far-away Latium.

Their arms have conquered the most remote provinces, and, seeking new worlds, they pass the mountain range of Lebanon, and here at Baalbec find an earthly paradise, where are the remains of an ancient city, how old, they cannot tell, save that one of the nations tributary to them has preserved a tradition that a mighty city existed here centuries ago in the days of their great ruler Joshua. They view with awe the mighty foundations speaking of skilful workmanship unknown to them, but

with arrogance which had ever characterized them, determining here to raise a temple, they placed their structure, fashioned not with Roman hands, unacquainted with aught save sword and buckler, but by the cunning fingers of captive Athens, upon the stately foundation of a race forgotten, and claimed for themselves the credit of it all !

But not plainer than the handwriting on the wall to terror-stricken Belshazzar is the story told by these cyclopean rocks to every thoughtful mind from the days of Antoninus Pius, of a skill which Roman civilization neither knew nor could imitate. It would seem as if the spirit of by-gone ages, hovering over these massive foundations, must have inspired the craftsmen of the Roman Emperor with the loftiest ambition to raise here a superstructure which should be worthy of the platform on which it rested. Certain it is, if one may judge from the crumbling ruins of these temples, that no other structures so exquisitely beautiful ever enchanted the human eye, and filled the brain with a picture, the memory of which would end alone with life.

The site chosen with the rarest good judgment : before and behind, lofty mountains ;

on the one side, the desert, barren and forbidding; on the other, extending to the base of Hermon, a valley, fertile, beautiful, enchanting; around the walls, on all sides, sparkling waters, countless flowers, gardens, and the rustling leaves of many graceful trees.

The yellow stones of column and pilaster, like molten gold; the delicate tracery on frieze and capital so intricate that the brain wearies as the eye vainly attempts to follow the bewildering beauties there outlined.

Perhaps because there are no beggars to dog your every step; perhaps because the vendors of bogus antiquities do not infest this charmed spot; perhaps because no unsightly huts encroach upon the confines of the moat with which, in the middle ages, the Turks surrounded the buildings: be the cause what it may, these ruins were to me more fascinatingly interesting than any I had thus far seen.

“Spring casts the garland of perpetual youth over this thrice dead past—a smiling irony; camels and sheep graze on the grass which grows over columns and capitals.”

“Picture the white chain of Libanus looking down on this overthrown city, embrace in one

comprehensive glance of thought all the contrasts blended here, and the thrilling effect of such a scene will be understood."

"Erect again several columns that have fallen, return to their places on the peristyle a few exquisitely carved panels, elevate into its original position the sunken lintel, reconstruct the altar from its scattered fragments, and then invoke the sun-god Baal to bring back his priests and votaries, and they would not be aware of the ages of desolation through which the fane had passed, but would almost recognize it as entire, as perfect, as resplendent as when, centuries ago, it dazed the admiring throngs of worshippers gathered here to wonder and to pray."

I may be over-enthusiastic regarding the ruins of Baalbec, but I am not without distinguished authorities with which to fortify my opinion.

John Malala, of Antioch, writing in the 7th century, says the great temple of Jupiter "was one of the wonders of the world."

Lamertine says: "I have seen nothing in Italy that surpassed it (the Great Temple); indeed I may say nothing that equals it."

And Lord Lindsay, in his enthusiasm, ex-

claims: "I have no words to express their beauty."

A recent writer, falling into the excusable error so common to modern divines, argues at length to prove that Solomon founded the ancient city; from the fancied similarity between some of the stones and those beneath the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, supposed to belong to the great temple.

But Joshua mentions the existence of the city five hundred years before Solomon's time, and, in fact, the tradition ascribing its foundation to the wise king is wholly unsupported by historical data.

It probably was never a city of very great extent, although it seems to have had some strategetic importance during the Middle Ages, when the Acropolis was turned into a fortress, which, from its great height and the stupendous nature of the material used in its construction, must have been wellnigh impregnable.

The present appearance of the walls, in many places near a hundred feet in height, does much to preserve the general outline of the Acropolis, although the stones were piled one upon another for the purpose of additional

security to the garrison ; capitals, bases, and other portions of the columns and architraves being laid up in the wall in the wildest confusion.

“ Three eras speak these ruined piles :
The first in doubt concealed ;
The second, when amid thy files
The Roman clarion pealed ;
The third, when Saracenic powers
Raised high the Califf's massy towers.

“ But ah ! thy walls, thy giant walls !
Who laid them in the sand ?
Belief turns pale, and fancy falls
Before a work so grand :
And well might heathen seers declare
That fallen angels labored there.”

That fanatical Christian vandal, Theodosius, destroyed the magnificent Temple of the Sun certainly, and the Temple of Jupiter probably ; and it is said that here he erected a Christian basilica which modern enthusiasts of a religious turn of mind search for with great persistency and very small success. I am glad that my Christianity was not subjected to the strain which it must have endured had the basilica been indicated as an excuse for the unpardonable, injudicious, and unnecessary act of barbarism on the part of the most holy emperor.

History records several earthquakes which did vast damage to Baalbec, notably the one in 1759, but these wrought small destruction in comparison to the cruel devastation accomplished by the "zeal of the early Christians."

I walked down to the quarries about sunset and carefully examined the abandoned works.

In the lower quarry, close to the great stone, are two other giant stones partly quarried and standing on end, which I roughly estimated to be 5 x 9 x 20 and 5 x 10 x 20 feet. In another place were seven stones all squared and finished ready for removal, about 3 x 4 feet, and varying in length up to ten feet.

Still further up on the hill-side were many stones, twenty in one place, all shaped, but not detached.

The cuttings between them, as was the case with the two upright stones in the quarry below, were generally about fifteen inches wide, and while they would admit of a man with chisel and mallet working, the position would necessarily be very cramped. Possibly these cyclopean builders used huge saws for this work.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MILLS OF BAALBEC.—BAALBEC TO DAMASCUS.

BEFORE leaving Minneapolis I had promised my friend E., the genial editor of the *Northwestern Miller*, to send him some account of the flouring mills of Baalbec.

My desire to disseminate information on this topic must serve as an excuse for here inserting the letter :

“EDITOR ‘NORTHWESTERN MILLER’:

“I believe that, in an unguarded moment, I promised to send some milling items for publication, but, until to-day, when I took a stroll through the mills of this important manufacturing centre, I have seen nothing that would pass muster as such.

“The mills of Baalbec use now, as they did in the days when Antoninus Pius built (?) the great Temple of the Sun, water-power

exclusively, although the proprietor of the G mill told me, in the course of a friendly chat I had with him in the carpenter-shop to-day, where he was superintending the construction of a new water-wheel, that he should put in steam another year if he could make satisfactory arrangements for a supply of cedar fuel from Lebanon.

“The source of the water-power here is the beautiful spring of Ras-el-Ain, which made the ancient city of Baalbec possible, and which to-day renders the valley of Lebanon so famously fertile. It bubbles up near the modern town, and from it the Water-Power Company has built a very creditable stone canal, about fifteen inches deep and seven feet wide. As no two mills take the water from the same point in the canal, there is no conflict between mill-owners as to a division of water. Indeed, I was informed by Mohammed Achmed Brownjohn, the gentlemanly secretary of the company, that no conflict on this point was possible, as each lease entitled the owner to all the water passing through the canal.

“The flour market being extremely dull, and competition having been quite sharp, all the mills, nine in number, are now in a trust; con-

sequently the A, B, half of E, and the F mills only were running. (I use these letters of designation arbitrarily, as your readers would not be able to decipher the Arabic names were I to give them.) The mills are all built on the same general plan, so I will weary you with a description of but one, the E, which is about double the size of any mill I have seen in Syria. The building is a massive stone structure, about 18 x 24 feet, one story high, and apparently fire-proof. I could see no danger of a conflagration (the Board rate, by the way, being $9\frac{1}{2}$, while the Mutuals write it for one per cent.), unless possibly the main shaft should take fire and spread to the donkey-forage, which is stored in the stable adjoining the grinding-floor. The two sides of the mill are run by separate wheels, and, under the pool arrangement, the whole mill should have been in operation, but they had burned out a step on the east side, and just as I reached the mill the proprietor was loading the disabled machinery on a donkey to send it down to the carpenter-shop for repairs. A superficial observer, in a recent article on the 'Mills of Syria,' says: 'The wheels used in these mills are the cast-off hind-wheels of the

Beyrout and Damascus diligence line, the tires and felloes being knocked off and the spokes sharpened a little on the edges.' This is an error, for while the apparent similarity might deceive the careless observer, the fact is that the diligence wheels can only be moved by six able-bodied mules, and it will therefore readily be admitted that the mills of Baalbec, with a minimum head of only four feet, could not possibly use them.

"As the trust claims the best results to be obtained from stones, the supply of which from the neighboring columns of the Temple of Jupiter is practically unlimited, the use of rolls has never been encouraged, and I have seen none in this country, even on the hotel tables. Much, also, of the useless machinery, which so cumbers up the modern mills of America, is here entirely dispensed with, and we see milling in its Oriental simplicity and mediæval purity. The nether millstone is securely fastened to a stone pier directly over the water-wheel. The main shaft, which forms the hub of the wheel, is extended upward through the lower stone, securely fastened to the upper stone; the water is turned on and, presto! the mill is in operation! The hopper is directly

over the shaft, and the grain feeds to the burrs through small openings in the end of the shaft. No fooling here with dust-collectors, middlings-purifiers, bolting-cloths, and smut-machines. Even the expense of a head packer and seventeen assistants is done away with. The centrifugal force of the moving stone throws the flour off on the floor, and there you are. Nor are they obliged to maintain an expensive fellow to 'bake' and see if the different grades are up to standard, for they only make one grade—'Jerusalem XXXX Sour.'

"'But,' it may be asked, 'is there no need of some oversight other than that of a high-priced head-miller to see that the reputation of this celebrated brand is maintained?' I informed myself carefully on this point, and find that the only thing the trust fears is that possibly the flour may bake sweet; but as such a result has not been obtained in a Baalbec bakery since the day, four thousand years ago, when Phœnicians placed the giant stones in the substructure of the great temple, this fear may safely be deemed visionary.

"The mills do a great deal of custom work, and, the Arabs being of a social nature, it was a pleasant sight to one accustomed to the

freezing politeness of American miller princes to see the alacrity with which the proprietor sat down on the floor with a customer to enjoy a friendly game of Syrian seven-up, while the merry mill converted the half bushel of wheat or corn (they grind each with equal facility) into finest flour. And the benignity with which the other donkey and I looked upon the scene from the other side of the stable partition—for, to tell the truth, we both were a little afraid of getting in the way of the machinery—completed the picture of perfect restfulness which will long dwell in my memory. I stupidly forgot to inquire of M. A. Brownjohn the daily capacity of the mills, but I imagine it to be about fifteen barrels. Running only half time, this is proportionately decreased.

“Enthusiastic, and justly so, as every intelligent person must be who visits this land of wonders, I trust I have not painted the picture in colors too rosy. Lest any one should be induced by this article to abandon the unprofitable milling of the Northwest, and seek new opportunities in this, the far East, I would say, consider well before you change. These people know nothing of ‘futures,’ still less of

'corners,' and never heard of an 'option.' As your time is chiefly devoted to the careful consideration of these things, you would find milling in Syria tame, featureless, futureless."

We saw something of Arabic life in Baalbec (at least the ladies did), being requested by a native, who expects shortly to emigrate to America, to visit his home.

Apparently there was no scheme in the "bid," as the Syrian was not "in trade," but after partaking of the usual cup of coffee and some sweetmeats, and seeing one of the young ladies array herself in all her Oriental finery, some wretched little watch-cases made their appearance. The narrative of our ladies from this point is a little confused, but it seems that before they actually knew what had happened they had parted with an equivalent of two great big American dollars each, for trinkets that in the hotel were sold for exactly that number of francs !

The method of baking bread is somewhat different from ours, but not so very "primitive" after all. They call the oven, shaped about like ours, a "tannur." It is made of clay, sometimes built in the ground, sometimes

above it, and lined with cement. It is cone-shaped, about three feet deep, and nearly as wide as that at the bottom, I should say. A fire is built inside, and when the oven is thoroughly heated the baking begins.

We saw a good-looking Syrian woman take a chunk of dough in her hands and pat it rapidly until she flattened it out to the size of a coffee-saucer; then she laid it on a hard round cushion and hammered it with the palm of one hand until it was about an eighth of an inch thick and as big as a dinner-plate. Taking it on her open right hand, she reached in through the top of the tannur and slapped it up against the side, where it remained for a few moments and was then taken out, "bread"; very thin, very tough, and generally rather brown. In Damascus the bakers, when making the loaf, continually strike it across the bare forearm, thus giving it shape and thinness. When eaten hot, the "markuk," as it is called, is by no means bad, but after keeping for a few days it becomes so tough that they use it to make sandals of, I am told. This, I fear, is an Oriental fiction.

The local guide, an Arab about twenty years old (he had no part in the watch-case

episode ; that being a daring assertion of our own independence) is the most intelligent fellow of his kind we met abroad.

He has learned to speak French fluently, has studied the ruins systematically and carefully, and has written a book in Arabic on the subject, which is now being translated into French.

He was very modest in all his statements, but after he has had a little longer career as an author he will doubtless assert himself with all the arrogance of the genus.

Regretfully we turned our backs upon Baalbec early the next morning, taking our last look at the exquisite ruins by the shimmering light of the moon.

Baalbec ! City of mystery, of wonders unrevealed, fruitful in speculations and theories, in despairing efforts to solve a riddle more obscure than the famed riddle of the sphynx. Time has not and time will not bring forth for thee another *Ædipus*. The diamond of the desert, more beautiful in thy ruins than the marvellous cathedral of Milan in all its perfected glory ; more stately in thy desolation than the wondrous temple of Esneh or Abydos ; and yet thy ruins and desolation have

nothing of the depressing gloom of Pæstum or the Forum Romanum. As the Egyptian sky, glowing with the marvellous light of the setting sun, leaves on the mind naught of regret that another day has been taken from life and added to the countless centuries which have preceded it, so thy ruins, incomparable even in their desolation, satisfy the soul as naught else can.

The tale of human sorrows would indeed be full if we knew that we should look upon thy glories never more.

We reached Shtora at 10:15 and immediately proceeded to destroy every vestige of the breakfast, which we accomplished in about twenty-five minutes, and then sauntered out into the sunlight to await the arrival of the rest of our party.

At 11:15 their coming was announced by a distant murmuring which, growing louder and louder as the carriages approached, had increased to a cyclopean roar as the party alighted.

Holding firmly to my hat with one hand, lest the whirlwind of indignation with which the atmosphere seemed to be charged should carry it off to the top of some distant moun-

tain peak, I approached Lew's carriage, where the tumult seemed to be greatest, and mildly inquired the cause of the commotion. Madame was just completing a few scattered remarks of which I caught the following: "Talk of punishment after death; if we have n't had our share for the past four hours, I am mistaken." A look at the vehicle from which she had alighted was all the explanation I needed. Their comfortable carriage of yesterday had been metamorphosed into a wretched go-cart, having two longitudinal seats behind the driver, each about three inches wide, and on these shelves, with no opportunity to brace crosswise even, the two female feather-weights, who jointly tipped the beam at four hundred pounds, had been obliged to ride a distance of thirty miles! It seemed that the dragoman belonging to a gentleman named T. had cunningly substituted this melancholy old ruin for Lew's good carriage while our lazy guide slept (he might as well have slept all the time so far as being of any possible assistance to us was concerned), and the trick was not discovered until T. was well on the way to Shtora.

T. was a genial chap from Newport, travelling with his daughter, a rather pretty girl.

We had met him at several places and were striking up quite a pleasant acquaintance when this untoward incident caused, if not a feeling of actual warfare, at least a sentiment of armed neutrality. T. evidently believed that "he who fights and runs away," etc., for the surprising agility with which he bundled the pretty daughter into his carriage, hopped in himself and started off for Damascus, seemed to render the conclusion warranted that he feared a good cuffing from our enraged Amazons. And he richly deserved it. It was amusing to see the deprecating manner he assumed when we afterwards met him at Damascus and Smyrna; and I doubt not that it was only his meekness which saved his life.

The valley of Lebanon, "Bekaa" (cleft), down which we had travelled from Baalbec, we now crossed, ascended the range of Anti-Libanus, travelled through and over a most uninteresting country with nothing worthy of note to be seen save some gigantic cliffs on the south side of the road, for about twenty-eight miles, when we suddenly entered the valley of the Barada, extremely narrow, but supporting the most luxuriant orchards and gardens, extending to the city of Damascus

itself ; for the modern Barada is the famous Abana of history.

Although the ride during the last hour or so is interesting on account of the grateful change from the barren mountain sides to the fertile valley, and although the sight of this beautiful tumbling torrent is a constant joy in this land of few waters, yet the approach to the city of Damascus is not as impressive as I had anticipated, because I had an idea that the approach was from the mountains on all sides except the east. Then, too, the famous "gardens" of Damascus are not "winter gardens"; and this day in March there was no sign of verdure save where the buds of the apricot trees were beginning to burst, and the velvety carpeting of grain showed green here and there. The gardens are surrounded with high stone or mud walls, which effectually prevent the traveller seeing what is within.

But the ride in comfort over the magnificent highway, the sight of the river as we approached nearer to the city, confined within a narrow channel by walls of white masonry, spanned here and there by picturesque stone bridges; the crowds of people, all apparently busy, and, above all, the fact that we were

really in Damascus, effectually drove away even the remotest sentiment of disappointment.

On the right we first saw the great mosque of Tekkeyeh, which was formerly a richly endowed monastery of dervishes. It comprises a fine mosque with graceful domes and minarets facing an extensive court abounding in trees and verdure, around which is a vast colonnade with many apartments, each surmounted with a small dome,—a most interesting structure. It is now in perfect repair, because some years ago the government was going to take it as a barracks, it being then greatly neglected by the greedy dervishes, who were stealing the annual proceeds of the endowment and expending the same in a few little friendly excursions to Beyrout, the Oshkosh of Damascus.

The dervishes, however, hearing of the proposed confiscation, generously decided to check their thieving propensities for the time being, and restored the mosque on the scale of its founder, Sultan Selim (1615), who had endowed it for the purpose of affording rest and shelter to houseless pilgrims.

In a few moments more we alighted at the stage office and experienced the novel sensa-

tion of being in the oldest city of the world, eight thousand miles from home and five hundred miles from a railroad !

We scarcely expected to find aught but what was Oriental, although the sight of some venerable landaus shook our faith a little. But we did not expect to be received in a modern hotel by a European, speaking almost as good English as any of us, who assured us that dinner would be ready in a few minutes.

I am going some day to pack my grip-sack and start for the wilds of Terra del Fuego. If there, when I land, I am met by a runner offering in tolerable English to conduct me to the New Hotel of the South Pole, I shall give up in despair all further attempts to get beyond the reach of modern enterprise and civilization.

We did ample justice to the excellent dinner of mine host, Pietro Paulichovich, of the Hotel Victoria, warmed our hands over the brazier in the parlor, while our young lady played "La Paloma" on a very good piano, and then tired and happy, sought our couches rendered inviting with their snowy linen, hair mattresses, and patent springs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DAMASCUS.

MONDAY morning, after a most refreshing sleep, we awoke at early daybreak and looked out on the busy scene, having discovered that the people of Damascus have one custom in common with the merry roosters of America,—they commence to crow very early. Long before daylight the street venders were out in force crying their wares, although some of the disturbance was caused, as we afterwards learned, by the gentlemen from the minarets calling the faithful to prayer.

Breakfast consisted of coffee, bread, eggs, and honey.

We had brought two dragomen with us from Beyrout, who deserve a passing notice as a brief description of them will serve to dispel all illusions clustering around that formidable and somewhat mysterious word “dragoman.”

One was named Patient ; mild, inoffensive, fairly well educated—for an Arab,—speaking poor English, slow to understand, probably up to all the wiles and deceits of his class, but withal the possessor of a remarkably honest pair of eyes. We may have been deceived, but we think he tried to do his very best for us, which was too truly very bad, as he knew next to nothing about Damascus, her customs, or her people.

But the other creature was a gem ! He could n't speak a word of English, had a smattering of French more deadly than that of any of our party, and cared for nothing except to secure his commissions at the bazaars.

He wanted to arrange the programme for each day, forced himself into the family circle around the brazier, and, unbidden, argued the pros and cons of our plans, visited with Lew when he was lonely, helped smoke his good cigars brought at great expense and no small risk from America, got regularly "full" about 10 o'clock each morning and stayed so the rest of the day, and was, in fact, so utterly worthless in every particular that we simply were obliged to give him the G. B.

His place was taken by a local guide whose

first name was Franz. I pause before this vision of Damascus as it comes from out the shadowy past, in despair, feeling my inability to do the subject justice, yet anxious to try, knowing that to us all the memory of Damascus without the memory of Franz would be but an idle dream. He was a Hungarian refugee who had left his native land with Kossuth, fought his way through the Crimean war, and then, like Othello, his occupation gone, had drifted to Syria.

Of medium stature, considerably bent with his sixty years of hardships in many climes, not spare, nor yet corpulent, he seemed to glide rather than walk over the ground, looking so craftily to the right and the left out of the corners of his eyes, seeming to see nothing, yet seeing every thing. His eyes were almost uncanny in their brightness, and when he spoke, his very plain but expressive face lit up with an enthusiasm, either real or feigned, which carried conviction with it.

An inveterate smoker of cigarettes, he was scarcely ever without one either between his fingers or his lips, and the profuse yet courtly thanks with which he always received ours, often tendered, made us feel that the obligation was entirely on our side.

His fund of information on all subjects, historical, religious, mythological, gleaned during a thirty-years' sojourn in Damascus in fair weather and foul, during pleasant days of prosperity and the dreadful hours of the Christian massacre of 1860, was simply inexhaustible.

A man of intelligence, keen observation, and no small discernment, he had made good use of his opportunities, being, for the purpose of learning that which was both useful and curious, all things to all men. He knew every man in Damascus, and with them all he seemed on the best of terms. Never obtrusive, always studiously polite, he quite won our hearts long before we took him into our service (he was an attaché of the hotel), after we had sent the bad man home to Beyrout in disgrace.

It was amusing to see his enthusiasm when recounting the legends of the places we visited, and so skilfully had he interwoven the historical and the mythical, that it would have taken a better posted tourist than the most careful student of the guide-books to have caught him.

But it was when conducting a shopping expedition through the bazaars that Franz was

at his best. He knew the market value of every article of commerce from a cane up to a camel, and while he doubtless received the usual commission (we hope he did), our experience "bazaaring" under other auspices for two days convinced us that with him nothing more than the commission came out of us.

The courtly way he would bow when some turbaned robber asked us two or three prices for any article, and the expression of withering scorn with which he would say in Arabic, "I am very much obliged to you," was enough to crush the most obdurate, and to turn to our favor the trembling balance in many a skilfully conducted trade.

During a delightful lazy week our principal occupation was wandering around the bazaars and by-ways seeking for things odd and ornamental (we found few of the latter, strictly speaking), and interwoven with it all is the picture of old Franz moving along, sometimes ahead, sometimes behind, one arm generally full of bundles, flitting from one group of our pilgrims to another, now bargaining for a piece of embroidery, now for a silver spoon, or some valuable piece of old junk, always watchful, and apparently as intensely interest-

ed as any of us. We drove one day through the Christian quarter, a melancholy sight, not yet recovered from the terrible devastation of 1860, and it is doubtful if the Christians will ever be again as numerous or prosperous as they were before that date.

We learned from Pietro a new but entirely authentic version of the settlement of the indemnity after the massacre. When the Turkish Government found that the Great Powers had determined on reparation being made to the Christians, they immediately began scheming to get out of the scrape as cheaply as possible, and this is what they did. Some of the most influential among the sufferers were called in. "How much did you lose?" "Ten thousand pounds." "Very well; make out your claim for twenty thousand pounds and it will be paid; only you must help us with your people to get out of this trouble as cheaply as possible."

In other words, a few of the heaviest losers were bribed to assist the authorities in robbing the poorer ones. But Turkish cunning did not stop here. All orders for the payment of indemnity had to pass through the hands of Turkish brokers, who were careful to take a

good slice by way of commissions (generally about one third of the total award), which the Christians, from the very questionable nature of the entire transaction, could not gainsay.

The mosques of Damascus are neither imposing, beautiful, nor interesting, excepting the Great Mosque, and this chiefly from its enormous size, its early associations with Christianity, and the reverence with which it is regarded by Mussulmans, being second in sanctity only to the mosque at Mecca and the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem.

To gain admittance it is necessary to be accompanied by the "cavass" (an armed retainer) of some embassy, to pay a good round fee, and, as is the case in all mosques, to wear sacred slippers.

The Great Mosque occupies a quadrangle 489 x 324 feet; the building is 431 x 125, divided into three aisles of equal breadth by two ranges of columns, these latter, twenty-two feet high, supporting round arches. In the centre is a dome resting on four massive piers. Beneath this dome, or some place else in the building, is buried the head of John the Baptist.

Round the mosque are the traces of a court

100 x 800 encompassed by colonnades similar to those of the Temple of Herod at Jerusalem and the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra.

This was doubtless the site of the Temple of Rimmon.

The chief features of interest about the mosque are the tomb of St. John, within the building proper ; the little library building in the court, where are preserved many priceless manuscripts never exhibited, on account of an ancient superstition that, should the room be opened, certain evil spirits would escape who would destroy the religion of Islam ; the beautiful exterior colonnade ; the minaret of Issas, where Christ will descend at his second coming ; and, chief of all, stuck off in a little building at one side, the unpretentious tomb of Saladin, where are to be seen the most magnificent specimens in the world of the antique blue tiles of Damascus. The interior of the tomb is lined with them to a height of ten feet, and something of their value may be imagined from the offer made by an Englishman to replace them with the most costly modern tile and pay two thousand pounds sterling for the privilege of taking them out. Side by side are the tombs of Saladin and his Grand Vizier,

the catafalques, covered with a pall of black velvet, embroidered in silver with passages from the Koran; above the head, the green turban which each wore in life; at the head, a copy of the Koran; at the four corners, enormous wax candles, lighted only at certain great religious festivals.

Perhaps it was as well, but it seemed to me a desolate, dreary mausoleum for so great a chieftain. Why did they not build for him, on the lofty peak of some mountain, a magnificent monument, worthy his splendid fame, from which his spirit might look out upon the land he loved so well, and which for years he defended so successfully with a courage and skill unsurpassed by the flower of Western chivalry, which opposed to him the fabled achievements of Richard Cœur-de-Lion and his knightly associates?

We climbed to the very top of the loftiest minaret of the Mosque and while there, the muezzin came up to call the faithful to prayer. He was a jolly, fat, old fellow, well fed and urbane, who had no objection (for a consideration) to our remaining while he chanted his religious invocation, and this is what he said; "God is greatest! I am a witness that there is

no God but him. I am a witness [or bear witness] that Mohammed is a messenger of God. Be ready to pray, make salutes to the skies. God is greatest; there is no God but him. May God bless the inhabitants of Syria, our lord Mohammed, and all those who believe in him!"

This calling to prayer is generally performed by but one priest from a minaret, but from another minaret of the Great Mosque a chorus of twelve priests responded to the above incantation, while at the sound, in the great court below, every one of the faithful fell prostrate, with his face towards Mecca, devoutly praying.

There is one strange feature about the Great Mosque which made a deep impression on my mind. The holiest spot within its precincts is the tomb of John the Baptist, jealously guarded, and surrounded with a railing so ponderous as to defy all attempts of relic-hunting vandals to carry off any part of it. Of course John the Baptist is not buried here, nor any place else that any one knows of, but the Mussulmans all firmly believe that he is, and hold the place in deepest veneration, utterly incomprehensible to us. Now these

fanatics consider our religion simply worse than no religion at all, and yet they worship the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem ; and any thing pertaining to the early leaders of the Christian Church is second in holiness only to the sacred stone at Mecca. At what point did their religious belief begin to diverge from ours? Or if there never was any thing in common between Mohammedanism and Christianity, why the sanctity attaching to the saints and apostles?

The walls of the city, in many places entirely destroyed, nowhere present a very imposing appearance, as they are neither high nor very thick ; and those portions now standing bear the marks of frequent restoration.

We saw the place, about thirty feet high, where St. Paul was let down by a rope, and, near by, the tomb of St. George, the friend who, tradition says, lost his life for conniving at the Apostle's escape. I here insert the venerable chestnut that the street called " Strait " is very crooked.

There are, in fact, no streets in Damascus along which it is a pleasure to drive, save the one leading through the Gate of God out into the country, being a continuation of the high-

way coming from Beyrout, and the street in the new quarter on the hill-side to the northwest of the ancient city, where are the palaces of the Governor and some of the fine modern residences of the wealthy Damascenes.

The first-named street is well paved through the city, and will connect with the new highway now being constructed for a hundred miles through the fertile district of the Hauran. Work on this road was inaugurated with great pomp one day while we were in Damascus, and will be prosecuted by a body of five thousand men (forced labor) until it is completed.

We made the acquaintance of the engineer in charge, but we did n't like him. He was a handsome young Greek, and should have been able to recognize a song of classic Yale which we sang very badly one night in the parlor, instead of asking if it was n't a church tune.

He was evidently of a religious turn of mind, for hearing one of the party addressed as "Colonel," he asked if the gentleman was a Colonel in the Salvation Army, as he had understood there was no other army in America.

These evidences of a barbaric mind and woful lack of discernment engendered a feel-

ing of coolness which never entirely disappeared.

He was an amusing fellow, though, and we were somewhat mollified by his evident admiration for America and Americans, although he thought our people as a nation possessed too much curiosity.

He said he had been told that at Niagara Falls was a tower on an island, and that every year the ledge on which the tower stood was gradually crumbling away, so that in a few years the tower would tumble into the river and go over the Falls. And he supposed that some of the Americans would be so anxious to have the last view from the famous tower that at least a dozen of them would go over the Falls with it!

If he had added that they would be too late to get out because they were busy writing their names in some conspicuous place, he would have pretty nearly described two prominent characteristics of a large number of American tourists.

One day we went up to the vast open space just beyond the mosque of Tekkeyeh to see the gentlemen of the city, some of them mounted on the far-famed steeds of Arabia,

indulging in a game something like "Prisoner's Base."

They separate in two lines, about three hundred yards apart, and the game consists in first one and another riding out from the different sides, being pursued towards "home," the pursuer trying to get near enough to the pursued to touch him with a light stick which is hurled like a spear.

The sport is very exciting, and the skill of horsemen oftentimes marvellous.

My acquaintance with Arabian steeds having been confined to the pie-bald variety which canter around with a pad-saddle in the circus, I was somewhat skeptical as to the fabled values and virtues of the famous coursers of the desert. But words are powerless to describe the exquisite beauty of a thoroughbred Arabian. No horses in the world can compare with them, and I can well believe the stories of the wonderful attachment existing between horse and master, for even an Arab could not fail to love one of these peerless creatures.

The horses are of all colors from white to black (I mean all the quieter colors, I did n't see any blue or pink horses); very high-spir-

ited, but apparently endowed with marvellous intelligence. It is a singular fact that the mares are worth from five to ten times as much as the stallions. While a good stallion can be bought for eight hundred dollars, a high-bred mare is often worth as many thousands.

Although the riders use a rather formidable-looking curb bit, the horses are in reality controlled by a small stick carried in the right hand; certain motions of which denote change of direction as well as of speed, a very slight touch of the bit being sometimes necessary. I did not see a single rider of a thoroughbred who used spurs.

In playing the game, the stirrups were short, ridiculously so, it seemed to me, but the reason was manifest when, by a simple wave of the stick and a slight check with the curb, I saw horses come to a dead stop from the swiftest run. Unless the rider had been able to brace himself in the stirrups, clear of the saddle, he must inevitably have been hurled prone over the horse's head.

The government are very watchful in regard to these horses, and rarely allow any of them to be taken from the country. An Italian

spent six months in and about Damascus last year buying horses for the Italian officers at Suakim. He selected thirty, for some of which he paid fabulous prices, but when he got ready to ship them he was politely informed that they could not be taken out of Syria ! He was then in Constantinople trying to arrange the affair with the government.

Walking along the narrow, crooked streets of Damascus, no one would suspect that the unpretentious exteriors of the two-storied houses concealed ought of magnificence within. Entering through a doorway you find yourself in a small area, the servants' quarters I should call it ; then through another doorway, and to your utter surprise you are in a splendid court, paved with marble of various colors ; in the centre, a large fountain, and all around, fruit trees, and flowers growing in profusion.

On this court open the principal apartments, although some houses have still another court, as did the palace of the Lieutenant-Governor, which we afterwards visited.

Many of the dwellings are of great extent, and while we visited a number, and were in each instance struck with the lavish manner in

which they were decorated and furnished, there was about them all a complete absence of any thing that looked like comfort.

The luxurious divans, on which dark-eyed houris stretch themselves in graceful listlessness and scant clothing, exist only in the advertisements of American cigarettes and plug tobacco.

As an example, let me give the dry details of the salon of a wealthy Jew, and then dismiss the subject with the statement that every house of any pretension has at least one such apartment of decided gorgeousness and greater or less beauty, generally less.

The room was rectangular, about 18 x 36, with but one doorway opening from the court about one third of the way from the lower corner; ceiling about thirty feet high.

Immediately opposite the door, midway between the two walls, was a magnificent marble fountain "three stories" high; the first basin upheld by six carved lions, the water-jets being from dolphin-heads, on top of which rested the second basin. Here were swans with fish, supporting the third basin, and into this the water played from fishes' mouths. In the wall, directly beyond the fountain and

opposite the door, a plate-glass mirror. One half of the floor of the apartment was raised about fifteen inches. I believe the difference in height of the two portions when occupied has something to do with the relative importance of the guests. The walls, about two feet in thickness, were pierced with twenty windows below and twenty-eight above, there being two sets of windows, external and internal, ninety-six in all, the former of colored glass, the latter of plate. The floor was a mosaic of four different-colored marbles. From the floor to the lower window-sills was about four and a half feet, and this space was filled with inlaid marble work. On either side of the lower windows a beautiful slender marble column, and the five window-spaces below, occupied with mirrors, were similarly adorned. Over the lower windows was a most elaborate cap of carved marble, then came marble medallions surrounded by black marble set in mother-of-pearl. At the farther end of the room the spaces over the mirrors were ornamented with fruits carved in different-colored marbles. Between the upper windows were pilasters of raised woodwork elaborately carved on a blue background. The ceiling was beau-

tifully painted and ornamented with an exquisite pattern of raised work in gold and white.

In the corners, flowers and fruits, relieved with small pieces of looking-glass. The arch over the break in the floor was decorated with similar work. The inside blinds were of apricot-wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The furniture consisted of thirty-six chairs, the frames similarly inlaid, upholstered in light-blue brocade with bright-colored flowers. Two huge crystal chandeliers furnished a perfect blaze of light. On the wall were two Hebrew inscriptions : one, the name of the owner ; the other, a legend bidding welcome to all comers and expressing the hope that the house would stand forever.

Such was the parlor of one of the many magnificent private residences of Damascus, all of them, I surmise, being woefully wanting in Western comfort or beauty of furnishing.

Our ladies visited the harem of the Lieutenant-Governor one day, whose house was as large as a good-sized hotel. We gentlemen stayed in the outer court, sorry, for the first time in our lives that we were not women. But we soon got over this on receiving the report from the sacred interior. The ladies

of the harem were poorly dressed and so distressingly plain that little Henry, who, not being of a dangerous age, had been allowed to enter, reported that the "Pride of the Harem" looked just like their cook Tilda, at home. Any one who has ever seen the charming creature who presides over Mrs. C.'s range, needs no further comment on the beauty of these unhappy creatures, called by courtesy, wives. Their clothing was shabby in the extreme; the furniture of their "boudoirs" consisted of a bed on the floor, and a few rugs scattered about in place of chairs!

And yet this man, their husband, was young, rich, and a prominent citizen, most charitably disposed, for we were told that he daily fed a large number of deserving poor; and we judged him to be generous in his family, for while we were there he was bargaining for some beautiful shawls. They simply don't know how to enjoy the comforts of life as we do.

CHAPTER XIX.

DAMASCUS (*Continued*).

ON Saturday we noticed early in the morning crowds of women strolling along in the direction of the parade-ground, and as usual, we sought of Franz the explanation.

According to tradition, there lived many years ago in Damascus a most tyrannical ruler, hated by the people generally, yet a favorite with the army. Through his spies and detectives he ascertained the name of 70,000 citizens who were accused of "murmuring" against him ; so he quietly gathered them together one day, surrounded them with the army, and cut their tongues out. It is needless to add that they all died. But this butchery was only the commencement of the tyrant's troubles. The wives and mothers of the murdered men made such a clamor for husbands and protectors, that the tyrant set his wits to work to find some way out of this new trouble, which

threatened him more seriously than did the former. At last he dispatched an army off towards Jerusalem with instructions to gather up from the roving tribes of the desert such well-favored men as would fill the places of those who had been killed. His commands were obeyed, and a messenger dispatched to Damascus to announce that the army would arrive in the city on a Saturday.

So week after week on that day, the mothers and wives, closely veiled, walked out on the road towards Jerusalem, until at length on the seventh Saturday, the army, with its long train of captives, came over the hills into the valley, and by the caliph's command each one of the vast throng of expectant women chose for herself a husband.

For the poor captives it was a good deal of a lottery, as many a fine young fellow found himself the property of some rather ancient dame. The caliph, however, had suffered the women to retain the property of their slaughtered relatives, and this served to render the pill somewhat sugar-coated.

The tradition may have little foundation in fact, yet certain it is that on seven consecutive Saturdays in the early spring, the women of

Damascus take a holiday and go out in the direction of the ancient road by which the army returned. We saw thousands of them, all closely veiled, wandering aimlessly along the road, chatting but little and yet having fun, I suppose, according to their notions.

Occasionally here and there amid the madding throng we saw a lonely man, not taking active part in the festivities, however, other than to sell nuts, cakes, or temperance beverages of some kind to the dear girls.

One afternoon we drove up with old Franz to a point overlooking the city and valley. And while he pointed out to us the Garden of Eden, the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the spot where Cain killed Abel, the place far away on the other side of the valley where Adam and Eve took up their abode after being driven out of Eden, it required no great stretch of the imagination to believe that here in truth was that historic garden.

The sun was just setting behind the peaks of Anti-Libanus. From the white minarets of the city came the faint sound of the muezzin's voice calling the faithful to prayer, while spread out before us for miles were the famous gardens (the view unobstructed by unsightly

walls) white with the myriad blossoms of countless apricot trees.

The air was heavy with fragrance; everywhere were signs of that luxurious vegetation which has made this valley the garden of the East, famous in song and story for over four thousand years; and as we gazed upon the fascinating picture, we forgot all else save its wondrous loveliness.

“The view of Damascus from the crest of Anti-Libanus is scarcely surpassed in the world. The elevation is about five hundred feet above the city, which is nearly two miles distant. Tapering minarets and swelling domes tipped with golden crescents rise above the white terraced roofs; while in some places their glittering tops appear among the green foliage of the gardens. In the centre of the city stands the Great Mosque, and near it are the gray battlements of the old Castle. Away to the south the eye follows a long suburb, while below the ridge on which we stand is the Merj, the Ajer Damascenus of early travellers—a green meadow extending along the river from the mouth of the ravine to the city.

“The gardens and orchards which have been so long and justly celebrated encompass the

whole city, sweeping the base of the bleak hills like a sea of verdure, and covering an area more than thirty miles in circuit. The varied tints of the foliage greatly enhance the beauty of the picture."

Old Franz summed up the situation pretty well when he said: "I do not know, by myself, that this was the Garden of Eden, but where can you find a place more beautiful with sunshine and flowers and the charm of eternal spring?"

As we regretfully descended the hill I took a last look at the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. It stands in the garden of one of the Turkish officials (who from all accounts has n't made himself very intimately acquainted with its fruit), and looked to me much like a pine or cedar, evidently an evergreen.

I told Franz that such trees did n't have any fruit in our country, and that I must be excused from accepting the identity of this tree as claimed. He merely answered: "Well, it don't have any fruit now that you can eat, but we don't know what grew on it six thousand years ago!" And speaking of the Turkish officials reminds me of what Pietro told us one day

about them. The Ottoman exchequer is so hopelessly bankrupt that the revenues, if honestly collected, would not suffice for current expenses. This being the case, and acting on the adage that a whole loaf is better than half a loaf, the Turkish officials, in arranging the schedule of salaries, decided to commence at the top of the civil and military list, to be liberal as far as they went, and stop when the money gave out.

The Governor-General, and the Commander-in-Chief of the five corps forming the army of Syria, each has a salary of \$1,000 per month, and they get it. Both of these officials live in Damascus, and as we saw a fine palace which rented for 1,500 francs a year, other necessities being cheap in proportion, they must be able to save about five sixths of their pay.

The brigadier-generals receive \$600 per month; but from this rank down the actual pay decreases in geometrical proportion. The private soldiers have had no pay for over two years.

The captains and lieutenants have pay, nominally, but seldom get it. A favorite method of treating a faithful officer to whom the Sultan is largely in arrears, is to promote him !

The private soldiers, however, are well fed, well clothed, and have comfortable quarters. They are, in fact, far better off without pay than as private citizens, for many of them, as such, would be without food.

The army of Syria and Palestine numbers 25,000 men of all arms, beside 4,000 Bashi-Bazouks.

The garrison of Damascus is chiefly artillery, comprising twelve or fourteen batteries of six pieces each.

We had heard long before we sighted the historic island of Pharos, of the strange visions of Oriental life which the streets of Alexandria would reveal to our bewildered gaze. And though we were bewildered, the presence of railroads, omnibuses, European stores, and French cafés went far toward destroying the illusion.

We had prepared ourselves for true Oriental scenes and people when we entered the fabled precincts of the city of Haroun-al-Raschid; and yet here we beheld asphalt sidewalks and Belgian pavements, electric lights and a general assortment of European swindles shamelessly disguised beneath a red fez and barbarous French.

Orientalism no longer exists, except where brought into the most incongruous juxtaposition with things painfully modern. At least such was our observation.

Imagine nineteenth-century landaus in the historic streets of Damascus; English prints and German china in her bazaars, where for thousands of years the costly curious fabrics of the East were alone wont to be sold, while along her highways throng soldiers in modern uniforms, such as may be seen in the streets of Brussels and Berlin.

At the hotels every thing is modern, mostly French, except the butter, which is doubtless some that Richard the Lion-Hearted sent as a present to Saladin at the conclusion of the Third Crusade, in a last despairing effort to kill the mighty Moslem. At Cairo, at Beyrout, at Constantinople, and at Damascus the *menus* were always in French, nor did we during our entire sojourn in the East have an opportunity to taste of a dish essentially characteristic of Oriental cooking, unless we bought it of some street vendor or in a café.

But in Damascus, and in Damascus alone, we saw, with the possible exception of Bagdad, the most Oriental city in the world.

The streets, the costumes of the people, soldiers excepted, the buildings,—none of them show any of the modifications which inevitably accompany the advent of modern civilization.

The bazaars are not so numerous as those of Cairo, nor so magnificent as those of Constantinople, but they are truly Oriental, and the almost countless centuries which have rolled over them have left them unchanged both in fashion and in form.

I must except one fine modern building which owes its being to the rather questionable enterprise of a governor who was run out of the city not long ago.

This gentleman, who seems to have had some muddled ideas of progress, tried to induce the numerous occupants of a disreputable old barn, or series of barns, which formed the principal bazaar of the city, to consent to the erection of more commodious quarters. True to their traditional bigotry, they refused, to a man, the proposition, and the governor, being pressed for time, just set the bazaars on fire one night. The fire department, consisting of a lot of hand-engines, was promptly on the scene, but his highness had carefully seen to it beforehand that the engines were

filled with kerosene oil in place of water ! It is not necessary to add that the buildings burned, but when the stratagem was discovered afterwards the governor had to flee for his life. He was not "butchered to make a Roman holiday," but he would have been if the losers (no insurance) had ever caught him.

It seemed strange to us that this great city should be connected with the outside world by but one highway, and yet such is the fact.

I cannot say that among the many useful, curious, and ornamental articles we there found for sale we were particularly impressed with any thing save the exquisite silver filigree work.

The silks were far inferior to the famous sashes of Rome ; the inlaid tables of mother-of-pearl were crude in comparison with wonderful woodwork one finds in the Yosemite ; the famous "Damascus blades," alas ! are mostly manufactured in Germany ; and five hundred years have waxed and waned since last the sun looked down upon the renowned potteries where were manufactured the exquisite blue tiles which line the tomb of the princely Saladin.

But the charm of the past is over the city ; the spirit of bygone ages hovers in the very

atmosphere, and each day brought with it some surprise, which was all the more enjoyable because, no matter how diligently we had studied the guide-books, we failed to find any mention of these interesting features.

The more opulent of the Syrians wear long cloaks trimmed with the fur of the red fox.

We saw a number of bazaars where these furs were exposed for sale, and of course we immediately opened negotiations for the purchase of something so distinctly Oriental. But when Franz informed us in a whisper that most of these skins came from America, business at once came to a standstill, and the purchases were never completed.

I have spoken of the veils, always black, worn by the Egyptian ladies. The fair ones of Damascus, however, to make the custom as repulsive as possible, select veils woven in the most elaborate and preposterous flower patterns. And when we met one of these creatures with an enormous yellow daisy covering one eye, while an impossible green rose extended from the tip of the nose around to the southeast corner of the right ear, the effect can be better imagined than described.

Our bibulous companions, Squire DeL. and George H., declared that the red wines of the country, price two francs per bottle, were superior to the best clarets of France. They certainly sampled enough to form a fairly intelligent opinion.

Pietro informed us with commendable frankness, soon after our arrival, that he was not in the country for his health, and while we did not find it out from the size of the hotel bills (Cook & Son settled these), we were a little suspicious that such was the fact, from the prices we paid him for sundry brass articles of Damascene manufacture, selected from the vast stock with which every public place in the hotel was filled. Pietro was a cheerful, plausible chap, keenly alive to the comforts of his guests. A dragoman of twenty years' experience, he knew that Americans were partial to codfish cooked in cream, likewise ham and eggs. And he had them for us, prepared to perfection. It was a master-stroke on the part of good Pietro, and no doubt secured him the sale of sundry brass platters, kettles, lamps, and other commodities, at prices—well, at prices which were satisfactory to himself. But Pietro would allow no one

else to swindle us. He soon learned of our weakness for rugs. "Be sure you buy straight ones," he would say; "have them sent here and spread out on the floor." And after having been deceived a few times by having a very crooked rug thrown, with apparent carelessness, but in reality with consummate skill, across a pile on the floor of some bazaar, we learned that his way was the right way, and thenceforward we followed it.

If the price was exorbitant, after we had secured a reduction of 25 or 50 per cent., he would tell us so, and the bazaar-keepers did not dare to gainsay him. Some of them tried to appear insulted when we asked them to bring their rugs to the hotel for inspection, but we soon found these fellows to be swindlers, and carried our somewhat disastrous patronage to other quarters.

There had not been a caravan from Bagdad for some months prior to our arrival, and the stock of rugs in the city was very low.

I don't suppose it amounted to over ten thousand, but we saw them all at least once, and many of them a dozen times. And when we made our modest selections, after many a serious consultation, which must have con-

veyed to the minds of these simple Syrians that we were all to be drawn and quartered on our return to America, if we brought home any thing not exactly to the taste of the entire party, children included, the commercial community of the ancient city heaved a sigh of relief, as if conscious that a great crisis had been met and safely passed.

Well, one day we searched the bazaars from one end of the town to the other for rugs of a certain size ; large ones, large enough to carpet a good-sized room, and as Franz, in his zeal, had, I suppose, for the purpose of obtaining for us a better assortment, intimated in a general way that this party of wealthy Americans intended to purchase the entire stock then on hand, our way through the bazaars was fairly carpeted with countless rugs, spread out for our inspection, as we passed along.

We selected I do not know how many, and these were all to be carried to the green sward on the bank of the river, opposite the mosque of Tekkeyeh, the next morning, and there spread out, so that the clear light of day might help us detect imposition.

We were on hand at the appointed hour,

and there beheld a curious sight. A couple of acres, I should say, were covered with rugs of all colors, sizes, and qualities.

On the outskirts a small cavalcade of donkeys, used in transporting the carpets from the bazaars, were peacefully dozing; a few attendants were strolling lazily about awaiting our coming, while in the very centre of the largest rug sat the Syrian merchant, in charge of the invoice, indolently smoking his *narghili*, apparently as unmoved by the approaching commotion as were the dozing donkeys.

The rugs were certainly a beautiful lot, artistically arranged too upon the fresh green grass; and so eager were we to close the trade at once for the entire consignment, that it required not only persuasion but almost commands on the part of Franz to prevent our falling into the trap prepared for us with such consummate skill by the wily Moslem. "Now we must bargain." And bargain we did. Never was Franz in better spirits; never did his incomparable talents show off to better advantage. To the feigned imperturbability of the Syrian he opposed an indifference so superb that for a moment we did him the foul wrong to suppose that he was trying to lure

us from the tempting bargain that he might secure it for himself. It was a wordy encounter long drawn out, but with Franz for our champion there could be only one outcome. We secured the coveted rugs, and at Franz' price, which was, of course, our price.

And speaking of rugs reminds me of a joke which the wily old sinner perpetrated on one of our ladies the day we visited the Great Mosque. This enormous structure is carpeted with hundreds, yes, thousands, of rugs, the gifts of devotees, princes, and potentates. They are of all qualities, sizes, colors, and shapes, spread over the marble floor in the wildest confusion, without the slightest attempt at artistic effect ; here a threadbare old ruin, worth perhaps a dollar and a half, side by side with an exquisite specimen from Bokhara or Daghestan, worth five hundred times as much ; the collection, in fact, being almost as much of a curiosity to the average tourist as the interior of the mosque itself. As we slid over these rugs in our gigantic sacred slippers, which, being put on over our shoes, were large enough for the average Chicago girl, old Franz came skating up to one of the party, and said : " You see the many, many

rugs upon the floor? They are being sent here all the time, more than can ever be used, and it is a rule to give one to every party that visits the mosque."

Well, here was an opportunity for a "bargain" such as we had not deemed possible even in our wildest dreams. Antiquity, historical associations, tradition, at once ceased to be of interest. The lady addressed was soon separated from the rest of the party, eyes intent upon the floor; evidently fearful that the custom might suddenly be changed before a selection could be made. A rug was speedily chosen; Franz dragged it to the spot, and not until the old sinner's features relaxed from their devotional sombreness into the wickedest sort of a grin, did the unwelcome truth force itself upon us that we had been egregiously sold.

CHAPTER XX.

DAMASCUS (*Concluded*).

OUR experience in dispatching our purchases to America may be of value to future relic hunters. There is one firm in Damascus, Lutike & Co., who will pack, ship, and deliver to any part of the world any articles which one may consign to their care.

It would seem to be an easy matter to pack and ship goods only to be opened at destination. But such is not the case. Every thing sent out of a Turkish port is subject to an export duty, nominally governed by a tariff, but in reality subject to the fancy, necessity, or rapacity of the official in charge. And as necessity knows no law, I am informed that it is by no means an uncommon thing for the custom-house officer, when the goods are not in the immediate charge of some one conversant with the free and easy morality of these much-maligned watch-dogs of the treas-

ury, to make such selections as may suit his fancy, and keep them for the adornment of his humble Oriental home.

Lutike & Co., who are shippers of enormous quantities of native products, chiefly wool, understand perfectly the "peculiarities" of these people, and seem to know exactly how much it will require to pass an invoice of any kind.

This amount they invariably pay in cash without being subjected to the annoyance of an examination. Of course the money never goes beyond the official who receives it, but of the invoice, nothing is "confiscated"; I believe that is what they call it.

Our experience with this firm was eminently satisfactory. And although they doubtless thought when packing our plunder that our selections had been made with the view of amusing the inmates of some lunatic asylum in the United States, they treated us with as much consideration as if we had actually purchased something worth sending away.

There are some bazaars where English prints and cottons are sold exclusively, and in these were always to be found many Damascene women, buying foreign goods at ex-

orbitant prices, I doubt not, simply because they *were* foreign ; just as we were doing in perhaps the very next bazaar. Human nature is pretty much the same the world over.

There is one bazaar that rejoices in the very undignified but decidedly expressive name of the "Louse Bazaar." It contains the most marvellous conglomeration one can imagine. Every article second-hand, and every article inhabited ; they all looked so, anyhow. The name kept our ladies at a respectful distance, but Squire D. and I strayed through it, and nothing save consideration for our friends prevented us from making extensive purchases of veritable antiquities ; for prices were certainly marvellously low in comparison to those current elsewhere. When it was discovered at night where we had been, we were promptly quarantined until a careful and thorough examination (with a fine tooth comb) demonstrated the fact that we were safe associates for civilized people.

We drove down to the cemetery one day to see the tomb of Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, who was, or was not, the ancestor of the Arab dynasty of Fatimites that cut such a figure in Egypt and Syria for a couple of cen-

turies ; historians seeming to be a little muddled as to whether the Fatimites were her descendants, or those of a Jew who lived at Fez. It was quite a long ride down the well (and only) paved street in the city, among the grain bazaars, and out through the Gate of God. On this occasion we were under the care of that mild-mannered fraud, Patient. And on this day we discovered to our sorrow that Patient was considerable of a liar. He showed us a pretentious tomb, and said : " Here is buried Fatima, daughter of Mohammed." We were impressed. But on a closer inspection we noticed in the same enclosure several graves of very recent construction. Having an ill-defined idea that all of Fatima's immediate descendants had been dead for several years, we asked Patient who these recent additions could be. After carefully perusing the fish-hooks on the newest tombstone, he informed us that it was a child of the Governor. " Any relation of Fatima ? " " Must be." " Guess not," said Geo. H., " Fatima has been dead over one thousand two hundred years." Our confidence in Patient began to totter. " Read us the inscription on Fatima's tomb." Another inspection of the fish-hooks : " Well,

this is n't the tomb of Fatima ; it is the grave of a horse-dealer."

Patient, the unblushing fraud, had probably never before heard of Fatima ; neither had the majority of the crowd (to tell the truth) until that day.

The inscriptions on many of the tombs are very poetic ; here is one : " Our journey in this life is for nothing, therefore it is better to yield to what God wishes, and in this way every man should pursue his course, and know that this is the will of God to every creature."

And this one : " On the tomb of Michael the tears are flowing, and his tomb by these tears is watered. He was as a fresh branch in the garden, and a full moon among the stars. Oh, family of Michael, be patient rather than weep ; your brother, with God is at rest. He was called December, 1885."

We were in Damascus on a sort of Mussulman Palm-Sunday. Everywhere in the streets were vendors of branches of some semi-ever-green shrub, and these, we learned, were used for decorations in the cemetery that day. It was the day of our expedition in search of the tomb of Fatima ; and the tombs and graves of the followers of the Prophet had somewhat the

appearance of our own cemeteries on Decoration Day. Although the graves and tombs never receive any thing in the nature of repairs or attention further than this decoration, the friends and relatives of the deceased seem to have retained from remote Egyptian antiquity the custom of visiting the cemeteries and enjoying themselves, in funereal pic-nics, as it were. The idea of "funeral baked meats," I imagine, runs far back into the past, and cannot be claimed as a modern custom. We saw old men and maidens, young men and children, scattered here and there among the graves, some under tents and awnings, others grouped about one of their number, who seemed to be relating some legend, possibly instructing the others in passages from the Koran. And along the street close by rolled the busy throng, seemingly oblivious to the fact that soon they would be occupants of this peaceful city of the dead.

On Friday, as we gathered in the parlor (our custom always in the evening) to have a last talk over our visit before a part of our friends started back to Beyrout on their way to Jaffa, Mr. Geo. C. arose and said: "Col. Reeve, the pleasant journey we have taken

together through so many lands ends here to-night. We part from you and Mrs. Reeve deeply regretting that you cannot make the trip with us through the Holy Land. But before we leave you I have been requested by your friends to present you with these tokens of our kindest regards, as manifesting our appreciation of the efforts you have made in our behalf that our journeyings thus far might be pleasant. Believe me that we shall always remember with feelings of keenest satisfaction the charming features of the trip, remarkable in many particulars, but in nothing more memorable than in this, that during so many weeks, in circumstances peculiar, oftentimes trying, our intercourse has not been marred by a single unpleasant incident."

To say that I was surprised, but feebly expresses my feelings; to assert that I was gratified beyond measure, conveys but a faint idea of my emotions. I tried to make some response, but could only express my thanks in the same blundering way a school-boy speaks his first piece.

The "slight token" was a most exquisite set of coffee-cup holders, with a tray for each one, made of the far-famed Damascene silver filigree work.

We passed a happy evening, and, although we knew that we should meet again at Beyrout for a few hours, our farewells, ere we separated for the night (the others were to start early the following morning), had a deeper tinge of sadness than any of us cared to admit.

I have strolled through the streets of gay Paris, and thought that here at least one could be happy forever; I have turned my back regretfully on the capital of the Montezumas, for many days thereafter longing for its music and sunshine and flowers; I have dreamed away existence amid the marvellous scenery of the Yosemite, and felt that no spot on earth could be more charming; but never in my life have I experienced a sentiment so nearly akin to heartfelt sorrow as when, in the starlight of that early Sunday morning, whose quiet was broken only by the murmuring of the rushing waters of the Abana, I bade farewell to old Damascus—forever.

I do not know that I am much wiser for my visit. I do not know that my opportunities were improved as they should have been. But I enjoyed every minute.

Perhaps it was the perfect rest; perhaps

the feeling that I was predisposed to be charmed ; possibly a good hotel and manifold comforts went to make up the tale ; certainly the unexpected and undeserved consideration of my friends would make an oasis of the desert. Be the cause what it may, I look back to those days as simply perfect in the pleasure which each hour brought. I bid farewell to Damascus, impressed that the glowing tribute, paid her by one of our own countrymen, is as fitting as it is beautiful :

“ Leave the matters written of in the first eleven chapters of the Old Testament out, and no recorded event has occurred in the world but Damascus was in existence to receive the news of it. Go back as far as you will into the vague past, and there was always a Damascus. In the writings of every century, for more than four thousand years, her name has been mentioned and her praises sung. To Damascus years are only moments, decades are only flitting trifles of time. She measures time, not by days and months and years, but by the empires she has seen rise and prosper and crumble to ruin. She is a type of immortality. She saw the foundations of Baalbec and Thebes and Ephesus laid ; she saw these

villages grow into mighty cities, and amaze the world with their grandeur—and she has lived to see them desolate and deserted and given over to the owls and the bats. She saw the Israelitish empire exalted—and she saw it annihilated. She saw Greece rise and flourish two thousand years—and die. In her old age she saw Rome built, she saw it overshadow the world with its power, she saw it perish. The few hundreds of years of Genoese and Venetian might and splendor were to grave old Damascus only a trifling scintillation, hardly worth remembering. Damascus has seen all that has ever occurred on earth, and still she lives. She has looked upon the dry bones of a thousand empires, and will see the tombs of a thousand more before she dies. Though another claims the name, old Damascus is by right the eternal city."

CHAPTER XXI.

BEYROUT, ST. GEORGE, AND THE DOG RIVER.

OUR trip back to Beyrout was without special feature. We found our friends at the Hotel d'Orient, expecting to start the next evening for Jaffa, and, although we had been separated from them but two days, so lonesome were we that Agrippa was not more nearly persuaded to be a Christian than were we to take the "back track" with them. Monday was their golden opportunity—and they missed it.

Tuesday we were delightfully entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, who completely won our hearts by their princely hospitality.

Our steamer going north was due Wednesday, and, as usual with the Austrian Lloyds, was a day late. The south-bound vessel was on time Wednesday, and the wind blowing great guns. It would be folly to start, so every one said, with the expectation

of landing at Jaffa. Our gratification was intense when, after hours of prayerful consideration, the Holy Land trip was abandoned.

I have said that the Oriental houses we had seen were practically devoid of any of the comforts which wealth is supposed to bring. But we saw one house which gave us a very different notion of Oriental luxury. It belonged to a Russian count, who generally spends a part of the spring and early summer in Beyrout. Without entering into any extended account, I will only say that the dozen apartments on the main floor were furnished with an array of rugs so lavish as to be almost bewildering; walls and floors, divans, tables, and chairs covered with them. The decorations were in excellent taste, the furniture of rare richness, without being gaudy; fountains and mirrors, beautiful vases and pictures everywhere; the entire dwelling, so far as we saw it, being pervaded with an air of refined luxury, all the more enchanting because it was so utterly at variance with all the stilted splendor we had hitherto seen.

Not the least pleasant feature of our stay in Beyrout was the excursion to the Dog River; a beautiful drive, partly through or-

chards and mulberry groves, partly along the beach.

This was the first opportunity we had had to observe the Syrian peasants closely, and their appearance and surroundings were in marked contrast to that of the Egyptians.

Physically they are much more prepossessing, and show but little of that crushed, despairing appearance which the bitter struggle for existence so early stamps upon the features of the Egyptian fellaheen. They wear better clothes (and more of them), are better fed, and while they doubtless are cruelly taxed, they seem cheerful and happy.

Then, too, they had fat, good-looking horses and mules, and wagons too, instead of the sorry carts we saw in Egypt.

They live in substantial houses, dirty enough inside I expect, but houses, nevertheless, not hovels. Many of these had gardens surrounding them, with here and there flowers blooming beneath the windows or clustering about the doors. We passed numerous khans, or inns, where the native travellers seemed to be regaling themselves with some kind of harmless drink, and smoking cigarettes or *narghilis*. The land is no better cultivated than in Egypt

—I doubt if that is possible,—but the variety of products bespeaks a more advanced knowledge of agriculture.

Not only are the Syrian men fine specimens physically, but they are brave—none more so; and they would be intelligent if they had half a chance. I cannot say that we everywhere saw such signs of thrift. And I presume that the practical protectorate of the Great Powers over the Beyrout district has much to do with its present prosperity. We met a few beggars on the way down, but their hearts were not in their business, for they seemed utterly indifferent as to whether or no we gave them any thing.

In the outskirts of the city we passed the famous spot where St. George slew the dragon.

Having at infinite trouble looked up the legend, I give it here in the hope that it may save some one the fruitless quest for information on the spot, for no one in Beyrout seemed to know who St. George was, or who the dragon was, or how England succeeded in getting a mortgage on both so very many years ago.

It seems that St. George was a gentleman of leisure residing in Silene, a town of Libya, having removed thither from Cappadocia.

The legend says that near this town was a pond in which lived a most terrible monster, general dimensions and characteristics not given. His chief weapon of destruction was his deadly breath. This was doubtless caused by the leeks of Libya. The king of the country had on numerous occasions sent out an army to destroy him, but without avail.

Becoming tired of onions, the dragon visited the city one day in search of a meat diet, but so terrible was his breath that the inhabitants whom he chanced to meet were poisoned and fell down dead before him. Somehow a compromise was effected, and the dragon agreed to stay at home and keep his breath with him provided he was supplied with two sheep each day. All went berry as a marriage mell until the supply of sheep was exhausted, and then as the result of a new deal, the dragon changed his diet to one human being and one horse or cow a day. There seems to have been no very determined opposition to this policy until the lot of sacrifice fell on the king's only daughter. Then there was music by the full band. The king swore by all the bogus jewels of his crown that the maiden should not be eaten.

But the people besieged the palace with wild shouts, crying out: "Why do you sacrifice your subjects to your daughter? We are all dying before the breath of this monster." The king yielded, clothed the girl in royal robes, and, king-like, sent her forth to her death, while he stayed at home to have a little fun with the boys.

As the weeping maiden was wending her way sorrowfully towards the lake, who should she chance to meet but George, riding along as unconcerned as if there was no man-eating monster in all Libya. "Whither away, pretty gazelle, and why so sorrowful?" said Georgie. "Behold in me the dragon's choicest breakfast morsel," sobbed the maiden. "Holy smoke!" shouted G., "I guess not; for I'll give his nibs the liveliest ante-prandial bout he has had for lo these many days." Scarce had he spoken the words, when with a mighty roar the dragon was upon them. But George was on deck and no mistake. A single thrust of his spear and the dragon was pinned to the earth, not much injured, but simply spitted. With a knightly bow, turning to the princess, S. G. said: "Lovely creature, deign to loose from that shapely waist thy silken girdle, and

pass it round the neck of this frightful monster. Fear naught, for in sooth he is harmless as a cooing dove." Raising her eyes, soft and liquid (like ham gravy), to the radiant features of the knight, the princess obeyed his strange behest, and together the twain returned to the city, the dragon following docile as a little lamb. Dismayed and terror-stricken the people fled before the strangely assorted trio, but St. George said: "*Restez tranqui!, veni-vidi-vici.*" See how quiet he is."

Then to the dragon, who had lain down on the pavement to seize a little much needed repose, he said, giving a yank with the girdle, "Come along, Fido."

Thus they sought the king.

And St. George told the king that the Lord had sent him to deliver them from the dragon. So the king and all his people were baptized, and then Georgie-Porgie smote off the dragon's head.

We gathered a few scarlet poppies—the fields were ablaze with them—from the crumbling ruins of the old secret passage or sewer, or whatever else it was, and then drove on to have our interest actually awakened by the sight of the modern works from which the

city gets its supply of water. It was built and is operated by an American.

And, by the way, Beyrout is quite an enterprising place. The streets are mostly clean and well paved; the houses generally have a substantial appearance, many of them are very pleasing to the eye, and the victorias are the newest and nicest of any to be found in the East.

To be sure the custom-house regulations are villainous, the officials a set of robbers, and the hotels very bad, but then the same is true of many a more civilized place.

About seven miles above Beyrout the road comes out on to the beach, from which may be seen the city, rising picturesquely to the south, while to the north the mountains, coming down abruptly to the sea, seem to render farther progress impossible. And at this point begins the famous road, commenced, as the Latin inscription on the rock just opposite the bad little café informs us, about the year 177 A.D. by order of the Emperor, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, who is here called Germanicus. I am disposed to think that the road was used long before his time, as the famous sculptures all face the sea, and from their relative position

to each other seem to have fronted originally on some great highway. There are nine of these sculptures, each graven on a panel, a little smaller than an ordinary house door, cut in the face of the mountain. Three of them are Egyptian, and the other six are alleged to be Assyrian. The hieroglyphics of the former are tolerably legible, and these record the fact that one is dedicated to Ptah, another to Ra, while the third gives an account of some of the mighty deeds of Rameses II.

The inscriptions on the six others, if they ever contained any, are almost entirely obliterated. In fact, I was only able to trace the outline of the well-known Assyrian figure on part of them. As my knowledge of writing as practised in the days of Sennacherib is somewhat faulty, I concluded that what appeared to me as the marks on the rocks, worn by centuries of dripping from above, might possibly be Assyrian characters. I am told that these sculptures have been the subject of discussions most learned by Robinson and others, probably Brown and Jones. If any of them are the work of Sennacherib it is pretty certain they date from the year 701 B.C., when that monarch invaded Syria and Palestine; for, if I remem-

ber correctly, after the close of that ill-fated expedition, he was n't tarrying by the wayside to do any stone-cutting. Whatever the origin of these pictures, isolated as they are, hundreds of miles from any other monuments erected by these great conquerors, they are specially impressive as showing the tremendous distances travelled by the mighty ones of antiquity in search of new worlds to subdue.

I find the following interesting note in one of the guide-books: "There have recently been discovered at Balawat, in Mesopotamia, two large portals containing in bas-relief a description of the conquests of Sennacherib, and one of these bas-reliefs represents the Assyrian conqueror halting at the Dog River to erect the monument of his victories which has been here preserved to us."

The road beneath the sculptured rocks here reminds one forcibly of portions of the road from Nice to Monte Carlo, washed by the same blue waters so many hundred miles away.

But nowhere does the latter road in its entire length along the Riviera cross a gorge so wildly beautiful as that through which the Dog River comes tumbling into the sea.

Small wonder that Rameses and Sennacherib, Germanicus and Napoleon, following one another past this romantic spot, centuries separating them, yet all filled with the thirst of conquest, that passion of the human heart which countless centuries can never eradicate, impelling each one in his turn, forgetting for the moment his own importance in contemplation of the Supreme Being, the evidences of whose handiwork were about on every side, and haunted by that spectre, the "Fear of Oblivion," which has stood, and will stand, beside the great ones of earth till time shall be no more, should have inscribed upon these living rocks, which would forever look out upon the sea, somewhat of their story and achievements.

It was a pity that we had not taken an entire day, that we might have explored the wild beauties of the glen.

We were obliged, however, after a most interesting inspection of the inscriptions, to regale ourselves with a very small cup of coffee at a very large price, and start for home.

I say "obliged," because all the hack-drivers seem to be "cahoots" with the café-keepers.

No matter where you go, or at what time, if you get out of your carriage, you are pretty sure to be assaulted by some one with a battery of coffee-cups loaded with very bad Turkish coffee. We found, by experience, that whether we took one cup or four, the price was always the same, five cents a person ; an exorbitant charge, quantity and quality considered.

I imagine the grounds in the coffee at Dog River have done duty for excursionists ever since the day of Rameses, for the frugal Syrian housewife certainly set away the cups we had used, grounds and all, without the formality of washing.

The Dog River (Nahr-el-Kelb) rises in the Sannin, and is a considerable stream. The name is said to have originated in a legend which relates that thousands of years ago the genius of the place fashioned one of the rocks into the semblance of a gigantic dog, whose duty it was to watch over the river and shore, and whenever an enemy appeared, to sound an alarm by barking.

The legend does not inform us who the alarm was intended to arouse, for aside from the old apple-woman who vends the villainous

coffee, I don't believe any other creature has ever resided within hailing or howling distance of the river. About those sculptures which have so perplexed Brown, Jones, and Robinson, I think that much light might be thrown upon the subject if they could only be inspected by the female members of Emma Abbott's Opera Company as they appeared in "Semiramide"; for they certainly were old enough to have been contemporaneous with the famous Assyrian queen, and are doubtless well versed in the lore of that somewhat distant period.

CHAPTER XXII.

CYPRUS, RHODES, AND THE ÆGEAN ISLANDS.

THURSDAY morning dawned cloudy and windy. And now came our first real trouble. The *Venus* was crowded; and for the seven who had been planning the Holy-Land trip, but two places remained untaken on the ship!

After numerous consultations, two journeys to the steamer "to see how things looked," four visits to the Company's office to see if an addition could n't be built to the craft, or some other mode of relief suggested, it was finally decided to "chance" it. Three were stowed away in the second cabin, and two hired the second officer's stateroom at a sum equal to what the company paid him for a month's services!

These were princely apartments compared with those secured by a young Englishman and his bride. They had "numbers 3 and 4 in a stateroom together." But when they

arrived on board and found "numbers 3 and 4" were in the *bath-room* they were simply paralyzed.

I wish I could be as unconcerned, ever, as the purser was when the infuriated groom wanted to know what this meant and what the company proposed to do. In broken English he was told that they had evidently marked the diagrams of some other steamer at the office, but he did n't propose to do any thing. The fond couple could do one of three things: sleep in the bath-tub, camp out in the cabin, or wait for the next steamer!

How the wind did blow that night, although the weather was clear! And how the throng on the deck did thin out, driven below by the cold wind, nominally, but in reality by that deadly sensation once experienced, never forgotten!

How bravely I sat on deck until every one else had gone—not daring to move; until, nearly frozen, I plunged down the companion-way and into my berth without going through the formality of undressing!

But the dreadful night came to an end, and morning found us riding at anchor off the island of Cyprus. Although the sea was tempestuous, we decided to go on shore.

The island, which now contains about 200,000 souls, originally numbered ten times as many. What they could have done is a mystery to me, for if any greater number than at present were ever engaged in the manufacture of wine, for which the island in some unaccountable way seems to have been famous, they would certainly have drawn down on their devoted heads the just vengeance of all the surrounding nations who happened to have imbibed the vile compound. The grapes are said to be magnificent, and here the Madeira vine was first propagated. But the wine contains a very strong infusion of tar, said to come from the coating of the vessels in which it is kept, and consequently the taste is terrible (copyright).

Perhaps the island derives its name from "*κὺπρος*," (Greek,) "copper," excellent mines of which were worked by the ancients; possibly from the shrub "*κὺπρος*," the modern "henna": "You pays your money and takes your choice."

On the coast of the island, off Paphos, is the mythological spot where Venus is said to have sprung from the foam of the sea; and every year some kind of a festival is there held in commemoration of the event.

History tells us that it used to be famous for its great wealth, its wonderful armor (a suit of which "Demetrius the Sacker of Cities" wore at the siege of Rhodes, which he did n't capture), its vast commerce, its valiant armies, its great advancement in the arts and sciences.

This may all have been, but after we had landed, and waited at a little Greek restaurant in the capital city of Larnica, one hour and a quarter for a very modest breakfast of ham and eggs, at a very large price, I am skeptical in regard to all these former glories.

Our hunger but illy appeased, we strolled through the town and tried to buy some antiquities of doubtful authenticity.

Richard the Lion-hearted once captured the island because the people had insulted his fair-haired beautiful queen, Berengaria; made her a present of some wine, doubtless, but he soon tired of the dubious title of "King of Cyprus," and turned the island over, wine and all, to Guy de Lusignan.

Some scholars have argued most learnedly to prove that the island is mentioned somewhere in the Bible, but I don't see that it makes much difference whether it is or not.

The English now practically own Cyprus,

but have agreed to give it back to Turkey when Russia restores certain portions of Armenia to the Sublime Porte, a contingency about as likely to happen as is a certain warm locality, of which we have often heard but do not care to visit, likely to freeze over.

By far the most interesting thing concerning Cyprus to me is the magnificent collection of antiquities made by General Cesnola.

As this is on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, where it can be seen without the trouble or expense of a trip to the island, my advice to travellers is to give Cyprus no more time than the few hours during which the steamer lies at anchor in the roadstead of Larnica.

In the Greek church of St. Lazarus we were shown the tomb of the brother of Mary and Martha. At Marseilles we were told that Lazarus was not buried at Larnica; that he merely died there, and his remains were entombed at Marseilles; while still others claim that he did n't die at Larnica, was n't buried at Marseilles, but ended his life at some point in Northern France.

As the Bible makes no mention of Lazarus after the time of his resurrection, my opinion

is entitled to as much credence as that of any other ignoramus, and I contend that if he ever visited Larnica and stayed overnight he *did* die there—starved to death.

The town is appropriately named—"Larnax" signifying "coffin," for it is about the dearest place I ever saw. I went to the post-office to buy some stamps, and was informed that the postmaster had been there the day before, and would n't be in again for a week. He had probably gone to the interior in search of something to eat.

In the village of Kiti, about six miles from Larnica, is said to be a fine Greek Church containing a magnificent *iconostatis*. I had never met an *iconostatis*; nobody on the ship or in the town seemed to know what it was, and feeling convinced it could not be an article of food, while possibly it might be an infernal machine, I decided not to put my life at hazard by going to look at it.

About four o'clock we started, the wind blowing almost a gale, the *Venus* pitching fearfully, the screw revolving in the air half the time with a velocity which threatened to tear the machinery to pieces. At eleven o'clock the engines suddenly stopped, and we could

feel the ship fall off till she lay helpless in the trough of the sea.

I cannot describe the dreadful sensation which at sea instantly flashes over one with the knowledge that something is wrong, nor do I think one ever feels his own utter helplessness and insignificance so overpoweringly as during a storm on the great deep. I listened breathlessly for the terrible cry of fire, or the hasty warning to get up and dress. As neither came, I concluded the accident could not be very serious. However, Squire D. and I dressed hastily and went on deck, where we found that the crew had hoisted the foresail and jib, and the vessel, being hove to, was more steady. The captain was peacefully smoking. He informed us that a small steam-pipe had given out, but would be repaired shortly.

We superintended the repairs through the skylight, and, when all was right, turned in again, feeling, not without reason, that our friends had cause to be thankful for our vigilance. All the next day the wind blew a gale, but the following morning we anchored in the placid waters off Rhodes, and, though we knew it not, our troubles by sea were at an end.

The island of Rhodes is interesting chiefly on account of the very important part it has played in history for so many centuries. We were much interested in those relics of mediæval times, when the famous Knights of St. John made this their home, and from Rhodes as a base conducted those predatory excursions which finally brought down upon them the vengeance of the Turks, and ended in their ruin.

They were a doughty band of freebooters, in sooth, maintaining a most precarious existence here in the East, far from their native land.

And they were doubtless guilty of many an act of cruelty and outrage. But as we wandered up the Street of the Knights, and saw embedded in the walls to the right and to the left the marble slabs emblazoned with the armorial bearings of many of the most distinguished houses of mediæval Europe, we could not but admire the wonderful courage and wild spirit of adventure which animated these warriors when leaving their pleasant princely possessions for a dangerous foothold on this rugged island.

But the day of reckoning came at last, and notwithstanding an heroic defence which has few parallels in the history of the world for

dauntless bravery, conquered by hunger, defeated but not disgraced, they embarked on board their ships and sailed away to Malta, with their spirits unbroken, their arms unsullied, and their courage as lofty and invincible as ever. Ruined walls and mighty fortresses, with here and there some fragments which still retain, after three hundred and seventy-five years, the imprints of former magnificence, tell the straggling traveller of to-day who visits this desolate place, of the times when mailed sentries paced these bastions, ever watchful for the return of the fleet galleys laden with the spoils of many a captured town; of the days when the paved streets re-echoed sharply with the clang of armed heels, and everywhere was heard the tinkling of golden spurs.

In my ardent search after knowledge I determined, if possible, to ascertain the origin of the name of each island and country we visited. But I stopped when we struck Rhodes. Some authorities claim the origin of the name in the Greek "*ῥόδον*," "a rose," and point to the rose upon the reverse of the ancient coins. Ritter maintains that this flower is not a rose, but a lotus. Another authority says the name

is of Phœnician origin and signifies "snake"—"snake island." While still another, the most pleasing of all, says the name is derived from Rhodus, the daughter of Neptune, who was here wedded by the Sun !

I have had such difficulty in ascertaining any facts regarding the Colossus that the little I have learned may be news to some.

It was a statue of Helios (the Sun or Apollo), erected 300 B.C., and was the work of Chares, a pupil of Lysippus, who labored on it twelve years. It was made of brass, 105 Grecian feet in height, cast hollow, the cavities filled with large stones to keep it steady on its pedestal. The face must have been very beautiful, as it is said to have been the same as one sees upon the ancient coins. Few persons could span the thumb with their arms extended, and each finger was larger than an ordinary statue. Within was a winding staircase extending to the top of the head, from whence Syria could be seen as well as the fleets returning from many a foreign shore.

It cost upwards of \$300,000, an enormous sum for those times, and weighed in the neighborhood of 750,000 pounds.

It is not known whence arose the belief that

it stood with legs extended, one foot resting on either side of the entrance to the harbor, but as the feet could not have been over seventeen yards apart, and the entrance to the harbor was and is over three hundred feet wide, the only probable fact as to its position is that it may have stood at the entrance to the inner harbor.

The money with which it was built came from the sale of the military engines which Demetrius Poliorcetes used when he besieged Rhodes, and which he gave to the Rhodians for their gallant defence of the city.

It stood but fifty-six years before it was thrown down by an earthquake, and although many liberal contributions were sent from various friendly powers for the purpose of repairing it, the thrifty Rhodians declared that the oracle at Delphi had forbidden them to raise it again, but had not forbidden them to keep the money—which they did. Pliny says there were a hundred other colossi in various parts of the city.

Turkish rule here as elsewhere bears its inevitable fruits—ignorance, superstition, degradation, misery. And the only gleam in the dark picture is the refusal of the Porte to

allow the graven tablets, melancholy souvenirs of former princely owners, to be removed from the walls and carried off by vandals and relic hunters.

There is some sort of a prison here, and the prisoners, poor fellows, amuse themselves making of olive, lemon, and orange woods, match-boxes, cigarette-cases, and canes, which are sold on the steamer for little or nothing. They are more curious than beautiful, but serve very well as mementos. The island suffers greatly from earthquakes, and the many arches thrown across the streets to prevent the buildings from being shaken down add much to the picturesqueness of the place.

In many of the houses the curious pavements, wrought in various designs of small, smooth white and black stones, are preserved intact. It was a novel sight, these mosaics in the second stories, imparting, as they did, an air of stability to the houses quite at variance with the exteriors.

We were told that a trip through the island would be "interesting"; probably to the people among whom, in that event, we would spend our money. The island is, for the most part, uncultivated, the scenery rugged,

and although the soil with proper tillage would, in places, produce abundantly, the people seem to care only to get enough to eat and drink.

The Rhodian "hindos," or plates, of which we had heard so much, are about the most grotesquely ugly things in the shape of crockery it has ever been my misfortune to see. The manufacture of these plates is said to have been introduced at some unknown period of the middle ages by refugees from Persia. If they were n't driven out of Persia for making these hideous things there they ought to have been. They (the plates, not the refugees) seem to be a cross between those dreadful majolica platters so fashionable a few years ago, and an American amateur's first attempt at China decoration. The prices asked for them are simply preposterous, but, like every thing else, no matter what the the price, they seem to "go" with the average tourist.

The peasants are said to be so extremely hospitable that they never take pay for any refreshments. I did not see any of these strange beings, but I am told that a wealthy syndicate of English capitalists have formed a trust to buy them all up for the purpose

of exhibiting them in the United States. Any thing in the shape of a human being from Paris to the Pyramids who won't take from a traveller all he can get his hands on, will be a greater curiosity than was ever the wonderful Colossus.

The population of the island is about 25,000. After leaving Rhodes the islands are so numerous that nothing short of a hurricane can make the sea sufficiently violent to render travel at all uncomfortable.

First, on the right was pointed out the little island of Syme, famous for its sponge-fisheries. Then to the left we saw the island of Cos, where once was a beautiful city. Here Apelles was born. And in the celebrated temple of Æsculapius outside the walls, filled with many rare and costly art treasures, were two works of the great painter, the Antigonus, and Venus Anadyomene. The latter picture Augustus carried off to Rome and consecrated it to Julius Cæsar, allowing the Coans, in lieu of it, a hundred talents, or about a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, which would be an equivalent of over half a million dollars in our day. Here also lived and flourished Hippocrates, the first physician of antiquity.

Opposite Cos, upon the gulf of the same name, we saw the shores of Caria, where was once the famous city of Halicarnassus.

Here were born Herodotus and Dionysius, and Heraclitus the poet. And here Artemisia erected to the memory of her husband and brother Mausolus, 2,200 years ago, that splendid tomb, one of the seven wonders of the world, called after him the Mausoleum. Broken-hearted she lived to see it completed, and then, with the mournful satisfaction that his name would be famous for all time, she lay down and died.

Then we came to Astypalæa, called by the ancients the "Table of the Gods," because the soil was so fertile, and because wild flowers bloomed everywhere.

The night was bright and beautiful, but no one had sufficient enthusiasm to stay on deck till one o'clock to see the island of Patmos off to the west. There is a monastery here, and the grotto where St. John is supposed to have written the Apocalypse. Early next morning we passed to the west of Samos, in ancient times one of the most famous of the Ionian Isles. Its people were renowned mariners, and its fleet and well-manned galleys decided

many a doubtful contest in the days when Greeks and Persians were struggling for supremacy in these historic waters.

The temple of Juno at Samos, of great antiquity, was, in the days of Strabo, one of the most magnificent in all the East. Within were masterpieces of many celebrated painters, while the outside was adorned with the most beautiful statues that money could purchase or diplomacy secure. The Samoans were no mean engineers, for Herodotus describes a tunnel nearly a mile long, cut through a mountain for the purpose of supplying the city with delicious spring-water. They also had a mole in their harbor a hundred and twenty feet deep and twelve hundred feet long.

At Chios we made our first stop. Murray says that Chios, the ancient Scio, "is the most beautiful, the most fertile, the richest, and the most sorely afflicted island in the Ægean Sea." No opportunity was given us to land, but a few of the natives came aboard with the crudest kind of earthen vases filled with mastic. We had heard of this famous gum, the delight of the Turkish ladies; so we bought some and proceeded to chew. The taste is rather agreeable, but the houris of the harem must

have iron jaws if they can chew it for any length of time. In five minutes it becomes about as hard as vulcanized rubber, in five more it attains the consistency of asphalt pavement, and, when finally "set," it is about like adamant.

The Sultan is a shrewd man to encourage the chewing of mastic, for, after his numerous wives have indulged in this harmless pastime for ten minutes, their jaws are certainly too tired for them to attempt much conversation.

The island has suffered terribly both from earthquakes and invasions, but, as the soil is wonderfully fertile and the inhabitants a superior class of Greeks, it has generally recovered with marvellous rapidity from its dreadful devastations.

The Scian wine, of which both Virgil and Horace speak so frequently, is absolutely a tradition of the past, and it is no mean evidence of the intelligence of the present population that they do not try to "bank" on this venerable reputation of antiquity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SMYRNA AND THE BOSPHORUS.

THE ride from Chios to Smyrna was simply perfect. The day was clear and warm, no wind blowing, and for once the waters of the treacherous Mediterranean looked beautifully blue. The cultivated slopes of the mountain sides were beginning to show signs of spring vegetation, that peculiar and indescribable shade of green which is seen alone in the early spring. A few fishing-boats were drifting about here and there, the sails flapping idly against the masts, while the crews were doubtless praying for that wind whose absence was such a blessing to us. About noon we rounded the cape which forms the southern coast of the Gulf of Smyrna, so near that I feared we would take a slice off it, and entered the broad bay, on the eastern side of which lies the ancient city of Smyrna, extending far up on the hill-side, dimly seen through the warm haze.

The steamer skirts the southern side of the bay on account of the shoals in the centre, I am told. And now occurred an incident like the many which enter into the experience of every traveller, which I may be pardoned for relating, as Smyrna is twenty miles away.

There is always on every steamer at least one person who knows it all, and generally this person is one who has never made the trip before. Steamship travel is not conducive to study, and as it is the rule among travellers to "read up" after they leave a place instead of before arriving, the fellow who has energy enough to post up a little on the sly has a splendid opportunity to air his guide-book information without fear of detection at the time. We had with us a genial doctor from Tennessee who was proof against sea-sickness and an indefatigable sight-seer and student, but, I grieve to say, his information was not always reliable. He was the Ulysses of this ship's company, but there was nothing offensive about his wisdom.

He came on deck as we rounded the cape, fresh from his cabin researches, and delivered himself as follows: "You see that snow-clad peak?" pointing to the northeast; "well, that

is Mount Ararat, seventeen thousand feet high, where Noah's ark rested." This was rather startling, as none of us had ever heard that Mount Ararat was visible from the Mediterranean.

"Is n't that a mistake, Doctor?" I thought Ararat was in Persia, and it must be three hundred miles from here." This brought out the maps of Asia Minor and a few measurements, by which it appeared that Mount Ararat must be seven hundred and fifty miles away, if the maps were correct. But the doctor would not give in. "Probably the maps are not correct; then you see Ararat is a very high mountain." At this George H. got out that stub of a pencil he was always losing, borrowed a piece of paper from some one, and commenced to figure. The result was announced as follows, directed to no one in particular, but it exploded under the doctor, metaphorically, like a charge of dynamite: "Mount Ararat, to be visible at a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles to a person at sea-level, would have to be sixty-five miles high."

We reached Smyrna without further incident or information.

Smyrna was a disappointment in almost every respect excepting the custom-house regulations and the quay, built by the French company. If any thing remains of the ancient city, nothing of interest attaches to it. The tomb of St. Polycarp, a gentleman of whom I had never before heard, is located on one of the hills near by, but we were not looking for tombs during our short stay; bazaars were what we were after.

We went ashore as soon as the steamer came to anchor, hired carriages and drove around the town over the worst pavements I have ever seen. The quarters of the city occupied by different nationalities were pointed out to us—Jewish, Armenian, Greek, and European, — each one less interesting than the preceding, although a glimpse here and there through open doors showed signs of luxury within.

Most of the houses had iron shutters downstairs, except in the European quarter, where we saw many familiar-looking window-blinds.

There are no sidewalks in the city, and the gutter is usually in the middle of the street, economizing space at the cost of comfort. We met many children coming from school, almost all of them bareheaded.

The ladies do their hair up in a classic knot and tie it with gay-colored ribbons, the only thing classic about the town that I could discover. And when we saw a girl leering out of a second-story bay-window, of which there are hundreds in the town, her hair done up in curl-papers, we concluded that civilization was making rapid strides in the East.

The public landaus are new and excellent, and we saw the finest camels we had seen anywhere. They were short-legged, with large bodies well rounded, good heads and faces, and their necks covered with a beautiful coat of fine hair. I was skeptical on the subject of camel's-hair rugs and shawls till I saw these fellows, for there is n't hair enough on all the camels in Egypt to make a wash-rag—I believe in them now.

We saw where the bazaars were. To-morrow we would make our descent on them.

The government palace is a fine modern building, and there are some other creditable public edifices. The most civilized feature about the city, however, consists of a series of improvements made by a French company under a concession from the Sublime Porte some years ago. Formerly the harbor was

only an open roadstead, with no protection to shipping against the west wind, the sea-front of the town being a miserable beach covered with old tumble-down buildings and disreputable resorts for sailors. In an unexpected moment of lucidity the government granted to a French company the exclusive right to construct docks and piers, to build a quay on the town front, and a street railroad. The privilege was to be for fifty years, at the expiration of which term the grant and improvements revert to the government. The work was done as Frenchmen generally do such work, and enough reclaimed land sold along the front to more than pay the entire cost.

The finest residences of the city are on the quay, and every team and person using the pier or wharves pays tribute to these plucky Frenchmen, who came to this far distant land and discovered here the veritable golden fleece.

When we finished our dinner we decided to revisit the town and see some of its wicked features, for we had heard much of the cafés, with their good music and pretty girls. We wandered up and down the quay from eight till about nine o'clock, waiting for the shows to commence. At the latter hour we came to anchor

in the gorgeous hall of the "Odeon," and in company with a few other mournful-looking pleasure-seekers, waited for the wickedness to show itself. The orchestra, twenty pieces, consisted mainly of young ladies, who played indifferently well for a few minutes at a time, then spent half an hour or so, between pieces, sauntering around among the lonely guests trying to drum up business for the bar, called by courtesy the "wine room!" We ordered coffee some, and some beer, assaulted the young lady of Bohemian extraction who waited upon us with a volley of villainous French, wondering when the show was to commence. After waiting for an hour or so and ordering another "round," we ascertained through the medium of our aforesaid French that there would be no performance that night, beyond the music!

With a feeling of sadness we strayed out into the street, allured hither and thither by the sound of music from many instruments, but nowhere did we see any thing not eminently proper, with not even enough of wickedness about it to make it interesting.

So we started back for the ship. It is necessary every time you land or embark or turn

round at or in a Turkish town, to show your Turkish passport. Ours were in proper form, and yet, when we "tried the narrow pass," we were brought to a standstill. In vain we protested; something evidently was wrong. Finally, we were made to understand that George and I could pass, but Lew must stay. The agonizing scene which would surely be enacted on shipboard should we return without Lew rose instantly before my mind. He must be rescued at all hazards. By dint of a great many gesticulations, comparisons of passports, with such other expedients as suggested themselves for an interview where conversation was barred, we found that Lew's passport did not bear the requisite revenue stamp. We pointed out the place where it had been stuck on as an evidence of its previous use, but in vain; no stamp, no Lew.

I shuddered as I thought of a pair of big blue eyes even then peering over the rail of the quarter-deck in search of Lew; it was already long past his bedtime. Then as by an inspiration I thought of the possibility of the stamp being in his pocket-book. A hasty examination revealed it, having rubbed off; and so our comrade was saved.

Next morning bright and early we were on shore with our guide, ready for an assault on the unsuspecting bazaar-keepers. Bargaining would be an easy matter here, we said, after our apprenticeship in Damascus and Cairo. Smyrna rugs we had heard of often; Smyrna rugs we would buy, and in Smyrna. The rug stores were shown us, and the rugs; quality good, prices exorbitant it seemed to us. We made the usual offer of one half the asking price, whereat the shopkeepers in some cases stared at us without a word, in others they simply giggled, much to our annoyance, for it seemed a little as if they were poking fun at us in a quiet way,—at us who had thoroughly mastered all the intricacies of Oriental commercial intercourse. Well, for all our anxiety, we did n't get a single rug. We tried all the artifices known to us; we recounted our exploits in Cairo and Damascus, and then, as a final argument, we all twelve filed solemnly out, expecting at every step to be called back for further parleying. But the store-keepers simply looked at us in a listless way as we made our most freezing adieux, wondering perhaps from what lunatic asylum we had escaped,—with our offers of \$10.00 for a \$50.00 rug.

We succeeded in picking up a few trinkets and some alleged embroidery of cunning workmanship ; but I shall always believe that, for all our shrewdness, we paid nearly double what every thing was worth, except the figs and raisins. At noon we started for Constantinople, weather beautiful, and the steamer relieved of many passengers who went from Smyrna direct to Athens.

The trip from Smyrna to Ephesus, forty-eight miles, requires half a day by special train ; fare about \$5.00. We wanted to make the excursion, but were fearful of some delay, causing us to lose the steamer.

We stopped about dark at the beautiful little city of Mytilene, on the ancient island of Lesbos, and the C's (excepting the children) and ourselves went ashore. We had two hours and a half, and the captain told us he would blow the whistle fifteen minutes before the steamer started. It was nearly dark when we reached the quay, but we strolled along looking in at the windows of the little shops until we finally came to anchor in a dry-goods store, and naturally relapsed into our interrupted occupation of buying embroidery. Thirty minutes thus elapsed, when suddenly

Mrs. George exclaimed, with a start, "the boy-ees!" We looked around, but not seeing them anywhere, we naturally inquired the cause of the alarm. Well, in a moment of absent-mindedness, it seems, Mrs. George had consented to come away without them. What could she have been thinking of? How could she have been so derelict in her duty towards them? Perhaps at this very moment they were struggling in the chilling waters, having fallen overboard, and she not there either to rescue them or at least to superintend the rescue.

She must return to the steamer immediately. It was pointed out to her, in impeachment of this decision, that we still had two hours to wander about the town, a blessed change from the ship, but she was immovable; the boys needed her, of this she was confident. Taking the most cheerful view of the case, and granting that they were still on the ship, they might have fallen down the hatchway and been seriously injured—you have heard of the futility of reasoning with a woman. Well, we went back to the ship. Every thing seemed to be serene. We mounted the stairway and there were the boys in their usual health amid

the idlers at the gangway ; the maternal anxiety gave vent to the following : " Boy-ees, are you all right ? " Master Henry, hardened doubtless by the oft recurrence of the formula, maintained a scornful silence (he had been very anxious to accompany us), but George, thinking that respect demanded an answer, replied, with the least tinge of sarcasm : " Well, we have managed to hang on to the steamer while you have been away."

We left Mytilene regretfully. It certainly looked like a beautiful spot, very fertile and boasting of many beautiful houses. It is said to contain a Christian population of nearly a hundred thousand, in addition to the small sprinkling of Mohammedans who still live here. Vainly we listened, in the hush of the evening, for some strain of the music which, in the days of Arion and Terpander, Alcæus and Sappho, rendered the island more famous than any in the Archipelago.

The same beautiful weather, and the next morning found us at Tenedos. Of all localities rendered famous by the writings of great authors, no spot on earth can compare with the glamour thrown about the Troad by the peerless power of the " Blind Man of Scio's Rocky

Isle." In the clear light of the early morn we could distinctly see the plains of Troy only a few miles away, with the mound of Ajax rising in the midst. And here was Tenedos, whither the baffled Grecian fleet withdrew to watch the result of their last artifice, that of the wooden horse, the crowning attempt to accomplish by stratagem what they had so signally failed to effect *vi et armis*. It was a noble site for a mighty city, this entrance to the Dardanelles, and so vividly arose before me Homer's pictures of what transpired here, that I could almost fancy I saw the hosts marshalling on the Scamander plain to do battle to-day, as for ten years every day they battled so valiantly. Reluctantly must every student of the classics leave unvisited this charmed locality. As we steamed up the Dardanelles the ride was replete with interest; the history of ages seemed to cluster about this one small portion of the earth's mighty surface. On the right, near the entrance, were the Sigean and Rhœtian promontories, where Homer says the Grecian galleys were drawn up and fortified during the Trojan war; not far from here Sylla and Mithridates patched up a truce; a little farther to the north was the city of Dar-

danus, older even than Troy, founded by Dardanus, the son of Jupiter and Electra. Then we reached the narrowest place, a mile across, both sides bristling with innumerable cannon.

Over this narrow reach of water Xerxes swung his pontoon bridge, while from the high ground in the rear he proudly watched his army pass; here the army of Phillip crossed, under the leadership of Parmenio and Attalus.

Hero swam across at this point, a feat often accomplished since by many swimmers, from Lord Byron down to lusty fellows to fame unknown.

Here, the faithful say, the green banner of Osman was planted by Suleiman in the year 1360.

Beyond, on the Thracian side, was Sestos, once a city of great importance in the hands of the Athenians; opposite, Abydos, a famous city in the time of Philip of Macedon, but rendered immortal in the beautiful poem of Byron; next, we passed the course of the mountain torrent known as the river Granicus, where Alexander, with an army of 35,000, defeated the Persian hosts, who outnumbered him ten to one.

A little farther up, on the other side, is a small stream, *Ægos Potamos*, "Goat River," where the Spartan admiral, Lysander, totally defeated the Athenian fleet in a pitched battle, 405 B.C., which completely destroyed the power of Athens, and resulted in the capture of the city.

As we landed nowhere in the Dardanelles, and as we were spared the infliction of beggars, guides, wandering merchants, and all kindred nuisances, it was delightful to sit undisturbed upon the deck and recall the momentous scenes that had been here enacted. Better the present desolation of the plain of Troy, for instance, uninhabited, where the imagination has at least some opportunity to call back the vanished hosts of "Long-haired Argives," and valiant sons of Ilium, than the howling, fighting mob which surrounded us during our visit to the Pyramids.

That noon we stopped for a few minutes at the military station of the Dardanelles, while one of the officers went through some preposterous formula required by this bigoted government. A venturesome merchant came on board with some of the toughest-looking pottery I ever saw, wrought in the most fan-

tastic shapes of impossible cows and cats. But they "went" with the pilgrims, the endeavor of each being to get something as little repulsive as possible.

That evening we stopped for a short time at the dirty wooden city of Gallipoli, and took on some vegetables and other unimportant freight for Constantinople. The city has about forty thousand inhabitants, mostly Jews of an extremely unenterprising type.

The same night we steamed over the placid waters of the Sea of Marmora.

Our delightful trip, which should have had a glorious climax when we sighted the "gilded domes and lofty minarets" of Constantinople, proved now a dismal disappointment—and lest I should seem prejudiced in what I am about to say regarding Constantinople, I assert that I was predisposed to be delighted with everything I saw. I had accepted, without question, all the glowing accounts of the Golden Horn, and the ancient capital of the proud Byzantine Empire, which so many travellers seem to think it incumbent upon themselves to give to the public. My slight misunderstanding with the Turkish government while at Beyrout did not rankle in my bosom. A raw wind was blow-

ing and it threatened rain. The sun was hidden, and the "gilded domes" consequently failed to flash in the sunlight. The scene as we approached the Golden Horn was certainly very animated; many steamers, great and small; some sailing vessels; many row-boats, some of them the traditional *caïques*, certainly very picturesque, but the majority of them very modern-looking ordinary yawls.

The city has been so often and so vividly described that I will say this, in deference to those who have been so enthusiastic, that in the early summer, when the foliage is fully out, and the air soft and balmy, I can imagine the picture being beautiful, but seen on a raw April day, bereft of the glories of the sunlight, with no sign of verdure save the sombre green of some cypresses on Seraglio Point, especially where one is fresh from the lovely gardens of Damascus, there is little in the scene to awaken enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

WE landed at the French custom-house, so called because it was built by the French. (There are three custom-houses in Constantinople.) After having had our passports *viséd* at the Turkish custom-house, before we were permitted to disembark, at the French custom-house we found our baggage awaiting examination. No matter whether you have merely crossed from one port to another in the Turkish dominions, any articles you have purchased are subject to an export duty of eight per cent., I think, so that, in skirting the coast of Asia Minor as we did, had our baggage been strictly examined at each place we visited, the value of our modest purchases, with duties added, would have been something fabulous by the time we shook the dirt of Constantinople from our shoes. But the law was never enacted to be enforced ; its object simply being

to allow a little wider scope to the legalized robbery of strangers, practised by these fanatics.

We stood ranged around our baggage in a semicircle; out from a little house came two dignified-looking custom-house officers, one of whom pointed out a trunk and told us to open it. While he was handling over the contents in a listless manner, evidently not very zealous in the service of his lord and master, our interpreter was quietly arranging with the other fellow the amount of swag necessary to pass the entire invoice. I never found out exactly what it was, but the money was unblushingly transferred with the smallest possible attempt at concealment, and official number one with a yawn ceased his arduous labors and followed his pal into the ranch to divide, while the transaction was fresh in the minds of both. We were now fairly and freely within the capital of the Ottoman Empire. We got into some very dirty cabs, drove through some very filthy streets, over the worst pavement in the world, saw some mouldy old street-cars painted a dirty dingy green, passed blocks of comparatively modern-looking buildings, mostly brick, such as

one would expect to find in the most disreputable portions of New York or Boston, and commenced the ascent of the hill on which the portion of the city called Pera is situated, the best and most modern quarter. As we neared the top of the hill we saw to our left a cemetery, watched over by stately cypress trees, but pervaded with such an air of desolation and neglect that I seized the first available moment to ascertain somewhat in regard to the treatment of the dead, and their burial. I was told that as soon as any one dies the body is carefully washed, and the nostrils and ears filled with cotton. It is then wrapped in a white cloth, leaving only the face exposed, and taken in a coffin or box to the place of burial. Here it is removed from the box and *rolled into the grave*, where it remains just as it happens to fall; a board is placed over it at an angle, one edge resting on the bottom and the other against the side of the grave; but apart from this the body has no covering whatever to protect it from the earth with which the grave is filled. Many of the tombstones are elaborate and magnificent, being of white marble, gilded or painted, with the name of the deceased and inscriptions from the Koran. Generally a

stone is placed at each end of the grave, and the head-stones of the men are often ornamented with a turban in marble, while those of the women generally terminate in a species of scrollwork, more or less elaborate, according to the rank of the deceased. The entire length of the grave is sometimes covered with an oval mound of marble or masonry. But what struck me as being most curious was the custom of never caring for the graves. No matter what the station of the person, if his tombstone falls down it is never set up again. The surviving relatives sometimes decorate the graves with flowers and even have family gatherings under small tents stretched over the graves, as we saw in Damascus; but it seems to be a part of their superstition to allow the elements to destroy the monuments as the worms destroy the bodies of those they have loved and lost.

We were going to the Hotel d'Angletere, said to be the best in Constantinople; we found it full, but were put into an "annex" run by the same party, who modestly informed us that he was the greatest landlord in Constantinople, and had three hotels.

His prices *seemed* reasonable enough, \$3.00

a day ; but we found to our sorrow that in his frugality he provided only provisions sufficient for six, with which to feed twelve, so that it was a constant fight for five mortal days to get enough to eat. Even then we were obliged to provide our own jam, which formed the staple of each breakfast.

But the city was full of visitors, and I suppose we should have been thankful for a place to lay our heads. We learned from friends who had arrived before us, that on this particular day the Sultan's treasures, and the great palace of Dolma-Bagtché were to be exhibited for the last time this year, for the modest sum of ten francs a head, usual price twenty-five francs. The party was large, hence the reduction. We ate a frugal breakfast—all our meals at the Grand Hotel d'Europe were frugal,—hired very nice carriages with liveried coachmen at fifteen francs for the afternoon, and, in company with *thirteen* other carriage-loads, started for Seraglio Point, where the treasury is located. We crossed the Golden Horn by the new bridge to the old quarter of the city called Stamboul.

The Golden Horn, deriving its name both from its shape and the quantities of fish with

which its waters formerly swarmed, is an arm of the Bosphorus which makes into the land, extending nearly to the Mosque of Eyoub and the fashionable cemetery located there.

It is very deep, one hundred and thirty feet in the middle, and about a quarter of a mile wide at the place where we crossed. The bridge is quite a creditable affair, resting on water-tight caissons anchored about sixty feet apart, and the superstructure is of wood, built in sections, not joined together, the points of contact being covered with iron aprons, which give out a clanging noise whenever a wagon passes over them. These, however, are necessary to allow for the rise and fall of the floating caissons.

Everybody pays toll, the charge for a two-horse carriage being ten cents each way, I believe, and the receipts from the bridge are between 6,000 and 7,000 francs *daily*. The bridge is high enough above the water to permit ferry-boats, of which there are many, to pass, by lowering their smoke-stacks. Every night from 12 to 3, one section is swung round to allow the passage of large vessels.

Most of the Turks, some of them very rich, still stick to Stamboul as a place of residence.

The famous bazaars are on this side, also the great mosques, with some fine houses and public buildings, notably the War Department, but since the destruction by fire of a large portion of the palace on Seraglio Point, the Sultan does not stay here. The streets are for the most part narrow, crooked, and dirty, while the unpainted wooden buildings, many of them so dilapidated that they seemed and were utterly unfit for the population that fairly swarmed through them, completed a picture as utterly devoid of interest as one could well imagine. We finally reached the Point, passed through the gate, rode through a very shabbily kept garden, and drew up before the first place of interest—the building where the Sultan used originally to receive foreign ambassadors. To all appearances it consisted of one room, the door behind, and a huge window in front covered with iron grating. The usual formula was: "Has the unbelieving dog been fed and clothed?" "Yes." "Then let him be admitted." And he was "admitted" to an audience by being allowed to approach the iron grating outside, while his royal nibs sat behind it within. The room was not a very pretentious affair, the most noticeable

feature being a fountain which was set in motion whenever any thing was being discussed which the Sultan did not wish to reach the ears of his ministers, who were ranged at a respectful distance behind him.

We next visited the treasury, a detachment of soldiers outside, and many custodians within. We were attended by a staff-officer of the Sultan, a pleasant, intelligent-looking fellow, who could n't speak a word of English, but who was extremely affable and anxious to have us see every thing. The American consul was also with the party. The treasures which were exhibited to us, and which filled half a dozen large rooms, are the personal property of the Sultan, and descend with the succession, the government having no claim whatever to them. This was startling information. Here are sets of china ornamented with rare jewels; plate of gold and silver; arms of all sorts; sword-hilts blazing with costly gems; costumes of most superb workmanship as lavishly bedecked with pearls and sapphires and diamonds as if no other trimming could be so cheap; cups and bowls *filled* with almost countless emeralds and rubies; throne-covers and court-garments not only marvels of embroidery, but

each one worth a king's ransom for its precious stones; three emeralds, each as large as a hen's egg; in fact, a collection of gems without an equal in the world, worth hundreds of millions of dollars, and yet the government is practically bankrupt, the pay of the common soldiers two years in arrears, and the people, who, of course, paid for all these treasures at some period or other, taxed and plundered to a degree that seems simply incredible to us. We saw half a dozen magnificent rifles and shot-guns of recent manufacture, doubtless sent as presents to the Sultan by people looking for contracts. In the gallery of one room they showed us the costumes worn by the last fifteen or twenty Sultans, each ornamented with the identical jewels which that particular Sultan fancied and wore.

The speech of Judas Iscariot when he said, "Why this waste, for this ointment could be sold for thirty pence and given to the poor," may have been ill-timed, but the sentiment most naturally occurs to any one seeing this mass of useless treasure. In the cathedrals of Italy, many things of great intrinsic value, though utterly useless, have more or less artistic worth, but here it is not so. Imagine,

if you can, a *wash-bowl* full of emeralds and two or three soap-dishes heaped up with rubies, kept for no purpose except because they *are* emeralds and rubies.

We saw a couple of little figures of men, the bodies of which had been made out of single pearls of enormous size, simply priceless; and stuck down in one corner of a case was the ruby for which Abdul-Aziz paid, nobody knows how many million francs in Paris, and which, stolen at the time of his assassination, finally furnished the clew which led to the discovery of his murderers.

And just as like as not one of these days we shall hear that some Sultan or other, if there ever happens to be one brave enough to go out alone, has gathered together his wives in his treasure-house, and, goaded by fear of some impending evil, has set fire to the entire outfit, as did Sardanapalus of old.

They showed us a beautiful little kiosk made in imitation of the throne-room in Bagdad, from the original of which the throne has been filched and placed among the treasures we had just seen, ornamented (the room, not the throne) with the most exquisite blue tiles, such as we saw in Damascus, the manufac-

ture of which is now one of the lost arts. And they showed us a library with a quantity of rare and beautiful works on parchment, which nobody ever reads. We also saw the Sublime Porte, which is nothing more or less than a gate in the building occupied by the army for some purpose or other. Architecturally there is nothing about the buildings now remaining on Seraglio Point that deserves the slightest notice. But when we crossed the bridge again, drove through a couple of miles or so of dirty streets, we did see something which challenged our admiration, and made us for a while forget the bigoted power to whom it belongs; and this was the palace of Dolma Bagtché. In speaking of this palace in terms of unqualified praise, as I shall, I am aware that I make myself liable to adverse criticism, but I boldly make the assertion that, all things considered, *per se*, there is no palace in the world to compare with it, and it has been fitly styled "the incomparable structure of the world." It contains no art treasures to speak of; much of its most sumptuous furniture has been removed to other palaces, but from the exquisite portal, the beautiful façade, through the suites

of magnificent apartments, perfect in proportion and decorated with unquestioned taste, up and down the marvellously grand staircase to that peerless apartment, the throne-room, it is simply a bewildering succession of magnificent vistas, such as can be seen nowhere else on earth. There were countless apartments we did not see, but there was not one of the almost numberless ones through which we were permitted to stroll, which did not bear the stamp and seal of royalty—each one an apartment fit for a king.

On one side a beautifully shaded street; on the other the placid waters of the Bosphorus; in front a small but tasty garden. And the throne-room! No words can describe it. It is a hundred feet square, and the dome is a hundred feet high. The decorations are beautiful, the floor like polished glass. What if the sixteen magnificent Corinthian columns which grace the entrance are not of costly marble, their effectiveness is not marred thereby. No pigmy furniture dwarfed into nothingness by the stupendous dimensions of the apartment obtrudes its incongruity upon the beholder. It is absolutely devoid of any thing of the kind.

One would think that the possession of such a superb palace as this would fire the most craven-hearted with a desire to occupy it as befitted a king, with a retinue of princely cavaliers and beautiful ladies ; but the present imbecile, who wears the sword of Osman, is swayed by no such lofty emotions. Once a year, during the Ramazan, he comes here to hold the ceremony whereat all the high officials of the empire gather in stately array to kiss the hem of his garment and swear eternal allegiance to him. The ceremony takes place just as the sun is rising. The Sultan's throne is on the west side of the hall, facing the east. From the main entrance, which is in the middle of the south wall, the princes, governors, and great dignitaries of the empire, both civil and military, march in, turn to the right, and thus make the entire circuit of the hall before reaching the throne. With a hero upon the throne, in this magnificent hall, crowded with the warriors whose bravery had formed the unceasing bulwark of a mighty empire ; with the statesmen whose wisdom had safely steered the ship of state through many a storm ; with the early sunbeams flashing back from sword and hel-

met and the jewelled decorations on manly breasts, it must have been a ceremony to awaken the enthusiasm of patriotism in every heart and fill the soul with lofty purpose and ambition. And such doubtless was the idea of the originator of the ceremony.

And even now, with this poor cowardly puppet on the throne, without a statesman among his advisers or a general worthy the name in all his armies, the idle form of the pageant, unanimated by the spirit of its purpose, is said to be impressive in the extreme.

We saw the apartments occupied by the Empress Eugenie, and the room wherein the slaves of the palace, countenanced and assisted by the Minister of War, made their first attempt to assassinate Abdul Aziz. Poor fellow ! He was a tyrant as well as a bigot, but one cannot help admiring a brave man whatever his faults. Betrayed by those who, loaded with favors as they had been by him, should have shed their life's blood in his defence ; alone in his magnificent palace, and aware as he must have been of the futility of resistance, they say that his body showed with what desperate valor he had defended himself against hopeless odds.

His brother was too wise to accept the very dangerous distinction of Sultan, and so the present gentleman was invested with the sword of Osman. It may be inferred from some expressions I have used, that I think lightly of the present ruler's greatness, and at the risk of being a little tedious I will describe his status as nearly as I could learn it in a land where his name is mentioned with bated breath, while each one glances furtively at his neighbor, fearing lest he should recognize the features of some one of the Sultan's countless detectives. Aside from his sensuality, which is a characteristic of all Turkish rulers, this man is a coward, cruelly suspicious as all cowards are ; indolent, unprogressive, fanatical. The only gleam of intelligence which has distinguished his reign has been the dismissal of most of his English advisers and officers, and the entire overthrow of the English influence at his court. When one stops to consider how the Turks have been robbed by the English in every way possible, from the time they furnished a score of worthless iron-clads at \$120,000,000 down to the days they unblushingly confiscated the sorrowful pittance of tribute which Egypt annually paid the

Porte, all the time protesting their eternal friendship and determination to protect the sick man against the encroachments of the Russian bear,—when one considers all this, I say, even the most intolerant must feel a thrill of compassion for the helpless invalid. Well, the days of this friendly robbery are about over, and strange as it may seem, England has less influence to-day with the Sublime Porte than any other nominally friendly power.

Aside from this one spark of common-sense, the diplomatic atmosphere is one of Egyptian darkness. There seems to be no policy of any kind in regard to any subject, nor any attempt to prevent the nation drifting onto the rocks of financial ruin which seem now so appallingly near.

What could be expected of a ruler, an absolute despot who shuts himself up in the palace with his wives and concubines, who never stirs outside of his garden walls save once a week to attend services in the mosque situated across the street ; whose distorted fancy sees an assassin in every stranger who approaches him, and who every day receives direct from his chief of the secret police the news, if any,

gathered by hundreds of indefatigable subordinates, as to whether or not any sedition is brewing, and who only decides the one question as to who is to be the next recipient of poisoned coffee.

The smell of blood in the splendid Dolma Palace was too much for his palsied nerves, so he built a magnificent palace high up on the hill-side, a mile back from the Bosphorus, where faithful sentries could guard the approaches on all sides. The Koran required that he should attend mosque every Friday, and on horseback. Surrounded by serried ranks of soldiers, the streets lined with cavalry and infantry, in the early years of his reign he undertook to perform this duty. But one day his horse, having been poisoned, no one ever found out by whom, stumbled and nearly threw him off. Now there is a Moslem tradition that if the Sultan is thrown from his horse it is a direct manifestation of the wrath of Allah, and his abdication or death must follow at once.

The Sultan on this occasion managed by whip and spur to rally the dying steed, who carried him safely to the mosque and then dropped dead. But the rider has never since

mounted one of his Arabian chargers, and fearful lest some greater evil should befall him he ordered a mosque to be built immediately in front of the palace, that the danger attendant on his appearance in public might be reduced to a minimum. It is pitiful to see the attempts made to keep up the semblance of the forms which prevailed in Constantinople when Turkey was ruled by brave men however despotic.

The ceremony of attending mosque is now the only time when the Sultan appears in public. This takes place Friday morning between 11 and 12:30. Formerly it was not known until Friday morning which one of the many mosques the Sultan would visit. The form is still kept up, although he never visits but the one.

Early Friday morning the troops, with bands playing and colors flying, begin to assemble somewhere in the neighborhood of the palace. A number of one-horse carts, loaded with sand, are backed up against the curb-stone. A disreputable-looking old covered ambulance, worth, at an extravagant estimate, \$7.50, and drawn by a pair of plugs worth about \$7.50 more, contains the throne and the

prayer-rug. This is backed up just by the guard-house near the corner of the palace.

The appearance of the throne-wagon and the sand-carts in the neighborhood of a particular mosque on Friday morning was evidence to the people that the Sultan would worship there, and consequently they would congregate in no particular locality until they saw there these evidences of the proposed visit. But they no longer attach the least importance to the air of doubt which is attempted to be thrown about the visit. Towards 10 o'clock we, in common with hundreds of others, drew up as near to the street of the palace as the detective would allow us; amused ourselves watching the venders of all kinds of nuts, flowers, sweetmeats, and drinks, plying their vocations among the people; bought of a small boy a short willow or cherry stick of wonderful medicinal properties, (three taps of it on the abdomen being a certain cure for the worst case of stomach-ache), with which I expect to become a public benefactor at home in watermelon time; asked many questions of the guide concerning the Sultan and his family, to some of which, if we received an answer at all, it was only in a

scared whisper ; got dangerously near the "dead line" once or twice, and were thrust back with no very gentle hand ; waiting impatiently for the signal as to a choice of mosques, which everybody knew had been arranged long beforehand and was always the same.

At length an officer came dashing out of the palace as if the Sultan had only that instant decided where he would go, gave some hurried commands, and at once everybody woke up. The sand-carts and water-carts started up the hill to prepare a perfect road to the gate of the mosque. The sleeping pirate on the throne-chariot roused his melancholy plugs with a sounding thwack, and started them on a canter through the mosque gates and up to the entrance. We were prepared for all this nonsense, and only smiled contemptuously at it. But we were not prepared for the thrilling scene which followed. Suddenly the air was filled with music from a dozen bands, and from every direction, as if by magic, appeared infantry and cavalry, colors flying, bayonets flashing (no, they did n't flash, because the sun was not shining, but the phrase sounds well), marching and counter-marching in a bewildering way, all to their

appointed stations, forming a living wall about garden, and palace, and mosque, through which no evil-disposed person might hope to force his way to the presence or person of the sovereign.

The cavalry, four deep, were drawn up in front of us, as we were doubtless the most seditious-looking people in the crowd, but, standing on the seats of the carriage, we saw the road sanded and sprinkled in a trice, then a blare of trumpets, and carriages containing the Sultan's mother and his twenty-seven favorite wives, drove out from the palace and up to the mosque. Another pause, another flourish of trumpets, and, walking two by two, in full uniform, came a dozen generals and admirals, who also filed into the mosque. Again the trumpets, another detachment of splendidly accoutred dignitaries, also on foot. And now on the minaret appeared the muezzin calling to prayer, and while the weird tones of his cry were echoing through the air, two open carriages appeared, unaccompanied by outrider or escort. On the front seat of the first one, which, by the way, was lined with steel, sat the Minister of War and Osman Digna, of Shipka Pass fame, in full uniform.

On the back seat, alone, dressed in sombre black, a pale, slender, sickly-looking man, prematurely aged, bent over, glancing hurriedly, with a haunted look in his eyes, to right and left, occasionally bowing. Behind him, in the second carriage, came his son, and then two or three milk-white Arab steeds, led in case the Sultan should desire to exchange landau for saddle, which he never does.

The call of the muezzin ceased, the Sultan entered the mosque, thankful to Allah, no doubt, that he had gone that two hundred yards alive, and the pageant was over. Within the mosque I am told that the priest begins or ends the service with some such admonition as this: "You think you are a very great man, but remember there is one greater than you, and that is God." Once during the time while the Sultan was on his way, and in response to a certain call upon the bugle, all the troops in concert shouted: "The Sultan! May he live forever!"

We did n't wait for the conclusion of the service—which occupied from half an hour to an hour,—but the troops did, and we were told that when the Sultan returned to the palace he drove a beautiful span of white horses, amid

the plaudits of the people. I believe, too, the troops passed in review before him.

Now, the presence of these soldiers was not to add solemnity or importance to the ceremony, but simply to protect his Majesty from the danger of a stray shot, which, as near as I could learn, nobody has any desire to fire, since he is no worse than any of his predecessors for the last fifty years, and, not having attempted any startling innovations, has not aroused the fanaticism or jealousy of any of his subjects. But he is almost insane on the subject of his personal safety. Here is an example: Directly opposite the gate of the garden surrounding the mosque is a guard-house, to the front windows of which, for the purpose of witnessing the ceremony, foreigners have access through their different legations. But although a strong guard is stationed here, and the different ministers are to a degree accountable for the character of the persons admitted, it is an absolute requirement that all the windows be kept closed and not a person show him or herself outside the building until the ceremony is over !

CHAPTER XXV.

CONSTANTINOPLE (*Continued*).

CONSTANTINOPLE contains about a million people—nobody knows the exact number,—and about two million dogs. The law of domicile governing dogs is pretty well established in all Oriental cities, being the same, as far as I could judge, in Alexandria, Damascus, and Constantinople. Each dog, although none of them have any owners, belongs to a certain street or quarter of the city. If he gets out of his domain he gets into trouble, and life is a burden until he returns home. If he strays too far, the chances are he will be killed by other dogs before he makes his escape. The dogs of all these cities are of the yellow cur variety, good-natured and harmless—in fact, they take no notice of the average passer-by ; spend their time either in sleep or in search for something to eat. They are not very fat, many of them, but they are far from being

starved ; are good scavengers, and generally friendly and unobtrusive. While they may be considered unclean, a certain sacredness attaches to them in Constantinople, because, on one occasion—nobody seems to know when or how,—their barking prevented a surprise by some besieging force. Certain it is that the municipality of the city recently refused a very tempting offer of 60,000 francs, made by a French company, for the ownerless dogs in the town (the design being to tan their skins for gloves), fearing an insurrection among the people on account of the ancient tradition.

There are some fine new buildings in the modern portion of the city, but any one expecting to find here a single trace of Oriental life will be grievously disappointed. Aside from a wilderness of red fezzes, I do not think we saw an Oriental costume while we were in the city, and even the veils worn by the few ladies who made any attempt to cover their faces, were of the thinnest possible material, exposing what they attempted to conceal. Excepting the bazaars in Stamboul, there was nothing Oriental about the stores ; indeed, the best of them all have a very Frenchy look, and were it not for the strange

signs, and the money-changers here and there in the business part of the towns, one could fancy one's self almost anywhere else than at the Golden Gate, were it possible to imagine another city so dirty.

The money-changers ! I had almost forgotten them, and yet they are a peculiarly Oriental institution. They generally sit out on the sidewalk, with a little show-case about eighteen inches by two feet in front of them, in which is money of various denominations. Sometimes they combine this business with that of cigarette selling. It is curious, but nevertheless true, that excepting where you make a purchase, you cannot get any change, no matter how little, unless you pay for it, the rate being regulated by law. So strictly is this custom enforced, at Cairo, for instance, that if you wanted to have a 20-franc piece changed at the hotel office, you would have to stand the regular shave of half a piastre, two cents and a half. These money-changers, many of them Jews, while they do not charge more than the regular tariff for changing money, are at liberty to buy foreign coin at such rates as they can make, and, taken all around, this occupation is a decidedly profitable one. It must be

a great blessing to shop-keepers to be relieved from having people come in at all hours for "change," as they do with us.

We saw the Galata tower built by the Genoese, now used as a look-out by the fire department, and we climbed to the top of it to obtain a view of the city. It is a stupendous building, and is a prominent feature in every view of the city. It is extremely graceful in proportion too, and must have laughed to scorn any efforts in mediæval times to capture it.

We assaulted the bazaars without much heart, doing most of our "trading" at an establishment where they pretended to have a fixed price, but did n't, as we found out much to our disgust after most of our purchases were made. We were tired of bazaars, to tell the truth; our confidence in our powers of bargaining were somewhat rudely shaken by our experience in Smyrna, and it began finally to dawn on us that five houses in Minneapolis, equipped with the same general assortment of gimcracks from a dozen different Eastern cities, might convey to the average observer a faint suspicion of a lack of originality in the different members of our party. We bought

a few rugs at what seemed exorbitant figures, because this was our last chance ; invested sparingly in Turkish Delight and antique embroidery, and spent the remainder of our chilly stay visiting places of interest and cussing the landlord of the Grand Hotel des Etrangers.

Of course we visited the mosques of St. Sophia and Sultan Achmed and Solyman the Magnificent, and any one of them is worth going to Constantinople to see. The St. Sophia is the largest, but the Solyman is the most impressively, grandly beautiful.

We went one afternoon to see the Whirling Dervishes, who perform twice a week in a very pretty little church of their own.

Their worship consists of merely whirling around in one place, arms extended, the palm of one hand turned up, and the other turned down, the former symbolizing divinity, the latter humanity. The head is held a little on one side, and the long skirt describing what the children call "a cheese," is not without a certain grace. There were about twenty of them all told, and their enthusiasm was kept up by some barbaric music stationed in the gallery. Although the whirling continued for nearly an hour with but slight intermissions,

there was none of that violence of motion, and falling down from exhaustion, which some writers have described. These dervishes are a very important religious body; the most so in fact of any in the Empire, and their chief always presides at the ceremony of investing a new Sultan with the sword of Osman.

I opened negotiations with our guide for one of these dervish hats, which looked like a section of sewer pipe, worth possibly fifteen cents, but when I was told that the sale of them was prohibited by the government, and a clandestine purchase of one would cost me fifty francs, my ardor for possession cooled immediately.

I made a desperate effort to ascertain the origin of this whirling ceremony, but all accounts were so vague or improbable that I gave up in despair.

Cold and cheerless as it was, some of us made a trip up the Golden Horn, past the Sweet Waters of Europe, to the landing near which the very sacred Mosque of Eyoub is located, so sacred that unbelievers are never admitted within its precincts. The small ferry-boats which make this trip, occupying about an hour, stop at various points for passengers.

We passed among the ironclads of the Turkish navy, beautiful-looking vessels, for which the Turkish Government has about as much use as the Sultan has for a saddle horse. Here they lie at anchor year in and year out, safe from attack, a navy in name, useless, unneeded, so many sombre monuments of the unspeakable folly of one nation, and the unblushing greed of another. And we saw an ironclad built entirely at the navy yard of the government. It was launched last year with great ceremony, having been up to that time twelve years building, and having cost, so the story goes, upwards of fifteen millions of dollars! They may have it finished and ready for service before the next visit of their Russian neighbors, but I doubt it. But in any event they will have no more use for it than they had for the cunning little ironclads which were built for service on the Danube. Although the nation is bankrupt beyond all hope of redemption, the high officials manage to draw their pay with great regularity and to steal with uninterrupted diligence.

The salary of the Grand Vizier is about \$50,000 a year; the other ministers get from \$6,000 to \$10,000; judges about \$4,000, and

all hands expect and are expected to steal from five to ten times as much more, the amount being commensurate entirely with the opportunity.

We were glad enough to land and stretch our half frozen legs, occupying the time until the return of the steamer in looking at the outside of the mosque and strolling through this distant quarter of the city. Our guide pointed out the mosque in the court of which he said the first kitchens were established for feeding the poor, a custom at one time quite prevalent throughout the city. It has long since fallen into disuse, for some Sultan discovered that this charity was grossly abused, and the only work that the poor people did who were supposed to receive temporary relief was to try and wake up in time for the next meal. The Mosque of Eyoub marks the spot where a brave Moslem chieftain lost his life in the first attack upon the city by the Arabs, A.D. 668. It contains the green banner of the prophet, used only in great emergencies, and the sword of Osman.

I had noticed on the steamer going up a very gentlemanly young fellow, dressed in black clothes, who might have been taken for

a well-to-do merchant or dapper clerk, and, to my surprise, he was on the boat coming down. He bowed with such excessive politeness to our guide that I inquired who he was.

“That man,” said Nicoll, “is one of the Sultan’s private detectives. Some of them are known to us, most of them are not. They are everywhere, both by day and by night, and nothing escapes them. They form no part of the regular police force, but report daily, and oftener, if necessary, to their chief, who in turn makes his report in person every morning to the Sultan. And he is one of the few persons in all the empire whom the Sultan appears to trust.”

We stood beneath the giant plane-tree in the garden on Seraglio Point, and called to mind the career and destruction of that famous body of men, the Janizaries. Founded originally in the year 1329 from captive slaves converted to Islamism, they grew in numbers and importance until, in the days of Solyman the Magnificent, fifty thousand strong, they formed the bravest and most perfectly disciplined force in Europe. From this time they rapidly degenerated in character, until, like the Prætorian Guard of Rome in its evil days,

they were little better than an armed mob, pillaging persons and even cities with impunity, and more than once overthrowing and putting to death some ruler who had incurred their animosity. The attempt made by Selim III., in 1798, to restrain them, caused a terrible revolt, which cost that Sultan his life, and brought upon his capital the most unheard of and horrible atrocities. Mahmoud, politic and far-sighted, made a pretence of pardoning them for past offences when he ascended the throne, but he never flinched in his purpose of utterly exterminating them. In 1826 he issued an order that one hundred and fifty Janizaries of each regiment should at least become amenable to some sort of discipline. As was expected, this led to a revolt, signalized by the most dreadful outrages. The Janizaries always wore a wooden spoon in their turbans, and whenever any thing happened which was distasteful to them, they reversed their soup-kettles, which they always carried with their companies: a fearful sign, presaging rapine and bloodshed. But on this occasion the Sultan was ready for them, soup-kettles and all. They met with a most determined resistance from such of the troops as remained faithful to

the Sultan. The mufti proclaimed a holy war, displaying the green banner of Islam. Artillery, carefully secreted in advantageous positions, opened a merciless fire upon them, and the common people offered them no countenance of support. "Burned alive in their barracks, cannonaded in the 'At Meidan,' where they made their most desperate defence, massacred singly in the streets during three months, the remainder were condemned to exile." But when the Sultan came to count noses for his "exile" party the attempt was a failure, for all had perished, and the dead numbered twenty-five thousand.

There are a few relics of Roman times in the city. The hippodrome built by the Emperor Severus is now distinguishable only as an open space, in the central line of which, marking what was the longer diameter of the original race-course, 700 x 500 feet, stand three ancient monuments : the first, an obelisk from Thebes, about fifty feet high, covered with hieroglyphics ; next, the famous brazen column, made of three serpents entwining in spiral folds, which is said to have been brought from the celebrated oracle at Delphi, where it supported a golden tripod found

among the spoils of the Persian camp after the battle of Plataea. At the further extremity is another column, partially ruined. It is of marble blocks, and originally was covered with metal plates.

The Burnt Column is popularly supposed to have been struck by lightning, but I don't see what business a well-ordered streak of lightning could possibly have in Constantinople. The more reasonable supposition is that the porphyry of which it is composed has been blackened from the numerous conflagrations through which it has passed. It must have been a sightly monument originally, when, brought from Rome by Constantine the Great, it stood forth a beautiful column surmounted by the statue of that noble Roman. But today, blackened as it is, and bound by iron bands to keep it from falling to pieces, it is not especially pleasing to the eye. The statement that the celebrated statue of Apollo, by Phidias, formerly surmounted the column has no foundation historically.

The cistern of the Thousand and One Columns is now used by silk spinners, who toil here to advantage underground, on account of the moisture of the atmosphere.

The tomb of the Sultan Mahmoud is magnificent in the extreme. In the centre of the beautiful little building stands the sarcophagus, eight feet long and perhaps as many high, covered entirely with purple velvet, on which is embroidered in gold the following: "This is the tomb of the layer of the basis of the civilization of his empire, of the monarch of exalted place, the Sultan victorious and just, Mahmoud Khan, Son of the victorious Abd'el Hamed Khan. (May the Almighty make his abode in the garden of Paradise.) Born Re-buel Evol 14, 1199, Accession Jemaji Evol 4, 1228, Death in 9, 1255. Reigned 31 years, 10 months, 14 days." At the head of the sarcophagus stands a rack on which is a superb copy of the Koran, the beautifully illuminated leaves of which were reverentially turned for our inspection by the dervish in attendance. Aside from the velvet pall there is nothing on the sarcophagus save the turban worn by the Sultan in life.

Near by was another sarcophagus, beneath which are the remains of those of the Sultan's wives who are dead. This too is without ornament other than the velvet covering.

Neatly folded and thrown across the pall

are some beautiful shawls. Originally there was one for each of the wives living at the time of the Sultan's death ; but on the death of each wife a shawl is removed, and probably converted into coin of the realm by the pious but somewhat avaricious custodian of the tomb. It seems strange that this man should have passed away peacefully in this land of violence and bloodshed, author as he was of the dreadful massacre of the Janizaries.

We also visited the museum lately founded by the government, and which contains some exquisite antiques in bronze and marble, and a great many curiosities from the Turkish islands and provinces. In one of the government buildings are three long galleries in which are shown all the costumes of fifty years ago. They are put on forms for the purpose of display, and are extremely interesting. In those days it seems that not only all arms of the military service had different costumes, some of them very grotesque, but persons in every rank of life wore a distinguishing garb. All the servants employed in the different capacities about the palace—butcher, baker, water-carrier, runner, mail-carrier, gardener, cook, civil officers of all kinds—in fact, every-

body had his peculiar dress, and as most of them were of bright colors, the streets of Constantinople must then have presented a most picturesque appearance.

We tried hard to be sufficiently interested to prolong our stay another week, but the poor hotel, the wretched cold, the cheerless rain, overbalanced our thirst for knowledge, and one Monday afternoon, without a single sigh of regret, we embarked on our old friend the *Achille*, now, swept, garnished, and freed from its swarming deck-load of steerage passengers, as we had formerly seen her, presenting quite an attractive appearance. And just as we steamed out of the Golden Horn, the sun, that we had not seen for five days, shone forth in all his glory ; the clouds melted away "in thin air," and as we rounded Seraglio Point and sped swiftly down the Bosphorus we saw the city transformed as by the wand of an enchanter. The muddy streets had vanished, the unsightly houses were no longer distinguishable, the tower of Galata rose proudly above the clustering buildings on the hill ; the lofty domes and minarets of St. Sophia, Solyman the Magnificent, and Sultan Achmed, towering gracefully aloft and sharply outlined

against the clear blue of the sky, gave us a parting impression of their extreme beauty. And the long line of buildings on either side, here and there partially hidden by surrounding trees and gardens, completed a scene which we would fain remember always as the Constantinople of poetry though not the city of our waking dreams.

Behind us over the Sea of Marmora arose the full moon in unclouded splendor, and bitterly disappointing as had been our experience we were thankful for the unbroken circle, the peaceful night, the silvery sea, and the *sana mens in sano corpore* which had thus far been the lot of each one of our party.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ATHENS.

Two nights and a day of perfect calm upon that portion of the sea so often storm-swept, and Wednesday morning found us at anchor in the harbor of the Piræus. Its name alone recalls its ancient fame, for here is now a thriving city of upwards of thirty thousand souls, broad streets, fine pavements, handsome buildings, thrifty merchants. "Ring out the old, ring in the new." Not the old of Themistocles and Pericles, but the old of Turkish intolerance and oppression, from henceforth forever only a baleful memory, thank God; and ring in the new of a united, enfranchised, and liberty-loving people, not yet out of the quicksand of financial difficulties and dangers, not yet more than creeping along the highway of national prosperity, where we hope soon to see them marching with the firm step of a vigorous manhood, but as a nation, looking

towards the light, with resolution, patriotism, and great good-sense. The custom-house officials detained us not, and in the bright sunlight of the early morning we were soon speeding over the highway, amid the olive groves and vineyards, to Athens, five miles away. As we drove along the broad, beautiful streets of Athens, past the many handsome buildings, in the construction of which the white marble of Pentelicon had been used as lavishly as if no stone were more common, we rubbed our eyes in amazement. This surely is not Athens? A city so new, so clean, so beautiful, in sooth must have been built but yesterday. Ah! But there is the lofty rock of Lycabettus, with the white chapel of St. George, before the gate of which the lamp burns eternally; and there on the other side, there, we surely are mistaken, the Parthenon! Yes, this is Athens. Let us prepare again for disappointment; the importunate beggars, the dirty hotels, swindle, robbery on every side. It can't be quite as bad as Constantinople truly, for the sun is shining and the air is soft and balmy. And this Grand Hotel d'Angleterre? Surely it looks inviting. And it was inviting. Rooms delight-

ful, attendance faultless, table—even we could find no fault with it. The beggars were not; the birds sang amid the flowers in the garden before; the spirit of 2,200 years ago seemed to be upon us as when Socrates gathered his pupils about him in the groves of the Academy down there, to instruct them in the doctrines of that philosophy which will perish alone with time. Peaceful, beautiful city! Free from swindles and swindlers, saved from the incongruous mingling of the old and new. The Acropolis not desecrated by the hands of modern builders, the The-seum still standing alone in solitary beauty, the esplanade of the Temple of Olympian Zeus unmarred by wall or building of the modern city. I was sorry that the rest of the party felt compelled to continue their journey after one day's rest, but here I was glad to stay. I wanted an opportunity to get acquainted with the sunshine once more, to recognize the sensation of bodily warmth superinduced by a mild atmosphere, rather than the somewhat expensive caloric of a hotel stove where wood was worth four francs a basket. I wanted something good to eat, and here in Athens were all these blessings to be

found, while for mental food were the ruined though unequalled architectural beauties of the Golden Age of Pericles. We bade our friends an *au revoir* until Rome, and with an abundance of time before us, set ourselves to work systematically to enjoy this the greatest treat of our trip. Time after time we climbed the Acropolis to view the beauties of the Parthenon, the temple of Nike Apteros, and the Eretheium, each time more loth to leave the enchanted spot. These are such satisfactory ruins to visit; nothing new, nothing restored by some bungler who imagined he might have given a few points both to Phidias and Praxiteles had he been vouchsafed the opportunity. Everywhere over the vast extent of the Acropolis are fragments of columns, architraves, pilasters, capitals, statues, all of dazzling white marble, most of them elaborately carved. Hundreds, yes, thousands of these fragments will forever remain unidentified, and yet it would be a sin to remove them, for they make it possible for the beholder to imagine what a wilderness of beautiful creations must here have been gathered when Athens was in her glory. On the northeastern corner of the Acropolis, unobtrusively situated almost out

of sight, is the Museum where are gathered all the recently discovered objects of interest. Here is the small portion of the matchless frieze of the Parthenon which that legalized robber, Lord Elgin, did not carry off seventy years ago. "London Assurance," as exemplified in the character of that man, will remain unparalleled so long as the world stands. For the priceless treasures of these buildings he actually had the cheek to offer the Greeks, or rather the Turks, a clock and a clock-tower! No respect for the eternal fitness of things influenced him. And it never seemed to have occurred to his egotistical mind that so long as the Parthenon stood, the marbles which were its chief ornaments should remain in it. What he was after was something to perpetuate his name in the British Museum. It's a kind of notoriety few men would care to encourage. Small wonder that the indignant people, when Greece again came to be a nation, tore down his clock-tower, and scattered the fragments to the four winds. But perhaps we ought to be thankful that his lordship did n't haul down the Parthenon for the sake of obtaining one of its beautiful Doric columns, and I presume he would have done it

had the cost of transportation to England been less formidable. I learned with much satisfaction that his lordship is dead, and consequently the Parthenon is safe.

Aside from the little Museum, and a staff on the northern lookout bastion from which floats the blue flag of Greece with its white cross, there is nothing modern about the Acropolis; and in this, one finds an unspeakable charm. Excavations are constantly going on, rubbish and earth being taken away, while any stray bit of marble which may be found is carefully laid to one side,—a useless fragment, it is true, but too precious to be removed.

To describe the buildings of the Acropolis would be to write a history of Athenian art, for which I have neither the ability, time, nor inclination. They may not, in fact do not, impress the beholder so forcibly as some others. They do not speak of a race of giant builders who brought to their purpose forces and mechanisms of which we are in hopeless ignorance. There is nothing impossible about the Parthenon, but all these edifices, raised to such a lofty height from out the level plain upon their rocky foundations, seem to be pervaded with the air of a joyous spirituality, if I

may be allowed the expression ; and no matter what may have been the nature of the religious ceremonies here performed, it is simply impossible to associate these beautiful structures, looking out upon fertile fields, shady groves, charming gardens, and blue peaceful waters, with any thing sombre or funereal.

The great Hall of Pillars at Karnak is haunted with the gloom of former rites, which the sun and daylight can never chase from its magnificent aisles ; the Colosseum, albeit open to the brightness of the skies, still speaks of the dreadful scenes of bloodshed there enacted ; the peerless ruins of Baalbec are pervaded with a melancholy grandeur, perhaps on account of the bewildering mystery surrounding their cyclopean fragments ; but in the bright, warm atmosphere of Athens one feels in looking at the Acropolis that the golden days of Athenian prosperity partook of a lofty sentiment, a studious and successful search for the beautiful, which found its expression in that creation without example, unique, not led up to through tedious years of progression, bearing upon it none of the imprint of preceding temples, but like the goddess whose shrine it was, containing that wondrous image the like

of which the world has never seen, it sprang from the builder's hand the most perfect, incomparable creation of mortal genius. Small wonder that the eye of the homeward-bound mariner, rounding the jutting promontory of Sunium, sought the flash of the golden spear, which was his beacon light, for to-day in its ruins the Parthenon appeals to the most phlegmatic nature in a way that no other building upon earth does. Small wonder that there, before its marvellous gateway, Demosthenes delivered those orations which form the keystone to the arch of the eloquence of the ages. The beauties before his eyes would have thrilled a heart of stone.

And truly inspired of the Almighty, as each devout Christian believes Paul to have been, he would have been more than mortal if, standing forth in the midst of Mars Hill to preach to the Athenians the gospel of Jesus Christ, the thought had not flashed through his mind—for he was after all only a man—that beneath the shadow of that greatest exponent of lofty genius, which towered above him, his words should be worthy of the place from which they were uttered.

We saw the Stadium where 50,000 people

could witness the famous chariot-races and athletic sports ; we strolled round and round the Temple of Theseus, the most perfectly preserved Doric temple of antiquity ; we admired the little Temple of the Winds, the choragic monument of Lysicrates, the ruins of the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, given originally to the Athenians by a wealthy Roman of that name, and the great Theatre of Bacchus where thirty thousand spectators sat day after day to see the classic tragedies of Æschines, Sophocles, and Euripides. The marble chairs of many of the priests and great men, with their *names* inscribed upon them, are there, just as they were two thousand four hundred years ago. We also saw other remains of buildings erected by the Romans, but, excepting the still beautiful gateway of Hadrian and the pillars at the entrance to the Roman Agora, with their curious inscription of the law regulating the price of corn, they consisted simply of isolated columns and fragments of walls.

The foundations of the original double gateway towards the Piræus have recently been excavated, but present no features of interest to the ordinary tourist, although well

worthy of a visit on account of their historical associations. Beyond them we visited the Street of the Dead, where are many of the monuments and tablets in exactly the places they stood over two thousand years ago ; most of them of whitest marble, so beautifully sculptured that it seems sacrilege to leave them thus exposed to the elements and the predatory attack of those peripatetic vandals who would steal a hand from the Medici Venus if opportunity offered. Ancient Grecian funeral tablets are different from those of any other nation. While some of the monuments consist of single figures, most of them are groups sculptured in high relief, life size, and generally these represent the dead person, with all the appearance and attributes of life, taking leave of his or her family. The design may be open to criticism because the artist portrays in the faces of the group none of the intense anguish which characterizes an eternal earthly separation, but the answer to this is, that, after the first moments of deepest sorrow are over, the natural features of the deceased, as they were known in every-day life, are far more comforting to look upon than were they indicative of great sorrow.

We rode down to the Kolonos, where was the grove of ancient olives beneath the spreading branches of which Sophocles taught his disciples. The grove has vanished long ago, but the spot is marked by the tombs of two well-known scholars, who, having passed many happy and profitable years of research here amid the charmed scenery of this classic land, chose this as a fitting place for their burial. Near by was the Academy, so named from Academus, the owner of the land, the derivation of the word so common in our language being unknown to most people, I take it, as it was to me.

We climbed to the top of steep Lycabettus, were cordially received by the old monk who is the sole dweller on this rocky peak, paid our small tribute towards the maintenance of the nightly beacon, examined the quaint little chapel, and enjoyed the magnificent view. And we walked up to the monument of Philó-pappos on the hill opposite the Acropolis, and thought the site a fitting one for the tomb of even the "noblest Roman of them all." Nothing can exceed the beauty and variety of the views from all points. The hills are so precipitous that they seem to hang over the white city. In the immediate background is Mount Hy-

mettus, famous for its honey ; farther off the lofty summit of Pentelicon, with its marble quarries gleaming white, half-way up the mountain side ; westward yonder the road leading straight across the plain, through orchards and vineyards, to Eleusis, whither the Panathenaic procession, starting from the eastern portal of the Parthenon, with pomp and circumstance unequalled, took its way by night to the sacred temple of Eleusis, there to take part in those mysteries which were the crowning ceremonial of Grecian religion ; then the Piræus ; and beyond, immortal Salamis, the island of Eubœa, and the blue sea—for here it is a heavenly blue,—while to the south the fertile plain, and beyond Cape Sunium. We went one day to Marathon, like Sheridan at Winchester, “twenty miles away.” Notice is given the night before, that a relay of horses may be sent to a point half-way, and lunch is taken from the hotel. The carriage fare is \$12. Starting about eight o’clock we drove out by the palace, in an easterly direction, past the artillery barracks and drill-ground, where the king’s army amuses itself in preparation for encounters with imaginary foes, passing many cultivated fields and olive-groves

whose trees, many of them, were of great size ; the road gradually ascending, until we reached the summit of the low range of hills from which both the field of Marathon and the sea are visible—a beautiful landscape.

We left the carriage at a farm-house, and, walking to the mound erected in honor of those who fell on this historic spot, sat down beneath the shade of the one tree which grows upon it, and had an opportunity of uninterrupted thought.

With the exception of the unobtrusive little farm-house, the plain of Marathon appears to-day exactly as it appeared on that August morning nearly two thousand four hundred years ago. The beach where the Persian galleys were drawn up, the defiles of the hills from which the Grecian army debouched, all are unchanged. No sentimental egotist has been allowed to rear a modern shaft bearing the inscription, “ Sacred to the memory of the brave who fell here in defence of their native land, erected by John Brown Jones, Esq.” ; and no enterprising brigand has been permitted to build a fence about the mound, erect a *kaphanion*, and charge fifty *lepta* a head for the privilege of going inside only to be importuned in vil-

lainous French to buy coffee, cigarettes, or sandwiches. This crowning outrage will doubtless come with time. I am thankful our eyes did not witness it. We strolled down to the beach, and looked across to the blue island of Eubœa, whose mines furnished the money which Themistocles so judiciously applied to the building of the fleet, and in the early afternoon we started homeward. One laughable incident occurred. Miss M., the young lady of the party, in strolling along the sands, doubtless thinking of the day when on this very spot the victorious Greeks clung frantically to the Persian galleys, calling for fire to destroy the only means of escape left to their terror-stricken enemies, inadvertently stepped into a hole containing about ten inches of water. A twenty-mile ride in wet clothes would give her a dreadful cold. What was to be done? After considerable foraging I managed to collect enough drift-wood to build a fire. The young lady was made to take off her shoes and stockings, and after a half hour of strict attention to business her garments were sufficiently dried to make travelling safe. But I have often thought what a picture we must have presented, clustered around a fire on that

historic beach, each one with some article of female apparel in his or her hands, which we were assiduously cooking in, over, and around the fire, while the beneficiary herself sat by wrapped up in a huge shawl apparently enjoying the grotesqueness of the situation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ATHENS (*Continued*).

THE American school, although it numbers less than a dozen students, is ably managed by professors sent out from Yale, Harvard, and other American universities, who generally stay for a year at a time. Strong hopes are now entertained that the school will be able to secure the right to excavate the ruins of Delphi.

The modern village will have to be purchased at a cost variously estimated at from \$75,000 to \$125,000. An appeal has been issued to the friends of the classics in America to raise the amount. There seems to be a general impression that there will be a great amount of treasure discovered at Delphi, but I doubt it. The vast riches of ancient temples were too notorious to have escaped pretty systematic plundering whenever occasion offered. We were sorry to miss Dr. Schliemann,

although the Doctor did n't worry much over it, as I presume he is pestered to death with people who invade the "Palace of Ilium" (his magnificent marble home), with but slight appreciation of the many beautiful and priceless treasures of Grecian art, both ancient and modern, with which it is fairly crowded. Although the Doctor is an American citizen, hailing from California, he is essentially Grecian in all his tastes and surroundings.

They say that one day, many years ago, he strayed into the *Arsakion*, the great female school, where are always from six hundred to one thousand girls, and, inquiring in a general way regarding the attainments of the scholars, was pointed out one young lady who could repeat the Iliad word for word. The Doctor was charmed, so great was his love for the classics; proposed for the young lady's hand, was accepted, and they were married. This seemed to me to speak volumes for the Doctor's intense devotion to ancient lore, but when I learned that his wife was then one of the prettiest girls in Athens, I concluded that the gallant Doctor was but human after all, and that the match would have been made, Iliad or no Iliad.

I heard much of the beauty of the Greek women, but I think it must be one of the traditions of the age of Pericles, for all the ladies I saw were certainly a most ordinary-looking lot. And even one night at the opera, where were the king and queen and all the grandees of the court, I looked in vain throughout the vast audience for a single face that would compare favorably with that of a young American wife, whose box we occupied, and whose guests we were.

Another day we drove to Eleusis, a charming ride of twelve miles, along the identical Sacred Way where the Panathenaic procession wended in solemn grandeur to the Temple of the Holy Mysteries. This road was originally lined with splendid monuments, no trace of which now remains. The drive is very picturesque, skirting the bay, past the fertile Thryasinian plain, where corn was first planted and grew into a useful crop for human needs. We inspected with great interest the remains of the temples brought to light by the excavations of the Archæological Society. The fragmentary columns, architraves, and capitals have been so well protected by the rubbish which for centuries has covered them

that they are almost as white as when they came from the quarries, and one can almost imagine that they have just been brought on to the ground for use in the construction of some magnificent edifice. Many beautiful fragments have been brought to light, and these are carefully preserved, though not yet arranged, in a little building which is to serve as a museum.

The present condition of the modern kingdom of Greece, while not as satisfactory as could be wished, will compare favorably with that of some of her more ambitious neighbors.

It is true that the cost of royalty (the king receives 1,250,000 francs annually, besides the palace; and the Assembly has just voted 400,000 francs to his daughter, about to be married) is rather burdensome, but King George is by no means a bad ruler, and although a foreigner, and of an alien religion, he is well thought of by the people, while his wife and children, free from all affectations, and of the most blameless characters, are justly popular with all classes. Three years ago the nation was on the verge of bankruptcy. It is said that not more than three fifths, possibly three quarters, of all the taxes and imposts

ever reached the national treasury. Dishonesty and speculation were rife in every department of the government, but nowhere so pronounced as in the custom-house. Greece never, in her deepest distress, had greater need of an able, wise, and patriotic leader than at that time three years ago.

And, as is often the case, the hour brought forth the man. Tricoupis, orator, statesman, patriot, was selected by the king as Prime-Minister. Of this remarkable man I learned much from both the American consul and Mr. Haggard, brother of the novelist, who is in charge of the British Legation in Athens.

A lawyer by profession, a diplomat of most extraordinary sagacity, highly educated, a keen original thinker, of great experience in political affairs, thoroughly conversant with all the intricacies of modern international questions and relations, a man of the most sterling integrity and loftiness of purpose, possessing in a remarkable degree the power of mastering and retaining the minutest details of any subject to which he gives his attention, gifted with a wonderful memory, a graceful pleasing presence, "he is," to use the language of Mr. Haggard, "the ablest statesman of the day in

Europe." With unflinching courage, where courage was an absolute necessity, he set himself to work to punish the thieves; and, unterrified by the frequent threats against his life, so successfully did he follow out his purpose that to-day, I am informed, every official of the custom-house at the time of Tricoupis' entry into office, notwithstanding the intervention of every delay known to the law, is serving a sentence in prison for stealing—convicted felons all!

I heard him speak in the Assembly one day, and, although the speech was utterly unintelligible, it required no acquaintance with the Greek language to recognize the graceful, pleasing, convincing address of the truly great man.

He is slowly lifting the nation out of the slough of financial distress, and, with a steadfast loftiness of purpose which challenges the admiration of the men who oppose him bitterly and hate him most cordially, he will, if his life is spared, triumphantly vindicate the implicit trust reposed in him by the king.

Said a person, well conversant with the affairs of the nation, to me: "Tricoupis *is* the king," and King George, being sensible

enough to recognize his worth, is willing that he should rule.

I have said we were pleasantly surprised at our first sight of the city. Modern Athens deserves more than a passing notice from any one who visits it. Sixty years ago, upon the foundation of the present kingdom, when it was selected for the capital, it was nothing but a miserable collection of tumble-down buildings, without a single feature to recommend it as the seat of a new kingdom except its ancient name and fame, for even its location was unfavorable for a modern metropolis, and particularly so for the wants of the new nation. But the traditions and memories of ancient glories triumphed over all practical considerations, and Athens was fixed upon as the capital. The cynical query, "What's in a name?" has been most emphatically answered in this case. Modern Athens should, to a degree at least, be worthy of the ancient metropolis of the classic world. And to-day, with its broad, well-paved streets, spacious sidewalks, water, gas, street-cars, fine public buildings, and magnificent private residences, it will compare favorably with any city in the world. The population numbers now a hundred thousand, and is rapidly increasing.

It speaks volumes for the patriotism of the modern Greeks that many of them who go far from home to engage in commerce and trade, and the East is full of them, come back to Athens to enjoy their wealth. These men have erected numerous fine buildings in addition to their private residences, and have given hundreds of thousands of dollars for the founding of schools and the construction of edifices dedicated to the arts and sciences. Some of these buildings are beautiful in the extreme, and one of them, built and ornamented in imitation of the Parthenon, utterly different from any other building in the world, is the most pleasing modern edifice we have seen.

Although the Grecian army comprises, I am told, but twelve thousand men, they are so very numerous in Athens that there seem to be at least fifty regiments in the city. Bugles are continually sounding, infantry, cavalry, and artillery marching to and fro, till it seems as if a momentary assault by the Turks must certainly be expected. Perhaps King George simply does all this to keep the soldiers out of mischief; possibly he is only perfecting them in drill, so they may present a creditable appearance before the royal visitors who will be with him in October when his daughter, a

charming girl, is to be married to one of the Russian princes.

It may be inferred that I was pleased with every thing I saw in Athens. Would I could truthfully say so, but I am grieved to say that I saw one thing which shocked my modesty and seemed to me to be a needless encroachment on the domain of the traditional ballet girl. I refer to the costume of the Albanian regiment, better known as the national dress of the Greeks. National petty-coat of the Greeks might do, but it is pretty short after all.

Where did these people, whose men used to wear the graceful toga, and whose fair ones were arrayed in that beautiful nameless something with which our every idea of ancient classic elegance of female attire is so inseparably interwoven,—where, I say, did they obtain this present monstrosity? Do you know what it is like? Well, imagine a man, with a pair of tights covering the entire length of his legs; from his waist at least a dozen white skirts, one over the other, hanging about half-way to his knees, about as long, say, as the most abbreviated skirts of the most audacious ballet dancer, the aforesaid skirts bobbing backwards and forwards as the wearer strides

along the streets ; on his feet a pair of preposterous red slippers, pointed and turned up at the end like a pair of old-fashioned skates, and terminated with an enormous red worsted rosette ; a tight-fitting blue jacket strapped in so closely at the waist as almost to prevent breathing it would seem ; and on the very back of the head a little round red cap, from which depends an abnormally monstrous black tassel? Odd, is n't it? I should think a regiment of these fellows, placed in the fore-front of the battle, would carry confusion and dismay into the ranks of any army on earth. I am happy to say, though, that the national dress of the Greeks, with the exception of these few soldiers, is now little more than a hideous dream of the days when the Albanian conquerors swooped down upon them, bringing many evils in their train, but naught so grievous as this dress without a train.

The railroads of the kingdom are not yet numerous. One from Athens to Cape Sunium, another to Corinth and across the Isthmus to Patras, are now in successful operation, and others in process of construction will add greatly to the facilities of travel as well as to the material wealth of the kingdom.

This great work of the French Company, the canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, a distance of about three miles, is all but completed, but opinions vary greatly as to its ultimate success, it being claimed, with certainly some show of reason, that the carrying trade which would use it is not nearly of sufficient magnitude to pay the tribute necessary to even maintain the work, to say nothing of paying any interest on the original outlay. Time will shortly settle this question. It is, however, a fair presumption that the work would not have been undertaken until after a careful and thorough investigation of this most important feature.

All my life I had heard of Zante currants, and here we saw the vines, thousands upon thousands of them, occupying every inch of the fertile soil lying along the sea. The currant, properly speaking, is a grape. The peculiarity characterizing the vine in Morea, Zante, and Cephalonia is that here, and here only, the fruit matures without seeds. The name comes from Corinth, near which city the currant was first grown centuries ago.

Of ancient Corinth scarce a vestige remains, and indeed the mediæval city was entirely destroyed during the war of independence.

The steamers from Constantinople to Brindisi now make the journey around the peninsula from Piræus to Patras in about twenty-six hours, and as they stop at Piræus for one day it gives visitors nearly a day and a half at Athens. Going thence by rail to Patras, which occupies about eight hours, they are enabled to catch the steamer at the latter port.

The ride on the cars, although the road is rather rough, is extremely picturesque, skirting the sea most all the way; fare twenty-five francs. The hotels at Athens are excellent; rates at the Grand Bretagne and D'Angleterre, the two best, about seventeen francs a day, every thing included except fires. The bread, butter, coffee, and honey here are as good if not better than anywhere else in Europe, the first breakfast including these, with the addition of eggs; the other two meals being as elaborate as at any of the hotels in Paris, with the addition of coffee after each meal, which latter beverage the Paris hotels do not supply. Cab fares are very reasonable, and in fact the city seems remarkably free from swindles of all kinds. At the Polytechnic School are all the more important of the discoveries of Dr. Schlie-

mann, including the famous gold ornaments and implements found at Mycenæ, as well as the best collection of Etruscan and Grecian vases in the world. The National Museum contains some magnificent marbles, the gem of the entire collection being the small replica of the Athena of Phidias, in Pentelic marble, the figure about three and a half feet high, and almost perfect.

The nine perfect days of our stay in Athens flew by on the wings of the wind, and with heavy hearts we took a last lingering farewell look at the Parthenon, and bade good-bye to the lovely city, fondly hoping some day to again gaze upon its many charms. We reached Patras in the rain, at night, nearly an hour late, sought the Grand Hotel de something or other only for a cup of tea, expecting at once to go on board the steamer. But no steamer was there. And now commenced one of those trying times which enter into the experience of all travellers. In a dirty, crowded hotel, that smelt to heaven—of the other place,—hour after hour crept slowly by, until, at midnight, tired out we lay down without undressing, to get a little much-needed rest. At four o'clock we were aroused with the welcome news that

the steamer had come. She proved to be the *Juno*, a miserable overloaded tub of a vessel, but we made our way on board, and secured the one remaining stateroom, much to the chagrin of the dozen remaining passengers, who went off with us, and who were obliged to camp out in the main cabin. The next day was beautifully calm, and as we sailed along over the placid waters of the Gulf of Corinth, in full sight of Ithaca, the island home of wise Ulysses, we could not but feel that his return from distant Ilium, though so many years delayed, could not have been accomplished under more trying circumstances than if he had made the trip on a modern Austrian Lloyds.

We saw where the great battle of Actium was fought, and could scarcely believe that Cleopatra could have brought her galleys to the fight from far-away Alexandria over the tempestuous Mediterranean. We were ten hours late at Corfu, arriving in the evening, and as the wind had risen, and was blowing a stiff breeze, we missed the opportunity of seeing that beautiful island, now become a famous winter resort.

Next morning found us pitching on the waves of the Adriatic, more uncomfortable

than we had been since the memorable night from Beyrout to Cyprus ; but as all things have an end, so, in the bright sunshine of that afternoon, at about three o'clock, we rounded the Brindisi light, and in ten minutes more all our bitter experiences of the bright blue sea were numbered among the things of the past.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

I THINK, all things considered, if I had the Egyptian part of the trip to do over again in the same number of days, I should divide the time differently. Six days are amply sufficient in which to enjoy all the sights of Cairo and vicinity, including the Pyramids of Gezeeh, and omitting the drive to Heliopolis, which is not on a par with the rest of the sights. The ride, too, on the Shoobra road, which requires three or four hours, can also be omitted, since fashionable Cairo now drives out by the Gezireh palace. The Nilometer is of not the slightest interest except for its antiquity, being nothing more than a deep square hole, walled up with masonry, in the centre of which is a graduated column, and is not half so curious as the indicator in the Plaza at Mexico, which, supplied by water brought in pipes from Texcoco miles away,

shows how high the water in the lakes is above the level of the city.

Of course, Cairo is a delightful city in which to spend a month, or three months even, and one could no doubt find something amusing for each day of a prolonged visit; I merely speak of what are popularly known as the "sights." The extra week thus gained in a five-weeks' stay, allowing twenty days for the Nile trip (the usual time), I would spend at Luxor, on the way back from Assouan, returning on the next steamer, an arrangement which Cook & Son permit without extra charge. This would give one the greater portion of the journey and all the sight-seeing, excepting Abydos, in company with one's original steamer acquaintances. Four days are certainly not enough for Karnak and Thebes, and as the hotels at Luxor are as good, if not better than those in Cairo, and comfortable in every particular, the time is as pleasantly and far more profitably spent here than in the capital.

I have heretofore intimated in a mild way that it is not desirable to travel from Brindisi to Alexandria on the Austrian Lloyds steamers. These boats are small, slow, and dirty;

there is no possibility of reserving state-rooms unless they are paid for from Trieste and *for* the number of persons they are intended to accommodate, being generally four; otherwise you simply have a berth, ladies being four in a room, and gentlemen the same. From this rule there is no deviation. They do pretend to carry only the number of first-cabin passengers indicated on their diagrams, but in my experience with four different steamers of this line I have never known an instance where there was not always "room for one more." The service is grossly inadequate and inefficient, and the table, in part fair, is in many particulars atrocious, notably the bread, butter, coffee, tea, and generally the fish. The Italian steamers ply from Naples, generally very bad; the Messagerie line, from Marseilles, time too long; the same objection to the largest of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers from London to Alexandria; but this Peninsular and Oriental line run excellent steamers from Brindisi to Port Said and Ismailia, and this is by far the best way to go. In this case it would be best to go by rail from Ismailia to Alexandria, thence to Cairo. This is perhaps a little more expensive than to go to

Alexandria direct, but the additional comfort more than compensates for the cost.

If one designs visiting the Holy Land, and in fact, making about the trip we did, I should advise a later start by at least two weeks from Cairo. The upper part of the Nile would perhaps be pretty warm, but February and March are too early to visit the other eastern points.

The saving is considerable, about forty per cent., I believe, by purchasing a round-trip ticket on the Lloyds from Brindisi to Jaffa, Beyrout, Smyrna, Constantinople, Piræus, back to Brindisi, but this is not to be considered as compared with the freedom one desires in that far-off land to spend more or less time in different places as fancy or necessity may dictate.

Although we did not visit the Holy Land, we were as fully informed regarding the trip as if we had done so, and I therefore speak advisedly concerning it. The chances of landing at Jaffa in March are about even; if the landing cannot be effected, and you are carried past to Beyrout, twelve hours, I should certainly not go back and try it again, for in the event of missing it the second time you would be carried down to Port Said. More than

this, the steamship company do not agree to land you at Jaffa, and if they carry you by, they charge you from Jaffa to Beyrout \$6, or from Jaffa to Port Said about \$6.50.

Leaving Port Said by any line you reach Jaffa in fourteen hours. Here I should arrange to go to Jerusalem by carriage, and from there, with a camping outfit, to Damascus direct. This trip in the latter part of March or early in April, would be simply delightful, and in this way the Sea of Tiberias, around which is the most beautiful scenery in Palestine, could be visited; which is not done in the ordinary short trips of fifteen days from Jaffa back to Jaffa. The trip thus made from Jaffa to Damascus by a judicious revision of the itinerary as laid down by Cook & Son could be very easily accomplished in three weeks, and is perfectly feasible for ladies unless they are invalids. The cost from Jerusalem to Damascus, every thing included, will be about \$7.50 a day for each person, the outfit consisting of good, gentle saddle-horses, tents for sleeping and eating, bedsteads and mattresses, bed and table linen, excellent fare and attendance, and the very best of dragomen.

At least a week should be spent at Damas-

cus, the camping outfit being dismissed here, and at the Hotel Victoria, price about \$2.50 a day (every thing included), you would obtain an excellent local guide, while the proprietor, himself for twenty years a dragoman in this country, would supply you with all the information and aid necessary to make your visit enjoyable. About two days before leaving Damascus it would be well to write to Cook & Son at Beyrout, notifying them of the day you would arrive at Shtora, so that they might send a private carriage to meet you there on your return from Baalbec. You would leave Damascus early in the morning, 4.30, arriving at Shtora at 11 A.M., where you would have breakfast and then take another conveyance to Baalbec. One day and a half is enough possibly for Baalbec, and on coming back to Shtora you would meet the private carriage sent over from Beyrout, reaching Beyrout that evening in time for dinner.

The advantages of the private carriage are twofold: you would not be certain of a place in the diligence unless you paid fare the *entire distance* from Damascus to Beyrout the *second* time; and then the carriage is much more comfortable; time about the same. In fact it

would be better, although a little more expensive, to have the carriage sent from Beyrout to Damascus. Knowing as you would when writing for a carriage from Damascus, what day you would probably arrive in Beyrout, and having ascertained at Cairo or Port Said the sailing dates of the different steamer lines, it would be well to have the agent telegraph for berths on whatever line you proposed to take passage. Two days are sufficient for Beyrout and the trip to the Dog River (five hours). I will qualify what I said regarding the failure to land at Jaffa in this way: if you missed it and came past to Beyrout, you could make the trip to Baalbec and Damascus and back to Beyrout, try Jaffa again, and if you landed, well and good; make a ten-day trip to Jerusalem and vicinity, then go from Jaffa to Alexandria direct and take a steamer to Athens, from which point you could either go up to Constantinople and back by rail to Buda Pest, Vienna, and Paris—a delightful trip late in April or early in May—or else go across to Patras and Brindisi. The only object in continuing the trip northward from Beyrout is to visit Cyprus, Rhodes, and the other famous historical islands of the Grecian Archipelago,

and stop at Smyrna, for a trip to Ephesus, if desirable. The French line makes the coasting trip around by Tripoli and Alexandretta, which is very pleasant if one has the time. The trip from Beyrout to Smyrna, including the stops at Cyprus, Rhodes, and Chios, occupies four days and a half, and a day is generally spent at Smyrna if the steamer is on time, which is rarely the case with the Austrian Lloyds. From there to Constantinople the time is thirty-six hours nominally; actually about forty-eight, stops being made at Mitylene, Gallipoli, and Tenedos. From Smyrna a line of steamers ply tri-weekly to Athens, touching at Chios; time, twenty-three hours.

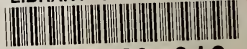
From Brindisi an all-night ride brought us to Naples, and we reached Rome Sunday at two o'clock; found the city crowded with strangers, but managed to obtain shelter one hundred and forty-three steps above the street in the pleasant Hotel Royal. Met some Minneapolis people in one of the churches; heard indirectly that sickness had overtaken some of our party in Naples; telegraphed to find it true, but were relieved to know that all would join us on Friday. The intervening days were pleasantly passed in visiting many places

of interest we had missed on our former visit, and Friday evening we were all reunited once again.

We spent a pleasant Saturday morning together at the Karamic Exposition, where, true to our instincts, we did a little bazaaring in the matter of Venetian glass. That night we bade good-bye to them all, sped away to Florence, where we passed two pleasant days, took the night train for Milan, had thirty minutes in which to make a flying visit to the mighty cathedral, rode all day through the matchless Swiss scenery of the St. Gothard route, skirting the shore of Lakes Lugano and Lucerne; round the foot of the Rigi, and late in the afternoon arrived at Lucerne. An hour was a short time in which to buy a spoon and see the lion; but we did both, with five minutes to spare; rode on to Bâle, where we obtained a sleeper, paying the outrageous price of \$5.50 a berth; were hustled out at eleven o'clock to pass the French custom-house—a useless formality,—and at seven o'clock next morning, Wednesday, were back in Paris.

THE END.

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